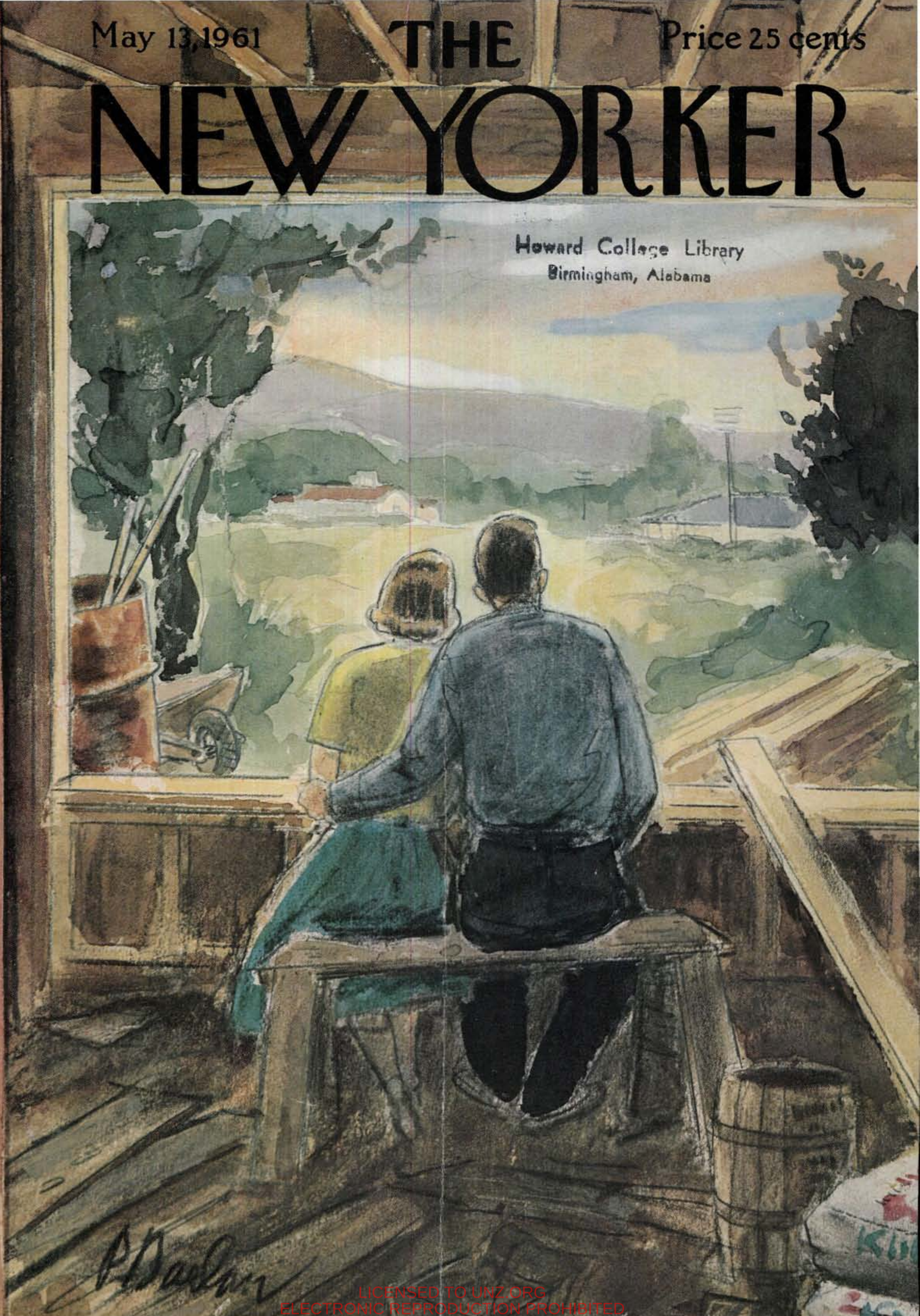
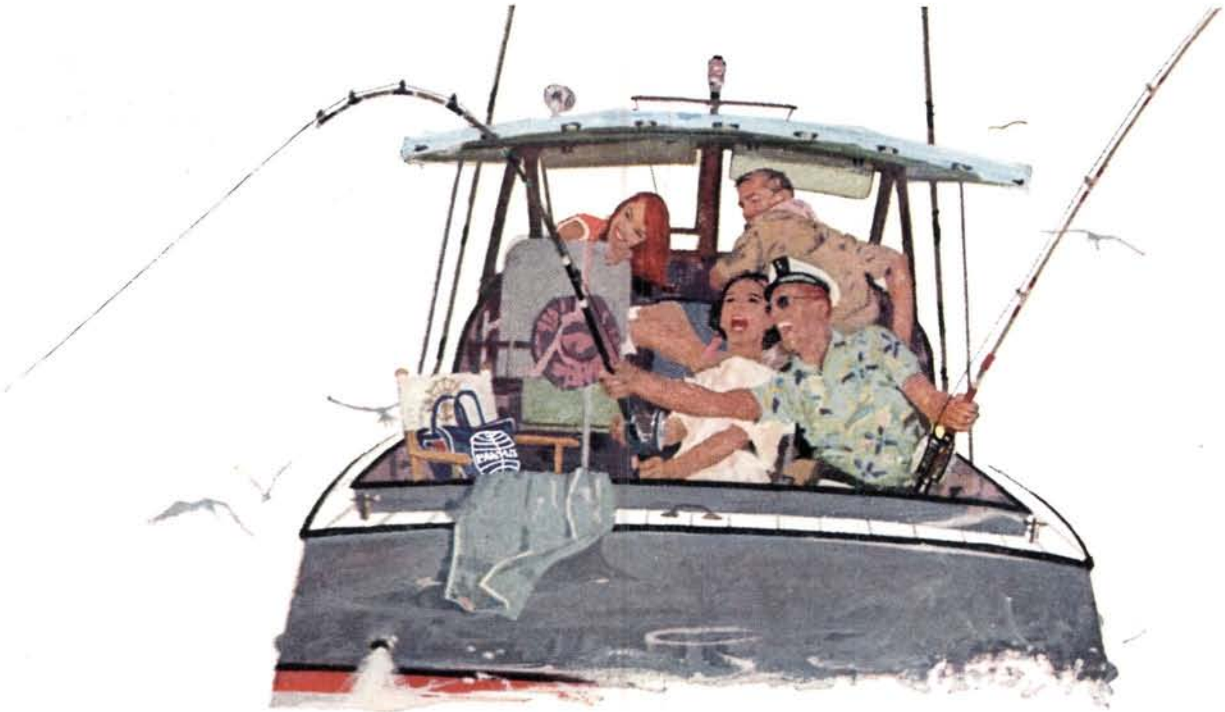
May 13, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

Howard College Library
Birmingham, Alabama





Pan Am Jets fly more happy faces to the Caribbean than all other airlines combined!

and Pan Am adds the Priceless Extra of Experience!

Name your pleasure island—Bermuda, Nassau, Puerto Rico, Dominican Republic, Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, Curacao! Pan Am has more than 60 Jet Clipper* flights weekly to the Caribbean direct from New York and 5 other East Coast cities.

Pan American adds a wonderful feeling of confidence to your overseas flight. For Pan Am is truly the World's Most Experienced Airline—and this extra experience shows itself in every flawless detail of Pan Am service . . . on the ground and in the air. You'll find it's a great experience to fly *with* experience on Pan American.

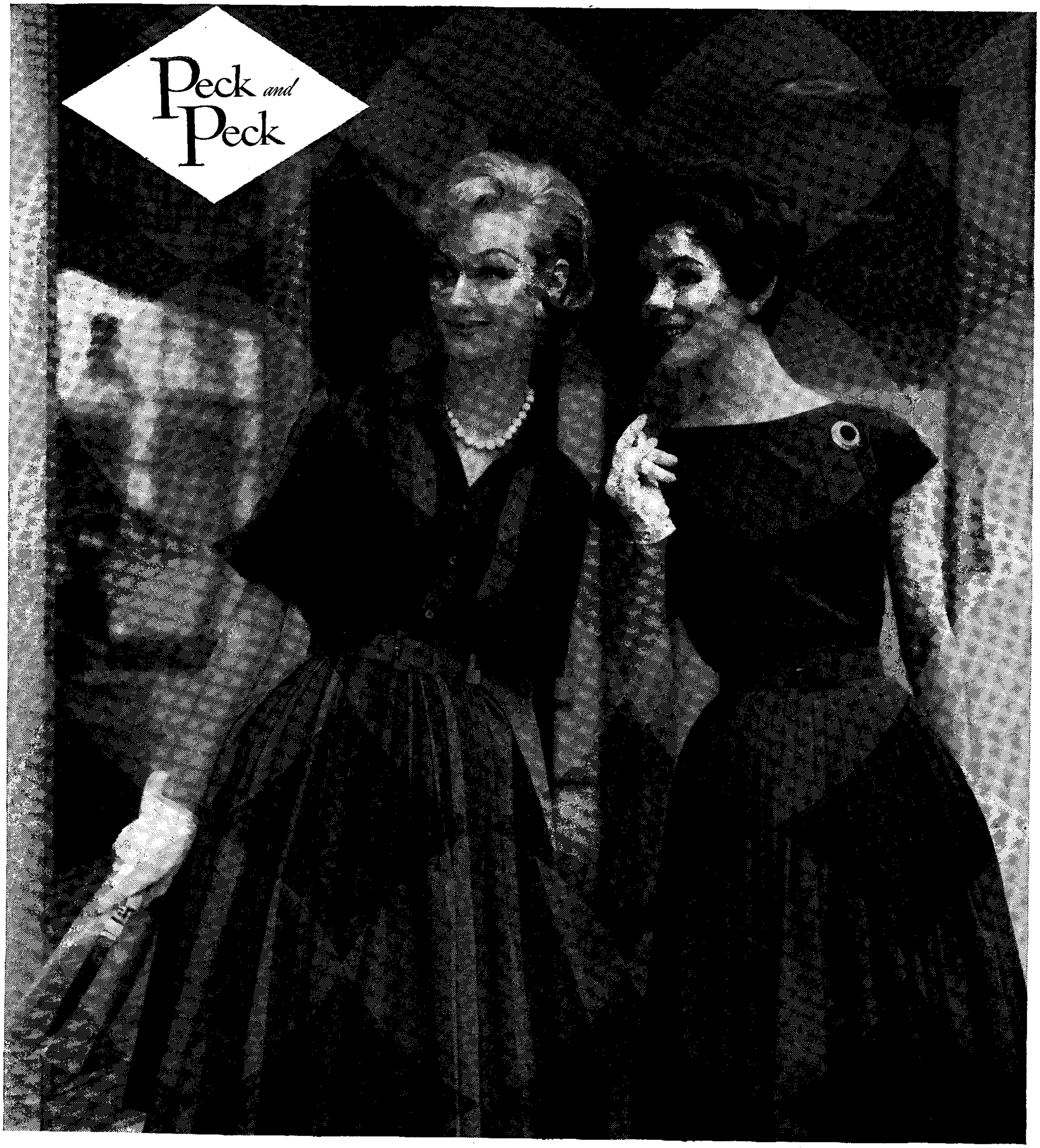
PAN AM

First-class *President* or economy-class *Rainbow* service is available. For information or reservations, call your Travel Agent or any of Pan American's 66 offices in the U.S. and Canada.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA . . . FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC . . . FIRST ON THE PACIFIC . . . FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD—**WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE**

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE



let yourself go
into summer...with sheer voiles that let cool breezes in—and dark shades that keep the heat out. Both, airily full-skirted in sheer blends of easy-care Dacron® polyester and cotton. Left: dark muted multi-stripings. Right: Beige, brown or black with self-fagoted bodice. Each 8 to 18, 29.95

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—A melodrama about life in the governmental purlieus of Washington, centered on a pack of snarling senators. The author, Loring Mandel (who based his play on the Allen Drury novel), has provided plenty of action, all right, but none of his characters has much depth. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy are some of the legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family" adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize and of an award from the Drama Critics Circle for the best American play of the year. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Becket—A three-week return engagement of the Jean Anouilh play. Laurence Olivier has switched from the title role to that of Henry II, and Arthur Kennedy portrays the Archbishop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 27.)

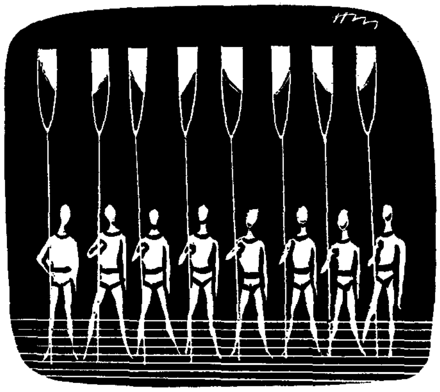
Big Fish, Little Fish—Some grand performances, in addition to apt direction by Sir John Gielgud, might persuade you that this comedy by Hugh Wheeler has more merit than meets the eye and ear. It doesn't. The plot has to do with several obviously unstrung people who find in an impoverished textbook editor, living in a flat in the East Thirties, their Zen, or what have you. With Frank Overton, Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Ruth White, Elizabeth Wilson, and Sandor Szabo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's rather weak comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Warren Berlinger, Lou Jacobi, Sarah Marshall, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Critic's Choice—An upstanding drama reviewer finds himself at sixes and sevens because his wife has written a play that isn't any good. Not very brisk, although Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton do manage to give the thing a bit of life every now and then. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—A cancerous monsignor is sent by the Vatican to probe the *bona fides* of a recently defunct character in southern Italy who may or may not have been a saint. It is long on dialogue but short on philosophic substance, and not much of a play any way you look at it. It was adapted by Dore Schary from a novel by Morris L. West, and features Leo Genn and Sam Levene, the latter of whom does a fine job as a skeptical Jewish doctor. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

A Far Country—Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker are impressive in this play by Henry Denker, which deals with Freud's first experiment with psychoanalysis, but while the writing is always sincere, the element of suspense is sorely lacking. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—Very funny dialogue superimposed on the old theme of an estranged and charming couple who are trying to get back together. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell do this comedy by Jean Kerr proud. (Helen Hayes, 46th St. W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 14.)

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's shrewd and comical report on what happens to people when they get so anxious to conform that they descend to the level of armored primordial beasts. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach lead the cast, which is splendid, through all sorts of remarkable capers. The direction, by Joseph Anthony, is imaginative, and the translation from the French, by Derek Prouse, is altogether estimable. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	144
BOOKS	168
THE CURRENT CINEMA	166
LETTER FROM PARIS	148
THE RACE TRACK	96
A REPORTER AT LARGE	105
THE THEATRE	93

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

A Taste of Honey—This play by a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor—but Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Frances Cuka, Hermione Baddeley, Frederick Combs, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those present. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the best man: Gore Vidal takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Suzanne Pleshette play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. Karen Lee will succeed Miss Duke on Thursday, May 11. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tenth man:** Paddy Chayefsky wrote this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 13.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling in content. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival—The plot of this adaptation of the movie "Lili" is a little slow in getting under way, but once it hits its stride, there are all kinds of stimulating doings, including a freewheeling tent show where everything from puppets to jugglers is on display. Gower Champion has directed the play with a lot of verve, Will Steven Armstrong has provided clever sets, and Anna Maria Alberghetti, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard add plenty of liveliness to the proceedings. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Nancy Walker and Phil Silvers in a somewhat stilted effort to find in the sluggish jukebox business a duplicate of the sort of thing that made "Guys and Dolls" a success. The music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are hardly distinguished, and the book, by Garson Kanin, is rather aimless. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—"Lysistrata" gets another going over in this adaptation by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers, and while the play is elementary, Cyril Ritchard, Janice Rule, Dran Seitz, and the others in the cast demonstrate that there is life in the old girl yet. The lyrics are by E. Y. Harburg, the score is by Jacques Offenbach, and the direction by Mr. Ritchard. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is pretty short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 13, May 13, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions. 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

Tiffany Sterling

Tiffany has manufactured quality sterling for over 100 years. Shown are three of our thirty three current silver patterns. Tiffany sterling—from tea sets to baby spoons — is available at the fine stores listed below. Visit the one nearest you for your Tiffany sterling and Vermeil.

COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, INC., *New Orleans*
H. M. BAILEY, INC., *Cleveland*
BALLANTINES, *Red Bank, N. J.*
BIGELOW, KENNARD CO., INC., *Boston*
BONWIT TELLER, *Chicago, Cleveland*
J. E. CALDWELL & CO., *Philadelphia, Haverford, Wilmington*
CARLTON HOUSE, *Houston*
CARROLL'S JEWELERS, *Coral Gables, Miami*
FRANK CLARK, *Wilkes Barre, Pa.*
FOSTER COCHRAN CO., *Little Rock*
CORRIGAN INC., JEWELERS, *Houston*
WM. H. DILLER, *West Reading, Pa.*
A. H. FETTING CO., *Baltimore*
FOSTER'S, *Los Angeles*
FRIEDLANDER & SONS, *Seattle*
GARIBALDI & BRUNS, INC., *Charlotte*
M. B. GRAUBART & SONS, *Schenectady*
J. HERBERT HALL CO., *Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Ana*
HALLS, *Kansas City*
HALTOM'S, *Fort Worth*
THE HARDY & HAYES CO., *Pittsburgh*
HENKE'S JEWELERS, INC., *Montclair, N. J.*
HERTZBERG'S, *San Antonio*
HIGHTOWER ASSOCIATES, *Oklahoma City*
B. D. HOWES AND SON, *Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Barbara*
KELLER & GEORGE, *Charlottesville*
LA VAKE, *Princeton, N. J.*
M. J. LA VIANO, *Westwood, N. J.*
LEBAR JEWELERS, *Sarasota*
LINZ, *Dallas*
MARTIN'S, INC., *Washington, D. C.*
MERMOD-JACCARD-KING, *St. Louis, Clayton, Crestwood*
MICHAELS JEWELERS, *New Haven, New Britain*
C. D. PEACOCK, INC., *Chicago, Hubbard Woods, La Grange, Skokie*
PITT PETRI, *Buffalo*
PORTOBELLO-TATMAN, *Evanston*
RICH'S, *Atlanta*
E. J. SCHEER, INC., *Rochester*
SCHWANKE-KASTEN CO., *Milwaukee*
SHREVE & CO., *San Francisco*
SMITHWICK JEWELERS, *Greenville, S. C.*
THE B. H. STIEF JEWELRY CO., *Nashville*
TIFFANY & CO., *New York City*
TILDEN-THURBER, *Providence, Newport, Watch Hill*
CHARLES W. WARREN & CO., *Detroit*
BRUCE WATTERS, INC., *St. Petersburg*
GEORGE WATTS & SON, INC., *Milwaukee*
W. D. WEBB, *Greenwich, Stamford*
CHARLES WILLIS, *Atlanta, Sea Island*
ZELL BROTHERS, *Portland, Oregon*

Left to right: Cordis, 57.50, Hampton, 58.50, Linenfold, 55. Prices for six piece place settings, including federal tax.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson is responsible for the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—Noisy but hardly gay doings in the oil fields of the Southwest, where a young lady (Lucille Ball) is trying to make her mark as a promoter and also snare the manliest roustabout in the area. Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh created the music and lyrics, respectively, and N. Richard Nash wrote the book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn are now the stars of this musical, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **fiorello!:** The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Mandingo—A play by Jack Kirkland, taken from Kyle Onstott's novel of the same name, with Franchot Tone and Brooke Hayward. Directed by Louis MacMillan and produced by Billy Baxter and Edward Friedman. Opens Wednesday, May 17. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Donnybrook!—A musical based on Maurice Walsh's story "The Quiet Man," with music and lyrics by Johnny Burke, a book by Robert E. McEnroe, and a cast headed by Eddie Foy and Art Lund. Jack Cole is the director, and the producers are Fred Hebert and David Kapp. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, May 16-17, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, May 18. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"South Pacific," with Allyn Ann McLerie and William Chapman, will play through Sunday, May 14. . . . ¶ "Porgy and Bess," with William Warfield, will be the third in a series of four shows by the company. Preview Tuesday, May 16, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 17, and will run through Sunday, May 28. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

American Savoyards—A seven-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, May 11-14: "The Grand Duke." . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, May 18-21: "Princess Ida." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4 and 8:40.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A civil-rights play, inhabited by symbols, about a couple of college students (one white, one Negro) and a comely, deerlike girl, who is played by Joan Hackett. The author, Michael Shurtleff, likes such West Coast phrases as "walk proud through the land." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Friday, May 12, at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; Sundays at 2:40; and Wednesday, May 17, at 2:40 and 8:30.)

A Curious Evening with Gypsy Rose Lee—A silent film on her life, assembled and narrated by Miss Lee herself. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8:40 and 11:40.)

The Decameron—A musical based on Boccaccio's tales, with a book and lyrics by Yvonne Tarr and music by Edward Earle. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

SALE
RECORDS
SPECIALS
vander noot

Evenings with Chekhov—A triple bill, composed of "The Anniversary," "On the High Road," and "The Wedding." (Key Theatre, 4 St. Marks Pl. GR 5-9748. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Gallows Humor—Two inseparable one-act plays by Jack Richardson about two kinds of conformist—a lawyer who doesn't know he wants to get away from it all and a prison executioner who only thinks he does. Although the plays are set in a death cell and the hangman's kitchen, Richardson approaches his materials as if they were bedroom farces, which tends to give his message an inconsequential what-the-hell air. The cast of three—Vincent Gardenia, Julie Bovasso, and Gerald Hiken—works its way through this club sandwich without faltering. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Hamlet—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:25. Closes Sunday, May 28.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, as Hedda, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays, Sundays, and Friday, May 19, at 8:30.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two very good sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Herbert Berghof, Jordan Charney, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays

the stolerine, new fashion in
Saga quality mink*...a step beyond the stole
at gunther jaeckel furs in bonwit teller
bullock's wilshire in los angeles
*Imported elegance from Denmark, Finland, Norway, Sweden

Suzy Perette

finds a penthouse
garden or yacht club
dance prettiest
in embroidered
silk organza. White,
beige or black,
sizes 8 to 16, 35.00
Town Shop, Second Floor
Lord & Taylor, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Many Loves—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Monday, May 15, at 7:30; Tuesdays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 7.)

Meet Peter Grant—A musical suggested by Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." Ted Harris composed the score, and Elliot Arluck did the book and lyrics. (Folksbiene Playhouse, 175 East Broadway. AL 4-2211. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—Marked down from fourpence. In the cast are Charles Rydell and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

A Worm in Horseradish—Eli Mintz, small, futile, and funny, plays the papa of a poor Jewish family located on the lower East Side in this comedy, which was stuffed in her own kitchen by Esther Kaufman. The time, naturally, is 1906. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians, in a three-week engagement. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, May 28.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow, in a return engagement. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesday through Friday, May 16-19, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 20, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Jean Erdman Theatre of Dance—With Donald McKayle, Mark Ryder, and others. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, May 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call CH 3-3880.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The show will be put on the road following the evening performance on Sunday, May 14. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday at 7:30; Friday and Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A theatre-in-the-round expressly designed for talented (and untalented) amateurs. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Wilbur Evans, Jimmy Carroll, and a sprite named Marie Santell sing Cole Porter's "Anything Goes" to the hilt in the Cotillion Room, but the dialogue should be staged in an oxygen tent. The routine: Twice a night on Fridays and Saturdays but only at dinner the rest of the week. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.

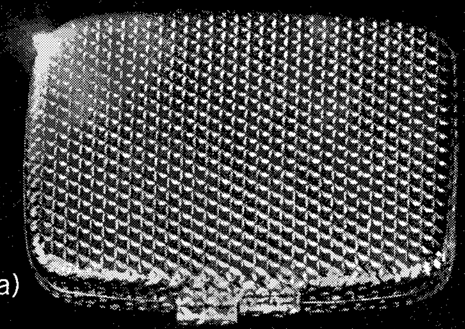
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A storm warning is issued during dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The eye of the tempest is little Eartha Kitt, and the eye (not to mention the ear) of the beholder should take complete delight in her marching, chanting, and prancing. Tuesday, May 16, is when she has to go; next evening's chanteuse is Katyna Ranieri, a Hollywood production number who can sometimes turn a ballad into the reading of the will. The Pierian spring of dance music that wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's blithe Latin scholars flows most of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra does lemon-or-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. It's all just for listening. . . . ¶ The sky over the Rendez-Vous, a study in status quo, is practically Knickerbocker gray now that Charles Columbus, an old Mayfair Dances hand, is captain of the ship. The small bands of Irving Conn and Nick D'Amico play on, play on for dancing. Closed Mondays.

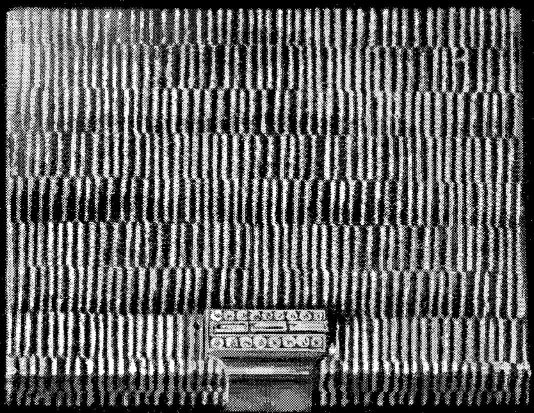
Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jimmy Palmer's dance band mutters rhythmically in its sleep for whatever dancers venture onto the floor of the grill. Closed Sundays.

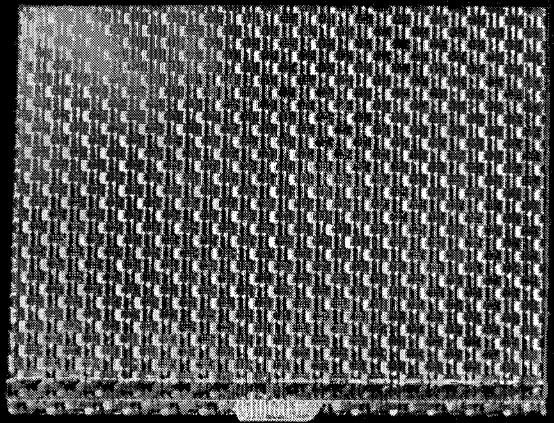
St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a comely design for living it up, Dorothy Shay, a lady fond of singing about all the Li'l Abner characters who have made the Ozarks an extremely depressed area, appears at dinner and supper; the rest of the evening is the property of Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's threesome, which take care of the dancers in the audience. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Leisure classes are held in the Columns, an exhibition of Roman architecture

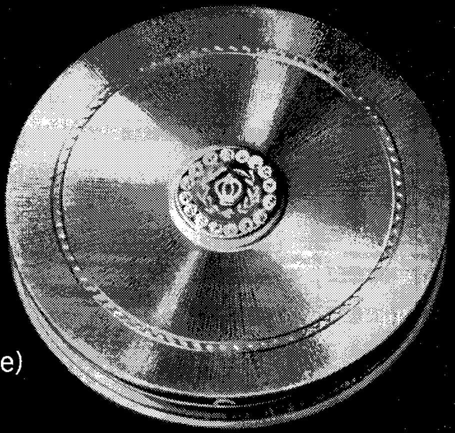
FLATTERY LIKE THIS WILL GET YOU EVERYWHERE...


(a)


(b)


(c)

(d)


(e)

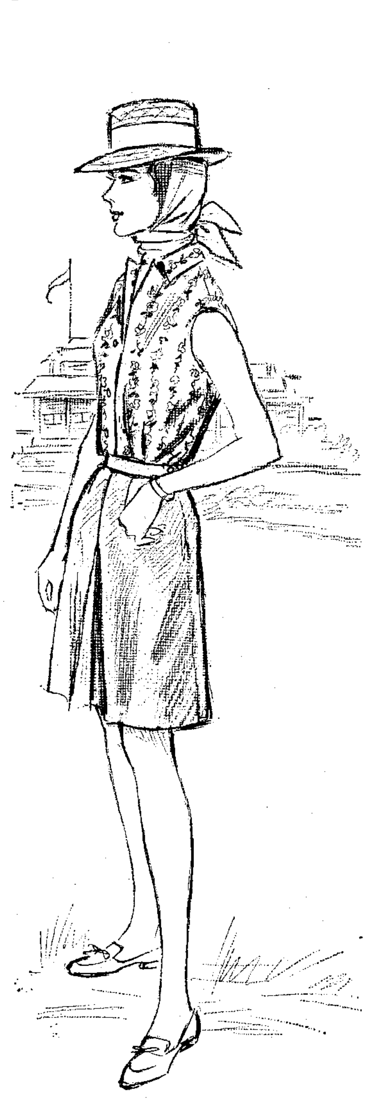
Opulent metal compacts . . . so beautiful . . . she'll refill them again and again. Designed for Revlon by Van Cleef & Arpels. All slim and sleek . . . in shimmery gold tones; and filled with 'Love-Pat', the complete make-up.

(a) 'Petite' richly-sculptured diamond design.	2.25
(b) 'Futurama' bamboo texture; rhinestone clasp.	10.00
(c) 'Futurama' deep-textured basketweave design.	6.50
(d) 'Petite' brush-stroke finish; rhinestones.	5.00
(e) 'Futurama' satin finish; rhinestone studded.	6.00

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX.

REVLON HAS A WAY WITH GIFTS...THAT HAVE A WAY WITH MOTHERS

©1961 REVLON, INC.



A&F

Culotte Coup

Cool and new for country fun days, A & F's cleverly cut short culotte in chambray-denim of Dacron polyester/cotton. Turquoise, raspberry, bosun blue, lilac or gold. 10-18. . . 13.95

To blend or match, our sweet-pea print blouse of imported cotton may be worn tucked in or out. 10-18. . . . . . 9.95

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
360 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bathed in moonlight, by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra, which sets to a bit past seven with dining music and then, at eight-thirty, blossoms into upbeat dance music, a commodity also provided by a Latin trio headed by Marco Rizo. This goes on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two of Park Avenue's best-known palaces—i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both are closed to the public on Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tony Martin, envoy plenipotentiary from Las Vegas, comes out of his corner in the Empire Room not fighting but crooning, and thereby giving a pretty good account of himself. The dance bands of Emil Coleman and Theo Fanidi sound off majestically and persuasively. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its way with thinking music from seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, dance tunes thereafter to one except on Sundays (dancing eight to one).

NOTE—A captain's walk at the top of midtown Manhattan's mainmast. The name is Rainbow Room, the address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Drinking-and-dining music drifts mildly from a trio led by Michael Forman from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

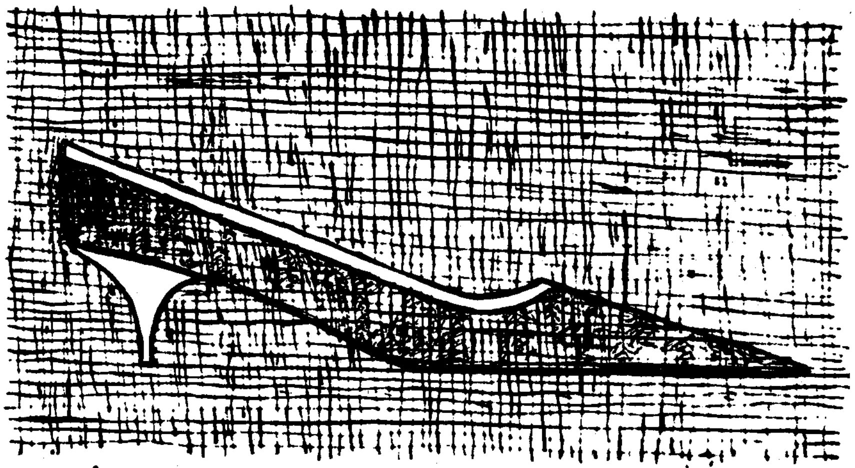
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Real characters, character actors, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder and all made in New York. A piano sets the pace from eight to ten-thirty, after which hour, in the establishment's tiny Plush Room, Jane Harvey, a handsome bit of bric-a-brac, sings with feeling the sort of song that flows so easily from the minds of men like Vernon Duke and Hugh Martin. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends, and plenty of young ones, too, leading what looks (and sounds) like a permanent community life. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight. From then on, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders share the evening stint—romantic single and hubble-bubble double piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): High noon along the Rialto. Despite the traffic's boom, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way from table to table, tailed by a pair of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, the other by Cy Walter, who has an in-the-pink Steinway at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Fine Italian hands putting their heads together to produce a Florentine restaurant *cum* bar *cum* dance pavilion *cum* opera house. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. He guides a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays and a tiny opera troupe (Puccini and all those cats) Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A set of Andalusian backwoods folk, whose fierce flamenco song and dance may be a form of analysis, has the floor. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fitted for a king, with moat, drawbridge, dungeon (only for wine, now), and such. Norbert Faconi is truly the moving spirit of this wonderland, since he is forever gliding from table to table with a violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): One way of leading the Good Life. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Headquarters for a couple of guys named Dun and Bradstreet. George Feyer contributes petitpoint piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A small greenroom that has grown much more sprightly since Cal Bostic sat down at the house piano and began singing whatever comes to mind. The other amusement is the not-to-be-taken-too-seriously picture gallery on the walls. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a pair of street singers and a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. After the theatre, a clutch of orioles—Mario Lima, Candida Pilla, and Angelo Cristalli—come like swallows returning to Sorrento. Closed Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The South Sea Islands on a resort-clothes basis. Stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through a reasonably late supper; George Taylor holds down the piano in the thoroughly American bar every night but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A touch of—well, the Barberry Coast, adapted from the Moorish architecture of the time, but staffed by New Yorkers. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders along from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, which is piano and guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mitteleuropa-native as the town offers. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbalons, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and a girlish soprano. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is Renato Rossini's tense, terse, yet love-smitten Mediterranean guitar. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner is giving the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park a fine, glossy coat. He's at it from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Diogenes would need a couple of Viennese lanterns to discover any authenticated fragments of Alt Wien here, but if it's unmitigated music and unmitigated song (in a variety of tongues) that's wanted, here they are. Monica Boyár is the top of the lot. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Unadorned (except for the legal minimum) beauty, led by an untamed wildcat named Gloria Le Roy, is careering through the night in a maidenly attempt to keep warm and in a successful attempt to warm the cockles of the audience's heart. Warming, too, are the foreign acrobatic acts of the sort that only the Latin Quarter now affords us, as well as some indigenous acts, such as Frank Libuse, whose activities both onstage and among the audience should disturb one's sensitivity but rouse only one's risibility, and the Crosby boys (Dennis, Phillip, and Lindsay), minnesingers with peace and good will to all. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Johnny Mathis knows every one of the eye-catching devices of the Method singers, but he has what the rest of them haven't—a voice so precise and yet so agile that he can do exactly what he wants to



THE SHORT-HEEL FASHION $19.95

gamins®

...at andrew geller stores

He loves my Mommy's Arpege!
LANVIN

do; Bob Melvin is a monologuist we have heard all our lives by any other name. The pageantry is done by eight dryads of the ballet, a careless lot as apt as not to put their footwork into their beautiful mouths. On Thursday, May 18, the burden of song (which may be a bit too heavy for her) will be taken up by Connie Francis, one of our holiest rollers, not to mention rockers. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dick Gautier, the wild card of "Bye Bye Birdie," stops in after the theatre to deliver a quantity of brisk, brash good humor; Leon Bibb, a baritone of Judgment Day authority, runs a splendid gamut all the way from the bayous to Broadway; Margaret Whiting, now an infrequent guest of this town, is reminding us again of the songs invented by her famous father. Jimmy Lyons' well-sprung trio (Joe Puma and Beverly Peer are in it) and Otis Clements's piano fill the interludes.... ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and his contemplative piano preside over the six-to-eight dining every night except Saturday, and the Lyons family is likely to do extra sets early in the morning.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Signs of the times, illuminated not by thousand-watt bulbs but in their own natural colors, are the basis of the annual Julius Monk revue, which is just about as funny as it could possibly be. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. The departure times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A further Monk enterprise—a sort of undergraduate study hall in which Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood devote large chunks of the night to just about the most artful double piano in town. Onstage, in between, is an honor-bright freshman group of voices called the Three Young Men, plus Sylvia Copeland, a small new West Indian fire bomb who employs the island French and Spanish songs as fuses. The music begins around nine. Closed Sundays.... **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, though she rolls her "r"s as crisply as she would a British umbrella, can nevertheless supplant dignity with dithyrambs when her songs, which embody the best light verse written in this country, call for it, or them. The perspicacious Sam Hamilton looks after the piano. The place is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A new collection of highly vocal Latins who are also outfitted with dancing feet has just moved into the back room, which offers dancing for the guests, too. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty.... ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so beguiling that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Phil Leeds, a sadder and a wiser and a funnier man every time he revisits his old campus, is again delivering his baccalaureates. Those early settlers—Tiger Haynes and the music of his manic Three Flames, as well as Jimmie Daniels, the *conférencier*—are still around, and Loumel Morgan and Peter Daniels are still doing the intermission piano. Closed Mondays.... **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): A good-looking reminder of the days when Gatsby was king. The present king is Bobby Short, who gets everything possible out of his let's-stay-up-all-night songs, his peppery piano, and his driving trio.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Mr. Condon, no longer just a spectator sportsman, is joining in on the bang-bang choruses of some fine old traditionalist cronies, among them Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, and Benny Morton. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The hors d'oeuvre is the conversation—not always aware of the niceties—by Lenny Bruce, a boy who can stay on a burning deck longer than anyone else. A foursome run by Roy Eldridge, a hard man to find these days, has things to say for itself, too. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Sarah Vaughan in full cry, which is a sit-up-and-take-notice sound at any hour of the night. With her comes the Mississippi-riverboat band of Al Hirt, which alternates between Dixie and Uncle Tom, and Larry Storch, who is funny in streaks, mostly blue. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Russell Procope, a veteran Ellington supporter, among them—are carrying on in blampety-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Bourbon Street Six is hammering home its message, which is that the South will rise again, on a day as yet unspecified. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The wiliest sort of chamber music (there's an occasional implication that jazz lies sleeping just below the surface) issues from the Don Shirley trio, which is inside the oval bar every night but Monday.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The simultaneous falls of the Bastille and Niagara. The Salt City Six (off duty Mondays) and Cootie Williams' quintet (to be succeeded, on Sunday, May 14, by Cozy Cole's five-man squad) are the mainstays of the evening sessions, which begin at seven-forty-five. Sol Yaged's fivesome helps out on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The afternoon shift is manned by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. Saturday evening, May 13, the upstairs room will also be open, to receive the Cole quintet, and friends.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Two hail-fellows-well-met—Dizzy Gillespie, the foremost wit of jazz and in many other ways the most, and Gerry Mulligan, the latest of the big-band men. Gillespie gets along with a handful of progressives, Mulligan operates with a dozen symphonists. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Teddy Wilson, whose piano is nicely poised between a world of his own and the world of today, has a trio in tow; the quartet of Erskine Hawkins brings up the rear. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands.... **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Music to read Kerouac by glides from the quartet of Yusef Lateef and the trio of Cecil Taylor. A junior-varsity team works out on Tuesdays.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Africa speaks, in the voice of Miriam Makeba, a vivid and uncomplex singer, and yet one regal enough to be queen for a night whenever she wishes. Fridays and Saturdays, it is alleged, Horace Silver's psychic fivesome also appears. Closed Mondays.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A listening post on the fringes of civilization at which rapt attention is the order of the evening. Joe Newman's quintet leaves Sunday, May 14; on Tuesday, May 16, the Montgomery Brothers, an earnest but exuberant bunch of the boys, come in. Closed Mondays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The weekends are devoted to the instruction of the young in the rudiments of rudimentary Americana. On Friday and Saturday, May 12-13, the faculty should include Red Allen, Tony Parenti, Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Buster Bailey, Gene Sedric, Herb Fleming, Mickey Sheen, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis.... **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St.

(MO 2-1833): Cecil Lloyd's trio has just checked in. No music Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

George Bellows—Landscapes and figures, chiefly; through May 27. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St.)

Mula Ben-Haim—Paintings, crisply contemporary in style, by one of the leading Israeli artists. First one-man show in New York; through May 21. (Explorer, 145 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 4.)

Donald Cammell—Paintings, mainly based on Grecian motifs, by a young Scottish abstractionist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 20. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Calvert Coggeshall and Guido Somaré—Paintings, Abstract Impressionist by the first, semi-Surrealist by the second; through Saturday, May 20. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Dorothy Coulter and Richard Mayhew—Drawings by the former, paintings by the latter; through May 27. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Stephen Greene—Blue abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 13. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Luciano Guarnieri—Portraits and other paintings, as well as frescoes, prints, and drawings, by a Florentine artist. For the benefit of Boys' Towns of Italy. Through June 3. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Marsden Hartley—Drawings and pastels of landscapes and figures (1908-42); through May 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oscar Jespers—Sculptures in bronze and granite, as well as a group of drawings; through June 5. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Leonard Kesl—Paintings; through Tuesday, May 16. (Highgate, 827 Third Ave., at 20th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Dong Kingman—A group of water colors of Hong Kong by the Chinese-American artist; through Saturday, May 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

John Koch—Still-lifes and interiors with figures; through Saturday, May 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Oskar Kokoschka—A previously unexhibited series of twenty-six drawings of a woman friend; through Saturday, May 20. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Jeanne Lister—Abstract oils and water colors. First one-man show in New York; through May 27. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

Luciano Minguzzi—Semi-abstract bronze sculptures by a contemporary Italian; through Saturday, May 13. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Mirko—Bronzes, mostly archaic in feeling, and wax pastels by a leading Italian sculptor; through May 27. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Joan Mitchell—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Abstract constructions in wood, monumental in style; through Saturday, May 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Nicholson—His first showing of pictures here in five years; through Saturday, May 13. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 13. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Abstract landscapes (drawings and prints); through May 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aline Porter—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 13. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

Gordon Russell—Landscapes, still-lifes, and flowers; through Saturday, May 20. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Charles Seliger—Abstract oils; through June 3. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kurt Seligmann—A retrospective of paintings, sculptures, graphics, and collages, dating from his early Surrealist period; through Saturday, May 13. (D'Arcy, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Frank Stout—Non-figurative paintings; through Thursday, May 18. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Kumi Sugaï—Paintings by a Japanese abstractionist who lives in Paris; through May 27. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Suzuki—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 20. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wayne Francis Williams—Welded-metal and cast-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, May 20. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Large Midwestern and Long Island landscapes; through May 27. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Masters—A private New Orleans collection of French and American paintings (by, among others, Degas, Renoir, and Cassatt) never before shown here. For the benefit of the Accessions Fund of the Isaac Delgado Museum of Art, in New Orleans. Through June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1961 Annual Exhibition, comprising oils, water colors, sculptures, and graphics; through May 28. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 20, from 1 to 5. On Wednesday, May 17, from 8 P.M. to 10 P.M., admission will be charged for the benefit of the Eleanor Roosevelt Cancer Foundation.)

African Art—Statues and masks carved of wood and ivory, plus some cast in bronze, make up a survey of various tribal styles from the Mali Republic through Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Ivory Coast, the Congo, and so on; through May 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works in several mediums by Carroll Cloar, Bruce Conner, Jacob Lawrence, and Nathan Oliveira; through May 26. . . . **ARTZT**, 142 W. 57th St.: Paintings by the gallery artists—Erik Hoberg, Murray Finkelman, Edwin Koch, and others; through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 4.) . . . **CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The May exhibition consists of paintings selected by Henry Botkin, Betty Parsons, and Adolf Dehn; through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Chen Chi, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through May 31. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Arshile Gorky, Franz Kline, Mark Rothko, and seven other painters; through June 3. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Water colors by William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Robert Vickrey, and Fred Nagler; through Saturday, May 13. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a showing of oils and water colors; through June 17. . . . **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition arranged in conjunction with the publication of a book by Bernard Chaet, with works by Karl Zerbe, Rudy Pozzatti, Seymour Lipton, and others illustrating new techniques and materials; through Saturday, May 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Lithographs by New York artists, including Robert Goodnough, Costantino Nivola, and Bernard Pfriem; through Saturday, May 13. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Water colors and other paintings in a variety of mediums by Joseph Stella, Ben Benn, Milton Avery, and others; through June 16. . . . **SMALL**, 8 E. 75th St.: Drawings, past and present, by Josef Albers, Julian Levi, Milton Avery, and other contemporaries; through Saturday, May 13.

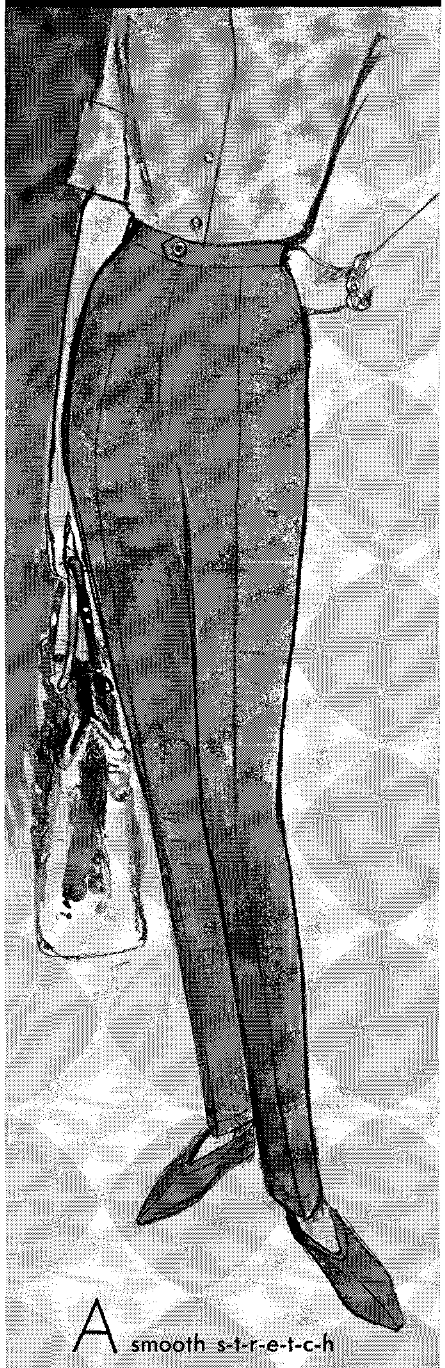
Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **CORDIER & WARREN**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings by the gallery group, including Fritz Bultman, Romare Bearden, and Jean Dubuffet; through Saturday, May 13. . . . **DEITSCH**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Original prints, from Goya through the German Expressionists; through Saturday,

S.F.A.'s colorful tri-partite agreement ~

is a striking basis for a sheath that takes its dash from a cool co-existence of yellow and green sashed with coral or pink and gray with red. Of washable textured rayon in 8-16 sizes, 19.95. Young Elite® Dresses, Seventh Floor.

Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

New York • White Plains • Springfield



I. MAGNIN & co.
SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO
FRESNO • CARMEL • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

A smooth s-t-r-e-t-c-h from waist to ankle to give you a slimmer, leggier, leaner look . . . our marvelous-fitting tapered capris by DaRue in an imported, beautifully textured silk-and-nylon stretch fabric. Aqua blue, yellow, coral, beige or black, 8 to 16 sizes 39.95

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55c FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN CO. STORE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 13. . . . **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Romantic Painting," an exhibit of works by (for instance) Arthur B. Davies, John Hoppner, and Henri Fantin-Latour; through Friday, May 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KNAPIK**, 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, Man Ray, and others; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Pascin, Braque, Calder, and other modern masters; through June 16. (Closed Mondays.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by such artists as Bonnard, Braque, and Picasso; through Saturday, May 13. . . . **HUTTON**, 41 E. 57th St.: "La Scène Française," an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Vlaminck, Renoir, and Buffet; through May 27. . . . **JUSTER**, 154 E. 79th St.: Paintings by André Lhote, Max Papart, and other less well-known contemporary artists of the Paris School; through May 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Color in Prints," about ninety examples showing the development of color from Gothic woodcuts to contemporary prints. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection. . . . ¶ A retrospective of about three hundred photographs by Edward Steichen. Dating from 1895 to the present, they include cityscapes, landscapes, nature studies, nudes, abstractions, and portraits. Through May 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-first International Watercolor Biennial, made up of more than two hundred paintings from Germany, Great Britain, and the United States; through May 28. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings of birds, acrobats, people playing games, and so on, by Manfred Schwartz; through Sunday, May 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibition of paintings and sculptures (Rousseau's "The Football Players," Cézanne's "The Clockmaker," and Brancusi's "White Seal," to mention a few) acquired during the past eight years; through May 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Recent Acquisitions," an exhibition of drawings, manuscripts, letters, bookbindings, and printed books; through June 16. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"King Arthur on Broadway," a display of drawings, stage designs, photographs, programs, and posters retracing the dramatic, operatic, and screen versions of the Arthurian legend since it first appeared on the New York stage, about seventy-five years ago. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Mosaics of Ravenna," an exhibit including designs by Afro, Chagall, Campigli, and other European painters; through Sunday, May 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"The Theatre Collects American Art," an exhibition presented by the Friends of the Whitney Museum and consisting of paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Lyonel Feininger, Hans Hofmann, and Alexander Calder) owned by Lillian Hellman, Henry Fonda, Richard Rodgers, and other people connected with the theatre, motion pictures, radio, and television; through Tuesday, May 16. . . . ¶ "American Paintings, 1865-1905;" starting Wednesday, May 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

XAVIER SYMPHONY SOCIETY—Vincent La Selva directing the last in a series of performances of Menotti's opera "The Saint of Bleecker Street." (Xavier Theatre, 40 W. 16th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 13-14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ARS NOVA ORCHESTRA—Robert Mandell directing an all-Mozart program, with the glee clubs of Fordham University and the College of New Rochelle; Ellen Faull, soprano; Joan Caplan, mezzo-soprano; Charles E. Green, tenor; and Daniel Ferro, bass. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Thursday, May 11, at 8:30.)

COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE—An all-William Schuman program, performed by Ruth and Naomi Segal, pianos; the Camerata Singers; and others. Mr. Schuman will take part in a discussion period following the concert. The final program of the season. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, May 11, at 8:30.)

GLEE-CLUB CONCERT—A joint concert by the glee clubs of Columbia University, New York University, Rutgers University, and Ohio Wesleyan University, directed by Bailey Harvey, Peter Sozio, Austin Walker, and Gordon Mammstead. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, May 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2784.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Dizzy Gillespie's band and Lennie Dale's dancers in a program called "Sounds and Movements." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, May 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 5-3524.) . . . ¶ Miles Davis's quintet and Gil Evans' orchestra. A benefit for the African Research Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 19, at 8:40. For tickets, call YU 6-5670.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, May 12, at 8; Saturday, May 13, at 2; and Sunday, May 14, at 2 (double-header). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Tuesday, May 16, at 8, and Wednesday, May 17, at 2.

CREW—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge, Mass. Saturday, May 13.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Saturday, May 13.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 20.)

DOG SHOW—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 20.)

HORSE SHOW—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 12-14.)

HUNT RACING—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 13.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 20.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 31. The Withers, Saturday, May 13, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 20. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30; through Tuesday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 20.

SOCCER—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds—Wednesday, May 17, at 7:30: Birmingham City (England) vs. Third Lanark (Scotland), exhibition game, and Besiktas (Turkey) vs. Eintracht (Germany). . . . ¶ Saturday, May 20, at 2:30: New York Americans vs. Concordia (Canada) and Bangu (Brazil) vs. Dynamo (Rumania).

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 13, at 1.)

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of

America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, May 12, at 11; Saturday, May 13, at 10; and Sunday, May 14, at 11.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, May 20.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **peggy bridge marionettes:** "Little Brave Sambo," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . **cavkap productions:** "The Frog Prince." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **little golden theatre:** "Young Abe Lincoln." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. CI 6-8870. Saturday, May 13, at 12:30, 2:30, and 4:30, and Sunday, May 14, at 1, 3, and 5.) . . . **merri-mimes:** "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, May 13, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **musical theatre for children:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturday, May 20, at 2:30 and Sunday, May 21, at 1.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "On the Shoulders of Giants," concerns great astronomers of the past. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"Tennessee Johnson," with Van Heflin and Ruth Hussey. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, May 13, at 2. Admission is free.)

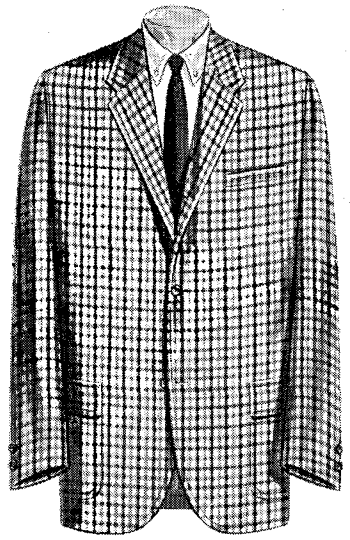
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

United States World Trade Fair—Textiles from Nigeria, chocolate from Switzerland, caviar from Iran, and automobiles from Italy are among the wares some sixty nations are displaying at this fifth annual show. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday, May 11, from 6 to 10; Friday, May 12, from 1 to 10; and Saturday, May 13, from 11 to 10.)

Flower Show—A display of irises, tulips, and other flowers, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, May 17, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, May 12-13, at 1:45: Pressed, lacy, and other decorative glass; historical flasks; paperweights; Georgian Irish blown and cut glass; Staffordshire ware; porcelains; mechanical banks; paintings and drawings; and early American furniture. From the estate of David Hollander. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, May 16-17, at 1:45: First editions, autographs and manuscripts, and other literary material, from the libraries of the late Oscar B. Cintas, Hiram J. Halle, and Lillian S. Whitmarsh, and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 18, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Max Ernst, Salvador Dali, and Alexander Calder, donated by the artists for the benefit of the American Chess Foundation. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 13.



for a cool, comfortable Summer
OUR LIGHTWEIGHT SPORTWEAR
in many attractive designs and colorings

(shown) *New Dacron® Polyester and Cotton Odd Jacket in a Neat Checked Pattern,* $39.50

Exclusive New Terylene® Polyester and Irish Linen Odd Jacket in Unusually Attractive Stripings; also in a solid shade of natural, $50

Authentic Cotton India Madras Odd Jackets, $39.50

Brooksweave (Dacron and Cotton) Odd Jackets in Tan, Bamboo, Navy, Dark or Willow Green, $37.50

Cotton Seersucker Odd Jackets. Stripes, $25; *Plaids,* $27.50 · *Odd Trousers in Stripes,* $12.50

Odd Trousers of Dacron and Worsted Tropical or English Tropical Worsted, $26; *in Brooksweave (Dacron and Cotton),* $16.50; *in Terylene and Irish Linen,* $25

Bermuda Length Shorts, from $11

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

L'Avventura—If you feel that cinematic technique should be an end in itself, you may feel that this Italian movie is worth two and a half hours of your time. If not, not. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Ballad of a Soldier—This Soviet film tells the simplest of tales about a young soldier on leave from the front, but Grigori Chukhrai's direction and brilliant camera work, coupled with the lovely youthfulness of his two principals, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, supply a procession of remarkable and sometimes heartbreaking visual delights. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Breathless—The most glittering and memorable example of the French New Wave films follows the last few hours in the life of a cool, self-destructive Parisian car thief, and succeeds, by the style of its camera and the intelligence of its script, in conveying all the compelling modern delusions to which he is victim. Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this undoubted masterwork, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg distinguish themselves as the hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric, sensitive eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is beautiful and exciting from start almost to finish. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Don Quixote—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkasov, who gives a strong and touching performance in this doggedly faithful Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. He and director Grigory Kozintsev's astonishing color compositions save the tale from its own broad sentimentalities. Dubbed (and poorly dubbed) into English. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; May 11.)

Elmer Gantry—Richard Brooks's interpretation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about revivalists, either crooked or crazy. Intermittently compelling, always sardonic, the film has Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as its leading Gospel shouters, and has the further advantage of including Edward Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, and Shirley Jones in supporting roles. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 16, tentative.)

Exodus—The new heavyweight champion, weighing in at three hours and forty-five minutes, shows an unfortunate preference for dialectics over fighting. Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusters. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—A magnificent picture on all counts—subject matter, direction, acting, and photography. The scene is Genoa, the time is 1943, and the story tells of a sleazy Italian collaborator with the Nazis who learns, little by little and half against his will, how to become a good man and, in dying, a great one. The director, Roberto Rossellini, has brought out the best in two great actors, Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer, and the rest of the cast is exemplary. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through May 16.)

Mein Kampf—A sequence on life in the Warsaw ghetto is probably the most revealing and affecting of the many newsreel clips that make up this documentary about Hitler's rise and fall. Erwin Leiser obtained the clips mostly from German sources and did the compiling. Claude Stephenson's narration, a model of clarity, will help you through the nightmare. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through May 16. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; starting May 17.)

NOW PLAYING

The Misfits—Clark Gable's last performance and Marilyn Monroe's best performance make this picture about a lonely young divorcée and an aging cowhand worth seeing, in spite of a soft and sentimental script by Arthur Miller. Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, and director John Huston give notable support in a losing cause. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 16.)

One Eyed Jacks—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough and worthy antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the enemies. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry has adapted her own play about the effect of an insurance check for ten thousand dollars on a Negro matriarch and her family in a Chicago tenement. It has lost something on its way from the stage to the screen, but its spirit and vitality have survived the trip. Daniel Petrie is the director, and the cast, which includes Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, and Ruby Dee, is substantially the same one that opened on Broadway. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—A young English factory worker fighting a private and high-spirited war for independence is the hero of this movie. As played by Albert Finney, he is appealing and, for the most part, believable, even though Mr. Finney's freedom as an actor is somewhat curtailed by rather heavy-handed direction. The script, by Alan Sillitoe, couldn't be better. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Shadows—An original exercise in improvisation by a group of hitherto unknown players, who do their ad-libbing, sometimes to great effect, in a scattering of places around this city. John Cassavetes' direction is also effective and self-effacing. Charles Mingus and Shafi Hadi are responsible for the beautiful jazz accompaniment. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Sons and Lovers—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son is treated with a kind of static delicacy in this English-American film, and so is Lawrence's first-rate dialogue, which has been lifted with gloved hands from the novel. However, Trevor Howard, as the black-faced, drunken miner, is remarkably good, and Wendy Hiller, as his misused wife, is not far behind. Dean Stockwell, who plays the son, is flippant, brooding, and restless, and sometimes suggests Elvis Presley trying to act. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through May 13.)

Tunes of Glory—Bagpipes, kilts, and gallons of Scotch whiskey are the stage props behind one of the great performances of the year, in which Sir Alec Guinness brings all his brilliance and intelligence to the part of a Scottish regimental colonel battling for his selfish life. John Mills is his formidable but luckless adversary, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson are notable members of an entirely satisfactory cast. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 17.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 14, tentative.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 16, tentative.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting May 16.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting May 16.)

Separate Tables (1958)—Terence Rattigan's play about some sad and lonely people living in a threadbare hotel in Bournemouth. With David Niven and Deborah Kerr. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 16.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 12-15.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 16, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of documentary films called "The Flaherty Tradition, 1950-60"—Through May 13: "On the Bowery" (1956) and "All My Babies" (1953). . . . ¶ May 14-17: "Jazz Dance," "Three, Two, One—Zero," and "The Grievance" (all 1954). (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Wednesday, May 17, when there will be just one showing, at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
ONE EYED JACKS.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

HENRY MILLER, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Hitler's Executioners," a documentary film.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through May 16: **MEIN KAMPF.**

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 16 (tentative): **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **THE MAGICIAN** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From May 17 (tentative): "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through May 16: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien; and "Curse of the Undead," Eric Fleming.
From May 17: "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden; and "The Right Approach," Juliet Prowse, Frankie Vaughan.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 16 (tentative): **ELMER GANTRY;** and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From May 17 (tentative): "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The 39 Steps," Kenneth More, Taina Elg.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Two Women" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 13: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.
May 14-16: "Mad Dog Coll," Kay Doubleday; and "Underworld, U.S.A.," Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn.
From May 17: **MEIN KAMPF;** and "As the Sea Rages," Cliff Robertson, Maria Schell.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
L'AVVENTURA (in Italian).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Bridge" (in German).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 13 (tentative): "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.
From May 14 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 16: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien; and "Curse of the Undead," Eric Fleming.
From May 17: "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden; and "The Right Approach," Juliet Prowse, Frankie Vaughan.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
May 11: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.
From May 12: "Mad Dog Coll," Kay Doubleday; and "Underworld, U.S.A.," Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
May 11: "The Woman in the Moon" (silent), Fritz Rasp.
From May 12: "Metropolis" (silent); and "Secrets of a Soul" (silent), Werner Kraus.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through May 13: **SONS AND LOVERS;** and "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.
May 14-15: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.
From May 16: **A PLACE IN THE SUN,** revival; and **SABRINA,** revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
SHADOWS.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
May 11: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.
From May 12: "Mad Dog Coll," Kay Doubleday; and "Underworld, U.S.A.," Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 16: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian); and "Dreaming Lips" (in German), revival, Maria Schell.
From May 17: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey; and "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Please Turn Over," Ted Ray, Jean Kent.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
May 11: **DON QUIXOTE.**
From May 12: "Fidelio" (in German), Claude Nollier, Richard Holm.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 16: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.
From May 17: "Mad Dog Coll," Kay Doubleday; and "Underworld, U.S.A.," Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Kanal" (in Polish).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 16: **THE MISFITS;** and **SEPARATE TABLES,** revival.
From May 17: **GIGI,** revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.

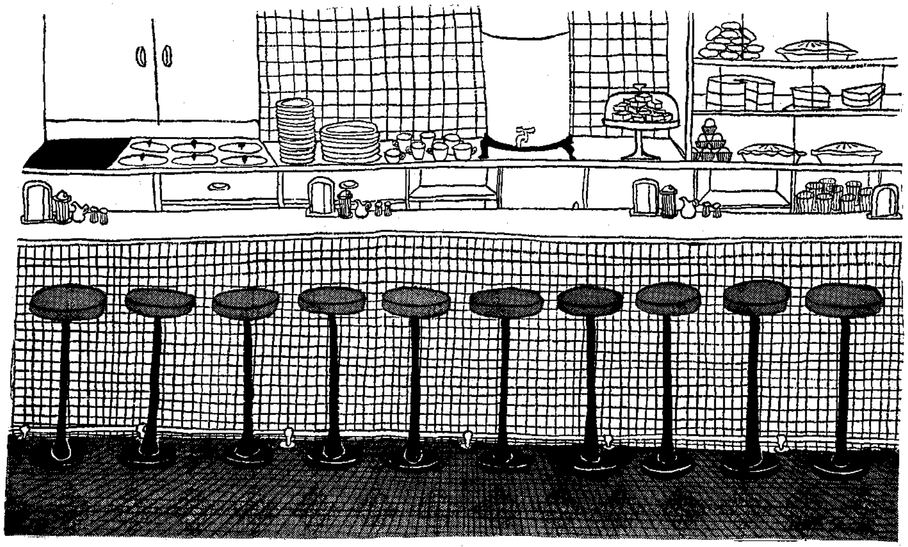
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 11: "The Adulteress" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone; and "The Devil's General" (in German), revival, Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook.
May 12-15: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.
From May 16: "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

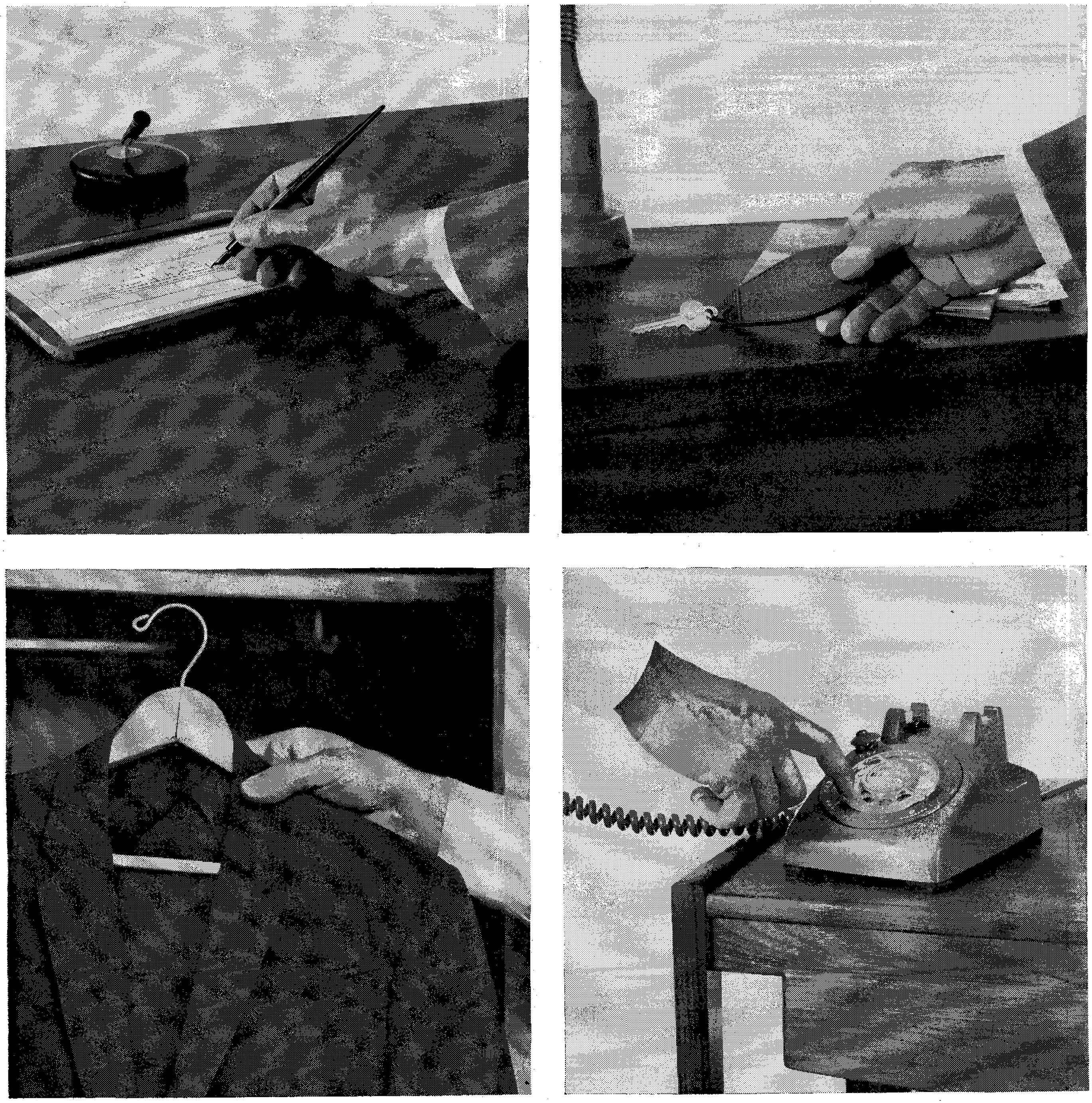
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through May 13: "Herod the Great," Edmund Purdom; and "The Plunderers," Jeff Chandler, John Saxon.
May 14-16: To be announced.
From May 17: "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden; and "The Right Approach," Juliet Prowse, Frankie Vaughan.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 16: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian).
From May 17: "Confess, Dr. Corda!," (in German), Hardy Kruger; and "The Sins of Rose Bernd" (in German), revival, Maria Schell, Raf Vallone.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 16: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.
From May 17: "Mad Dog Coll," Kay Doubleday; and "Underworld, U.S.A.," Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through May 16: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien; and "Curse of the Undead," Eric Fleming.
From May 17: "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden; and "The Right Approach," Juliet Prowse, Frankie Vaughan.

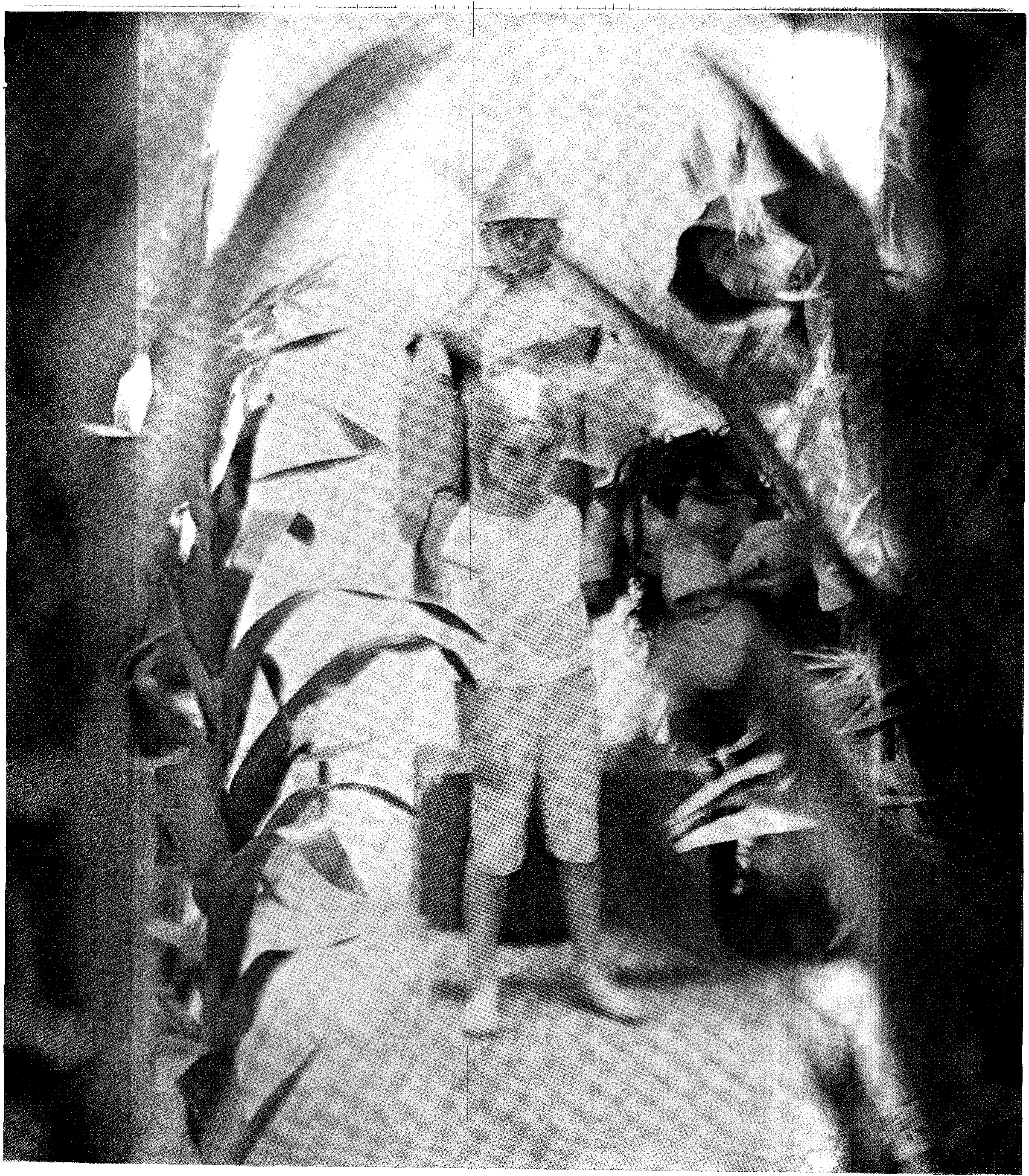




...then, check in at home by Long Distance!

It's the *personal* way to find out your wife and children are well . . . to tell them about your trip.

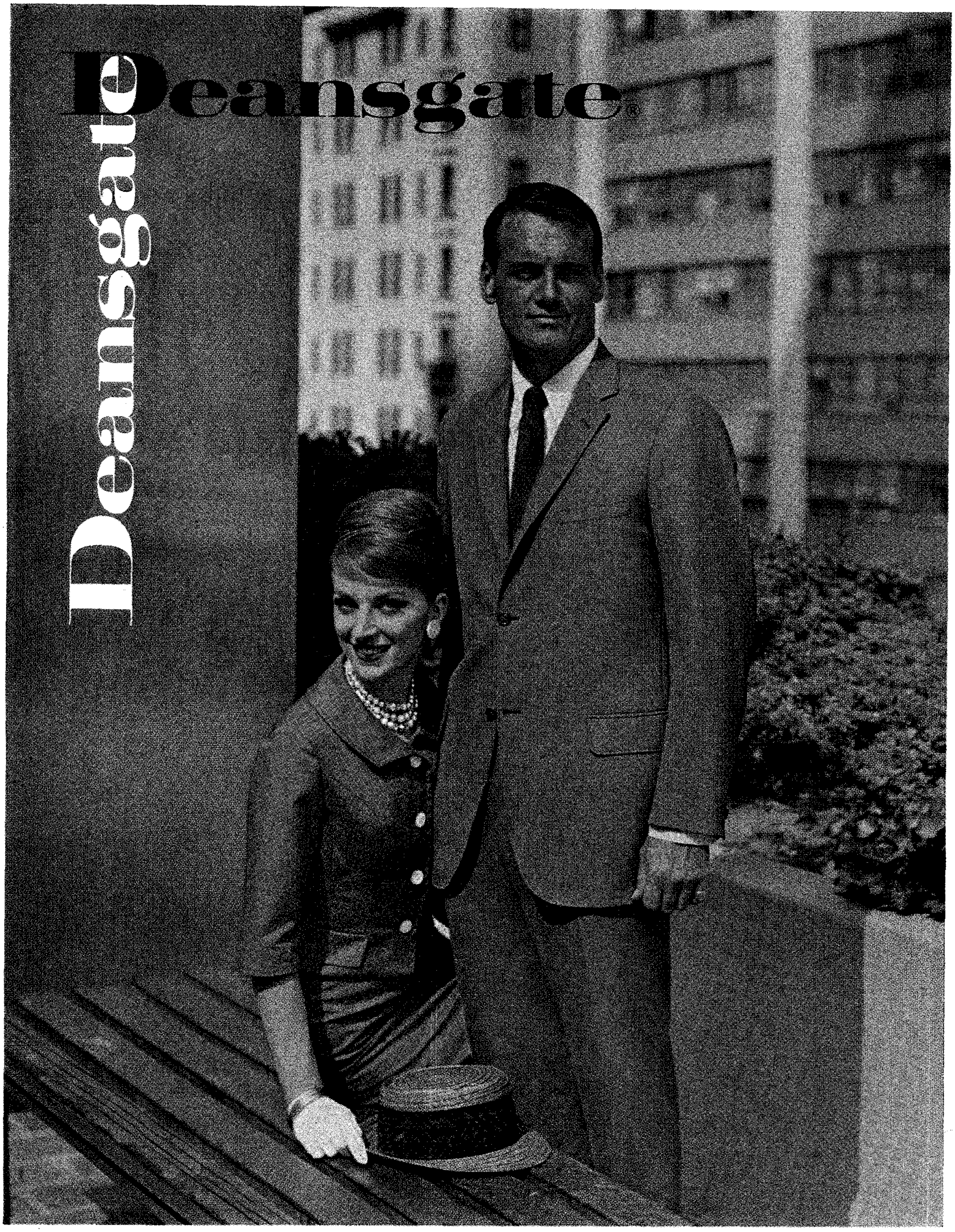
Keep in touch by Long Distance... **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



Where have you been Dorothy Lou? *To Girltown!* 'Cause Girltown makes the best sportswear for little, middle-sized and quite grown-up girls. Dorothy Lou's wearing coordinates from the Fruit Salad group for sizes 3 to 6x, 7 to 14 and subteen's 6 to 14. Shown in sizes 7 to 14. Cotton duck deck pants in white, lemon or orange. About $5. White duck top with big fruit slice applique to match. About $5. For nearest store, write Girltown, Inc., 520 Eighth Ave., New York 18.

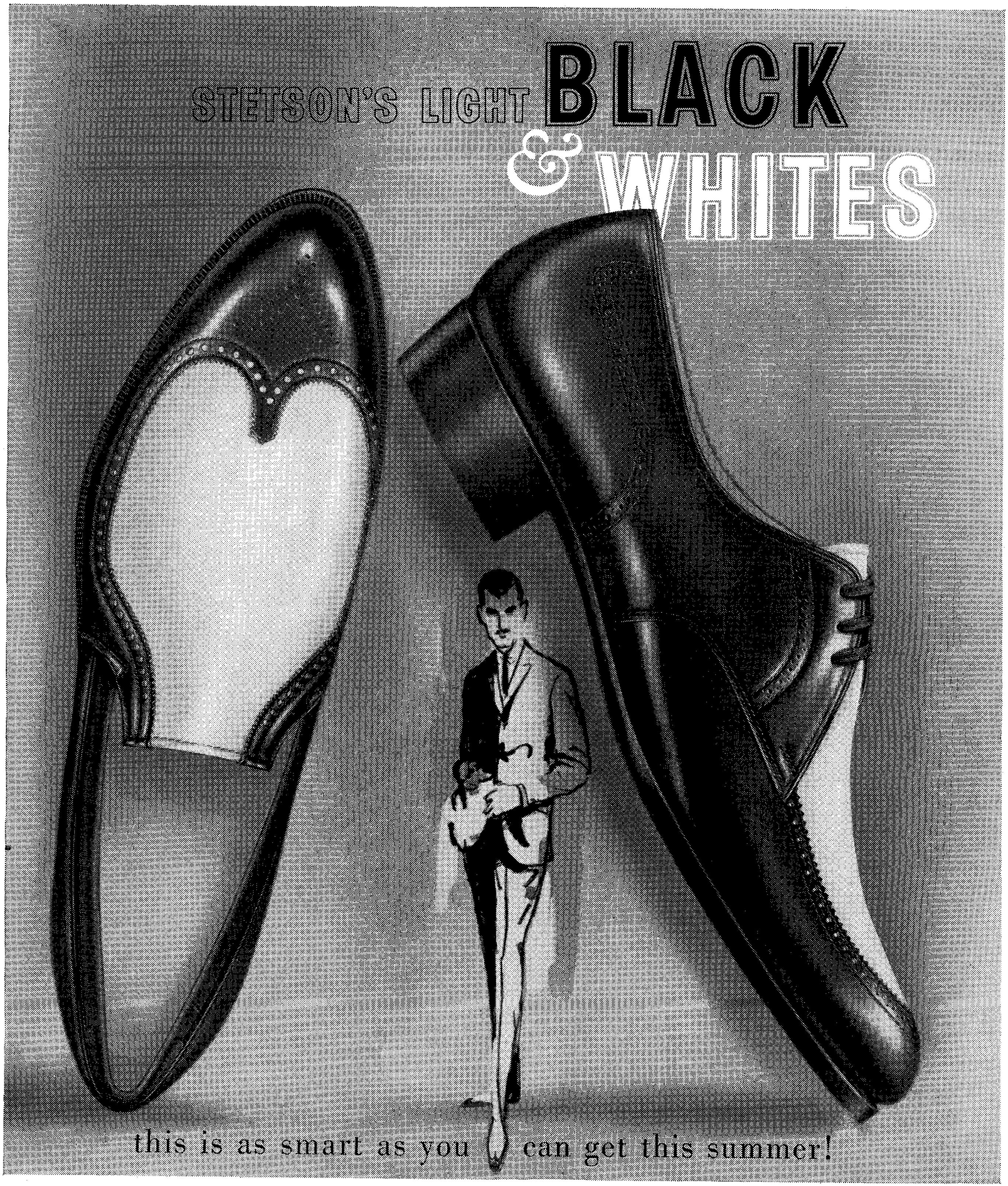
BERNARDO SANDALS/PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

to
Girltown!



DEANSGATE—flawless natural shoulder suits and sport coats for the man who seeks the dual virtues of quality and comfort in the warm weather. Suits from $42.50; sport coats from $32.50. Available at the better shops and departments. *Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

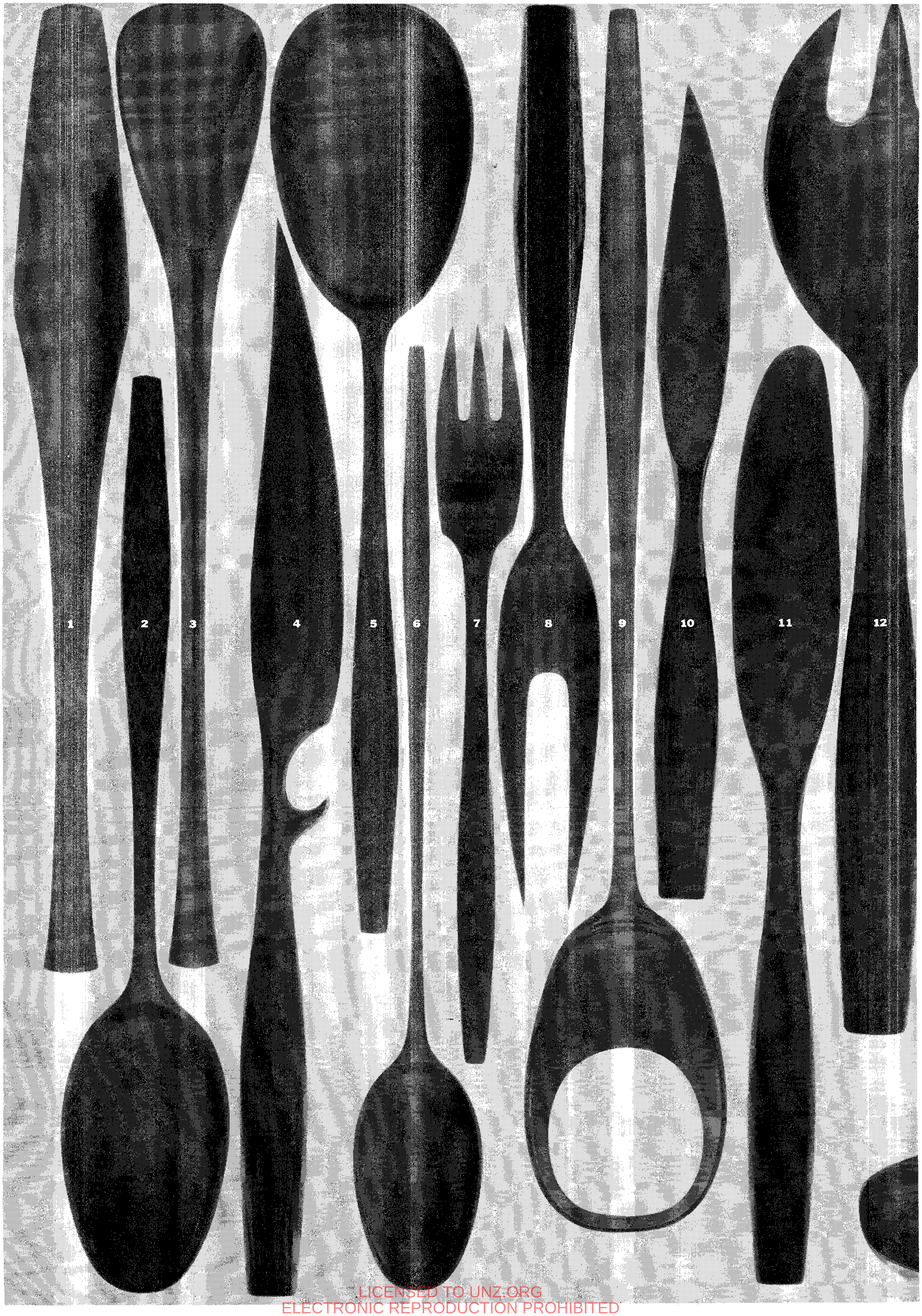
FAMOUS-STERNBERG, INC., 950 POEYFARRE STREET, NEW ORLEANS 5, LOUISIANA

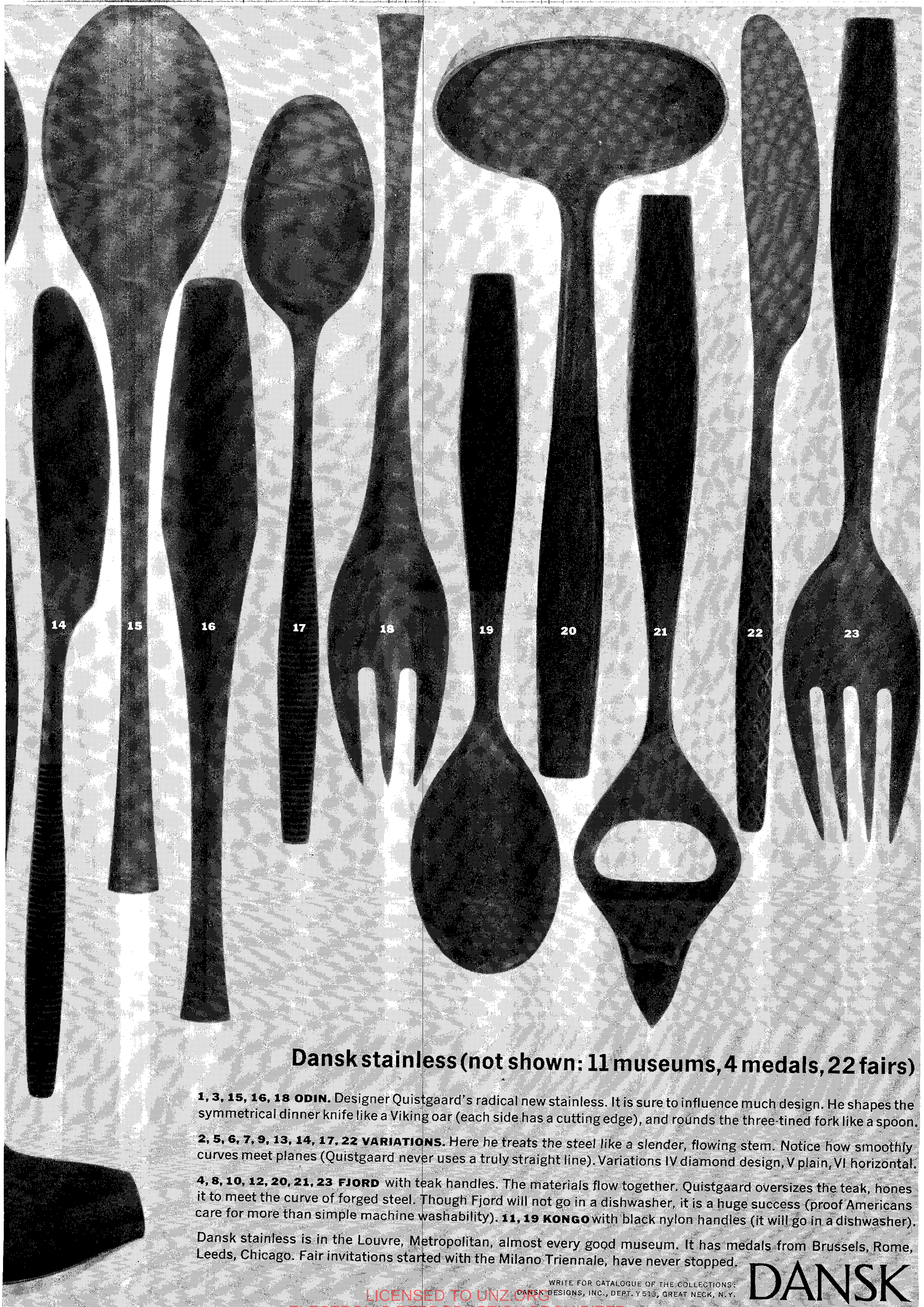

STETSON'S LIGHT BLACK
& WHITES
this is as smart as you can get this summer!

Sparkling smartness and cool looking splendor . . . something striking happens when vividly contrasting black and white leathers get together! Especially with the imaginative treatment Stetson offers in this summer weight, snug top slip-on and three eyelet tie. Dominant is the lean, tapered silhouette . . . very "proper" today when all clothing of good origin is shaped along slim lines. Leathers and workmanship? The finest procurable . . . as always, in a Stetson. No money is better spent than the money spent for a Stetson shoe.

The Stetson Shoe Company, Inc., South Weymouth 90, Massachusetts

STETSON
SHOES for MEN
1885
THEY'RE STYLE RELATED


1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12



Dansk stainless (not shown: 11 museums, 4 medals, 22 fairs)

1, 3, 15, 16, 18 ODIN. Designer Quistgaard's radical new stainless. It is sure to influence much design. He shapes the symmetrical dinner knife like a Viking oar (each side has a cutting edge), and rounds the three-tined fork like a spoon.

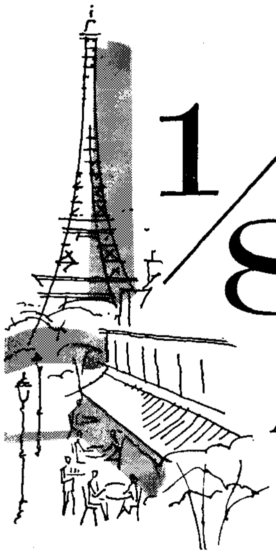
2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 13, 14, 17, 22 VARIATIONS. *Here he treats the steel like a slender, flowing stem.* Notice how smoothly curves meet planes (Quistgaard never uses a truly straight line). Variations IV diamond design, V plain, VI horizontal.

4, 8, 10, 12, 20, 21, 23 FJORD with teak handles. The materials flow together. Quistgaard oversizes the teak, hones it to meet the curve of forged steel. Though Fjord will not go in a dishwasher, it is a huge success (proof Americans care for more than simple machine washability). **11, 19 KONGO** with black nylon handles (it will go in a dishwasher).

Dansk stainless is in the Louvre, Metropolitan, almost every good museum. It has medals from Brussels, Rome, Leeds, Chicago. Fair invitations started with the Milano Triennale, have never stopped.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OF THE COLLECTIONS:
DANSK DESIGNS, INC., DEPT. Y513, GREAT NECK, N.Y.

DANSK



1/4 inch to
1/8 inch to Paris

Announcing the finest achievement in the history of radio!

New Admiral All-World
Nine Transistor Nine Band Portable Radio

World's smallest and most powerful standard band and shortwave-longwave portable! Outperforms any other radio of its kind anytime, anywhere in the world! Made in America by American craftsmen with American quality components.

Small world, indeed! On the dial of this new Admiral, just a fraction of an inch separates you from the remotest places on earth. No matter where you are—aboard ship, on safari, at home in your armchair—this super-sensitive receiver spans oceans and continents to bring you broadcasts from everywhere on the globe.

At the touch of your finger, you can tune in the opera at Milan, the carnival at Rio, the news from London or the sound of a satellite. The whole world comes in loud and clear. And you are eavesdropping on history!

Nine Ultra-Sensitive Wave Bands

Precision engineered for widest coverage, Admiral's All World tunes in standard AM, longwave and 7 shortwave bands. It brings you all the excitement of international programs plus aircraft, amateur, marine and navigation broadcasts—including official weather reports and ship-to-shore reception.

750 Milliwatts of Power

Especially designed to be the smallest, most powerful 9-band transistor portable ever created, the All World is first with a full 750 milliwatts of undistorted output. Peak performance is assured even from most distant stations. Admiral quality components and features include 9 perfectly matched transistors and 3 germanium diodes.

All American Made

The All World—like all Admiral products—is 100% American made. There are no inferior or difficult-to-replace foreign parts. Its heart—just as in U.S. Satellites in orbit—is the new precision etched circuitry. Gives trouble-free operation under all climatic conditions.

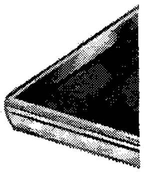
There are 4 built-in antennas with provision for a fifth external one! For superior wide-frequency reception, the All World has a specially designed telescopic antenna that extends to a full six feet.

Long-Life, Low-Cost Battery Operation

Even with all its outstanding power and performance, this precision receiver operates up to 1000 hours on eight ordinary flashlight batteries. Admiral's ingenious "Battery Miser" diode actually doubles useful battery life!

No Finer Gift in the World of Radio!

The All World Y909 is only 10 1/16″ high, 12½″ wide and 4⅝″ deep. Weighs 13 pounds. The perfect gift is now at your nearby Admiral dealer. $275.00.

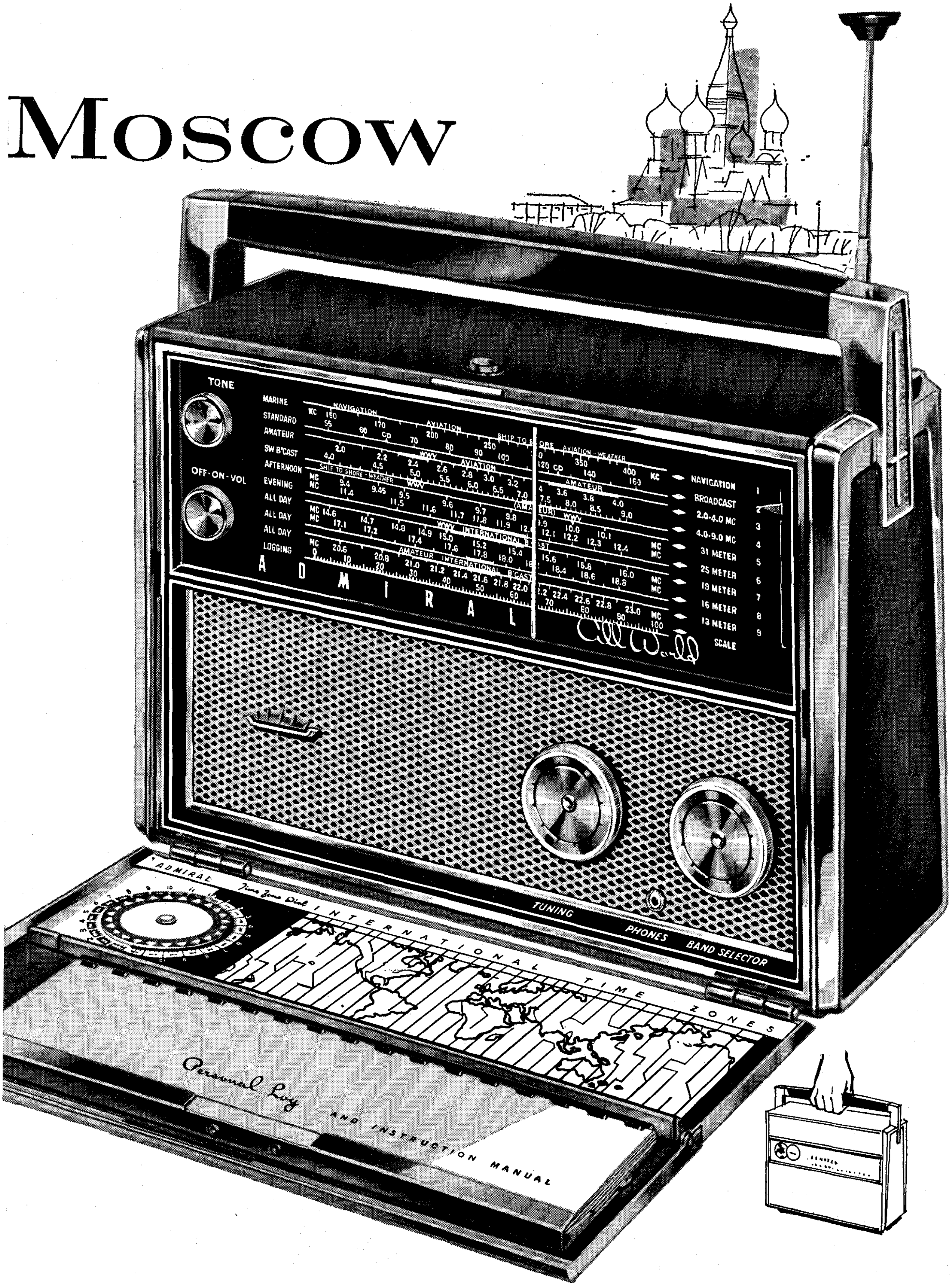


MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

ADMIRAL®

Admiral® Sold in 110 countries... Mfd. in U.S.A., Argentina, Australia, Austria, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Italy, Mexico, New Zealand, Philippines, Syria, Uruguay. Admiral Sales Corp., Chicago 47, Ill., and Port Credit, Canada

Moscow

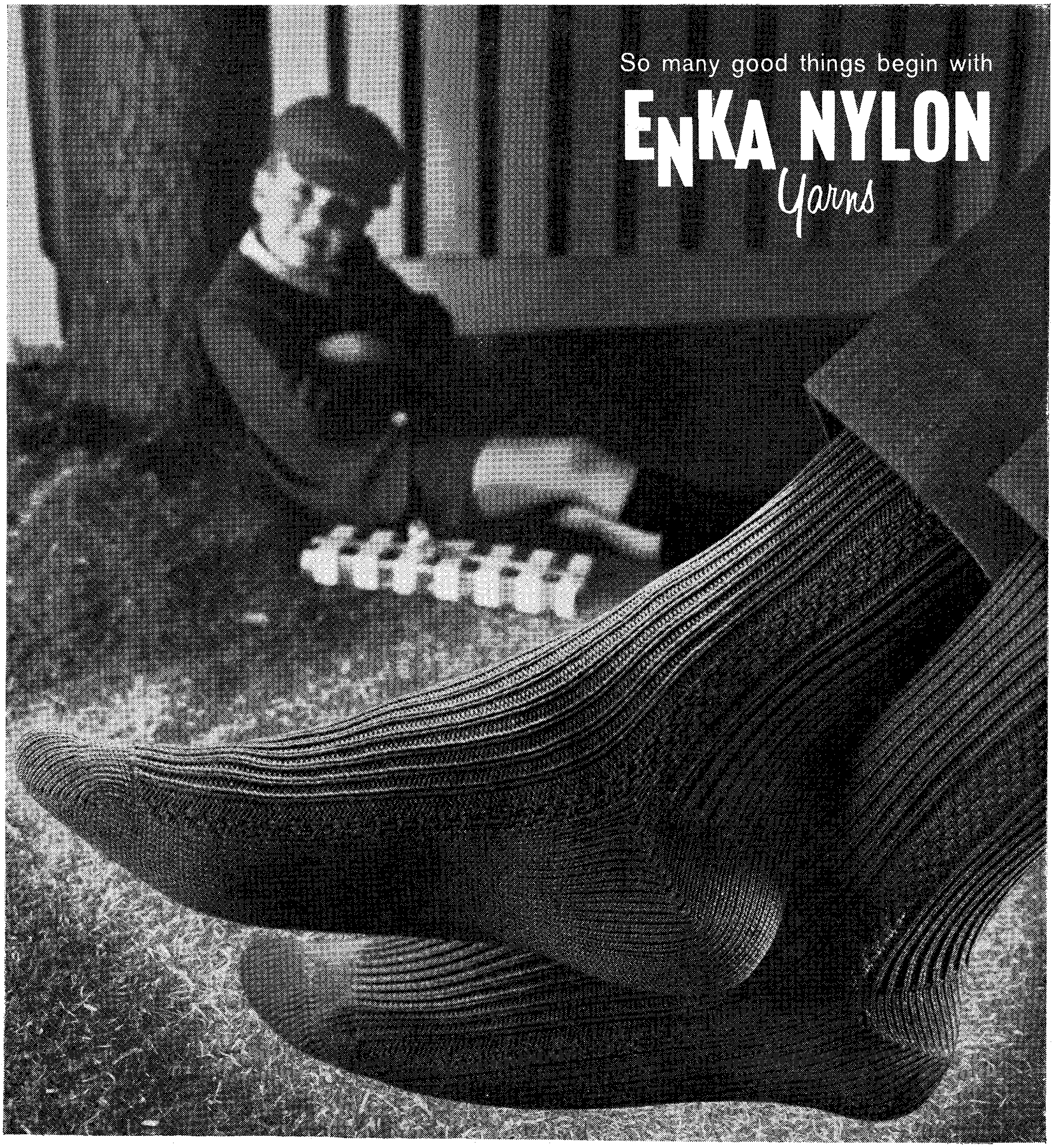

TONE
OFF-ON-VOL
MARINE
STANDARD
AMATEUR
SW B'CAST
AFTERNOON
EVENING
ALL DAY
ALL DAY
ALL DAY
LOGGING
NAVIGATION
AVIATION
SHIP TO SHORE
AVIATION - WEATHER
AMATEUR
WWV
INTERNATIONAL B'CAST
NAVIGATION
BROADCAST
2.0-4.0 MC
4.0-9.0 MC
31 METER
25 METER
19 METER
16 METER
13 METER
SCALE
ADMIRAL
All World
TUNING
PHONES
BAND SELECTOR
ADMIRAL Time Zone Dial
INTERNATIONAL TIME ZONES
Personal Log AND INSTRUCTION MANUAL

SUIT SHOWN: 55% "DACRON"* POLYESTER FIBER, 45% WORSTED WOOL. Perfect for a cool and impeccable summer. The "Miracool" suit, with the incomparable wrinkle resistance and press retention of "Dacron". *"Dacron" is Du Pont's trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

DACRON®
POLYESTER FIBER

and Society Brand Clothes—for the smartest summer of your life

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*



A fitting way to begin Dad's Day…
in Ban-Lon® ESQUIRE SOCKS®

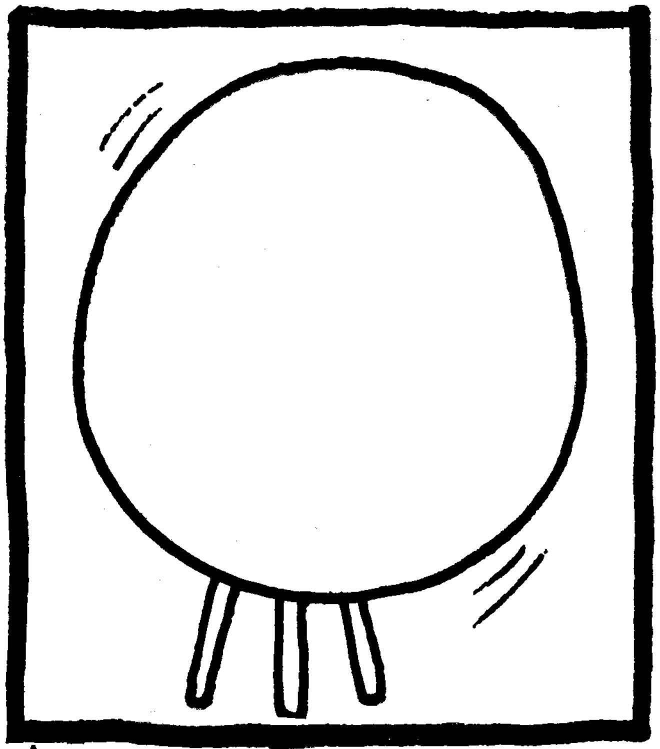
FOR FATHER'S DAY and on through the year, aficionados of comfort choose Ban-Lon Esquire Socks made of ENKA nylon.

Styled to a man's taste, these impeccable socks wrap up good looks with comfort in one neat gift. And it's all thanks to Enka nylon—the soft-spoken yarn with such remarkable resiliency, it hugs *every* foot with perfect, lasting fit. It's marvelously absorbent, too, makes Esquire Socks softer, cooler all the way through.

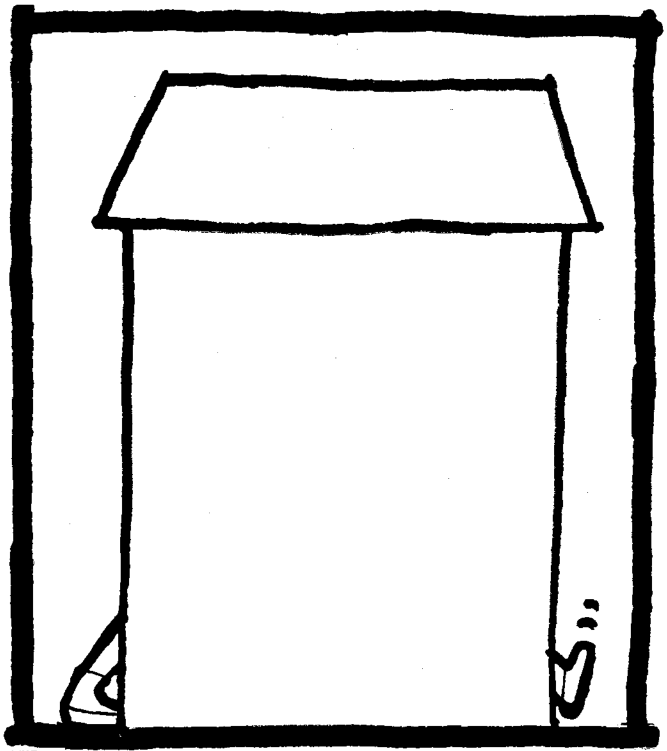
The style here, is the Viking, at $1.50. Choose others in a legion of solids and patterns. At better stores everywhere, or write Esquire Socks, a Division of Kayser-Roth Hosiery Co., 200 Madison Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

American ENKA Corporation, Enka, N. C. • Producer of nylon • rayon • yarns • fibers

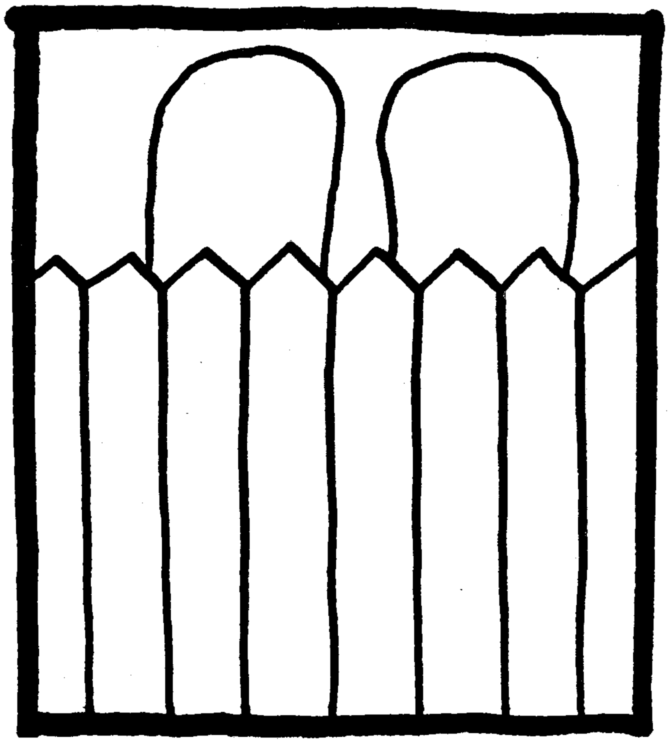
If you turn every child in America around



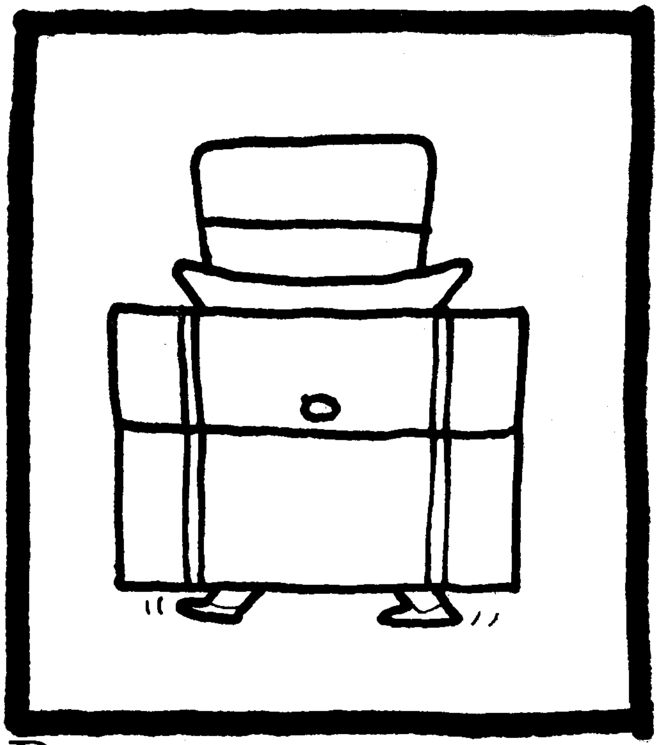
A To guess the droodles, match the A,B,C's



B



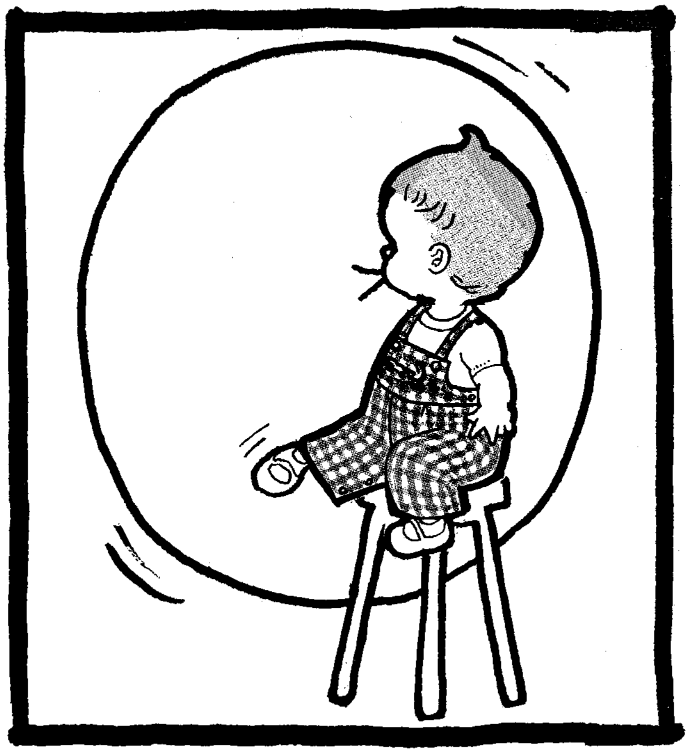
C



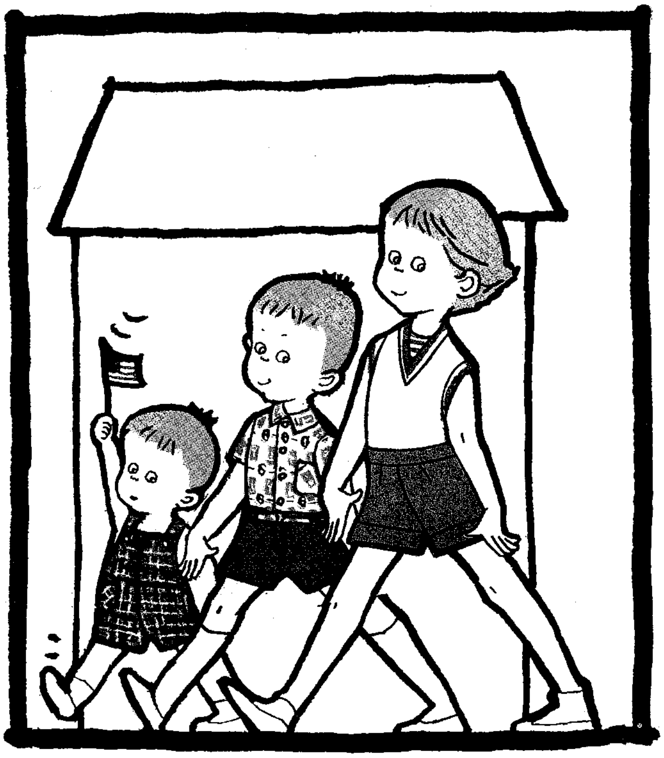
D

Anyway you look at it, Health-tex is the most versatile little wearables in America. Skip-rope over puddles one moment. Dress-up like Big Daddy the next. Health-tex is childhood come to lovable fabric with every seam on guard for trouble. Brilliantly constructed for growing and changing, climbing and kisses, in colors good enough to eat. How does Health-tex do it? Health-tex has spy children pump real mothers for valuable information. Results: the most workable washable clothes of unchallenged spirit just a little money can buy.

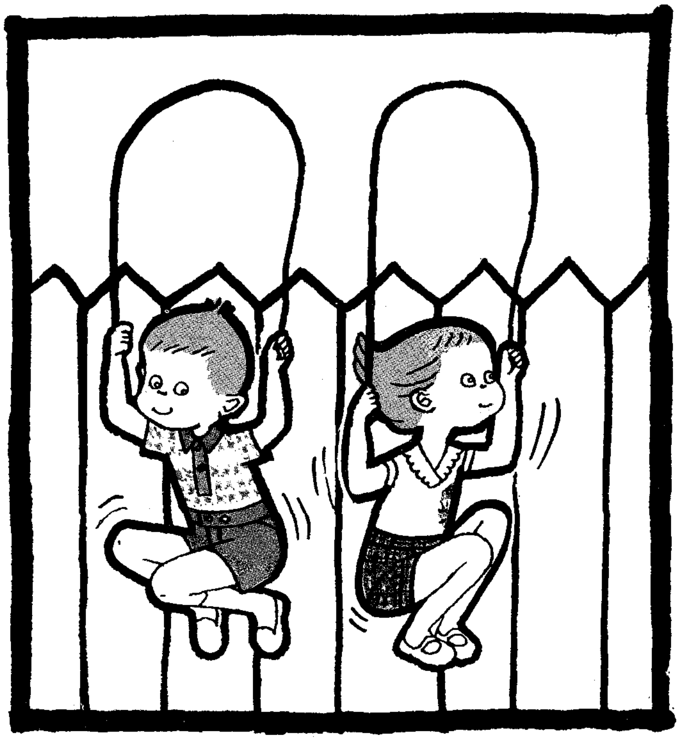
He (or she) will probably be wearing Health-tex



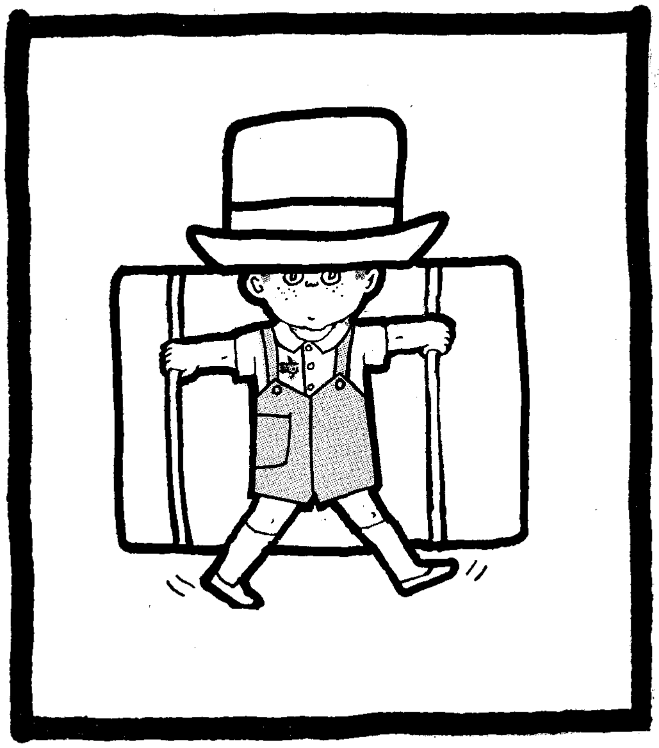
A Bubble gum champion practicing



B Small parade behind big doll house



C Jump rope team behind picket fence

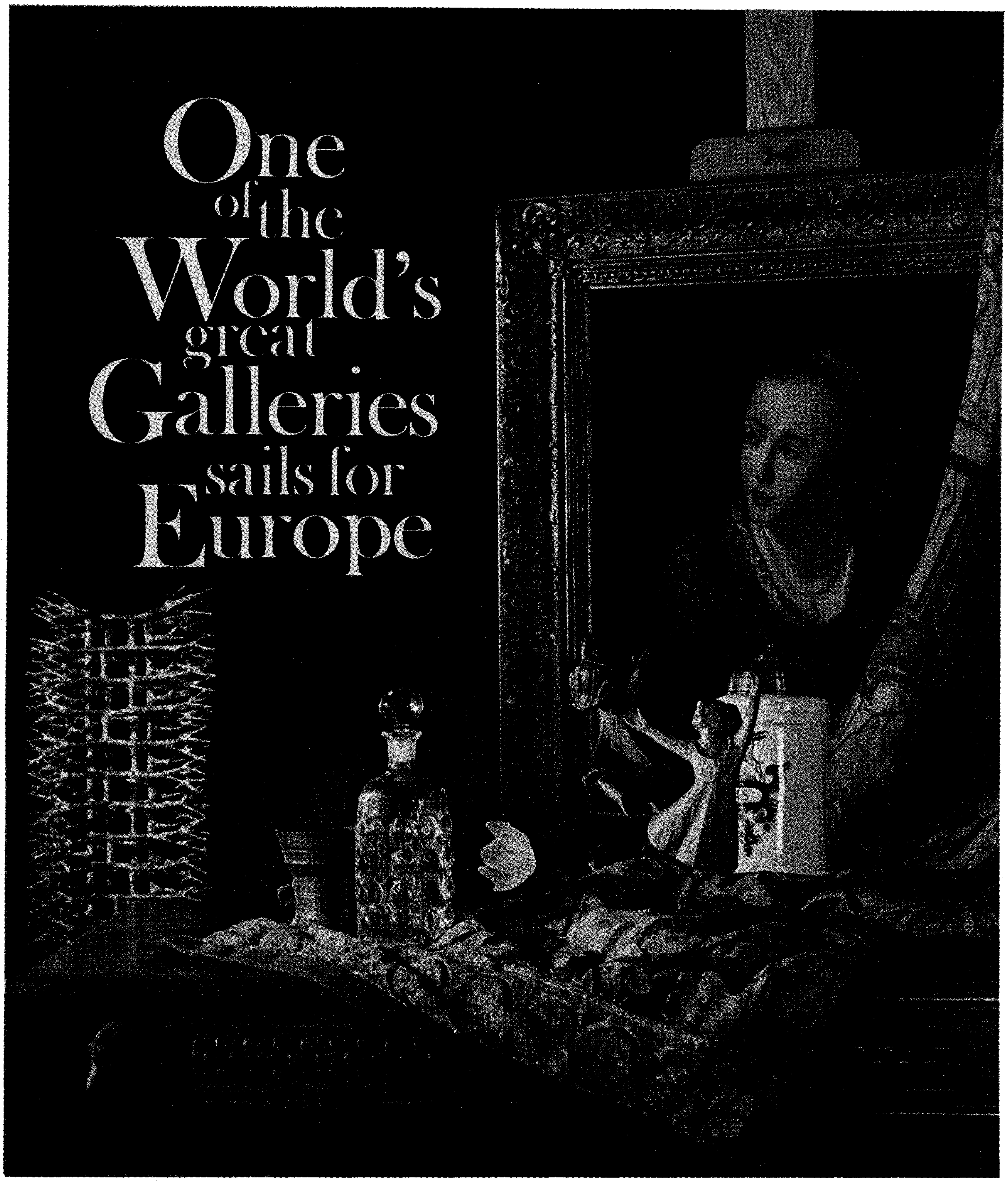


D Young man going off to work

Health-tex can be A expandable crawler 2.00. Shirt 1.20 B Victorious sunsuit 2.00. Sets 3.00 C Exuberant short sets 3.00 D Manly short set 3.00. Prices approximate. Washable to hold fit, in sizes 6 months to 8 years. Health-tex is a pure product of Standard Romper Co., Inc., 130 West 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y., and sold at very nice stores.

Is your child wearing Health-tex?
Turn him around
and look for the label inside:

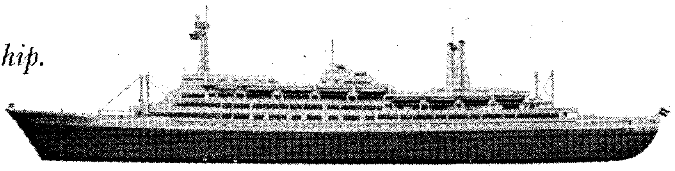
Health-tex®
STANTOGS



Surrounded by beauty like this, you'll sail serenely to Europe...aboard the elegant *Rotterdam,* the gracious *Nieuw Amsterdam,* the sparkling *Statendam,* or *any* Holland-America Line ship. Each is a superb gallery of fine art as befits the heritage of Van Eyck and Rembrandt, Hals and Vermeer, Rubens and Mondrian. Paintings, paneling, tapestries, sculpture, mosaics... every detail delights the eye, stimulates the mind. And in such a setting, the "hautest" of haute cuisine, the worldliest of old-world service.

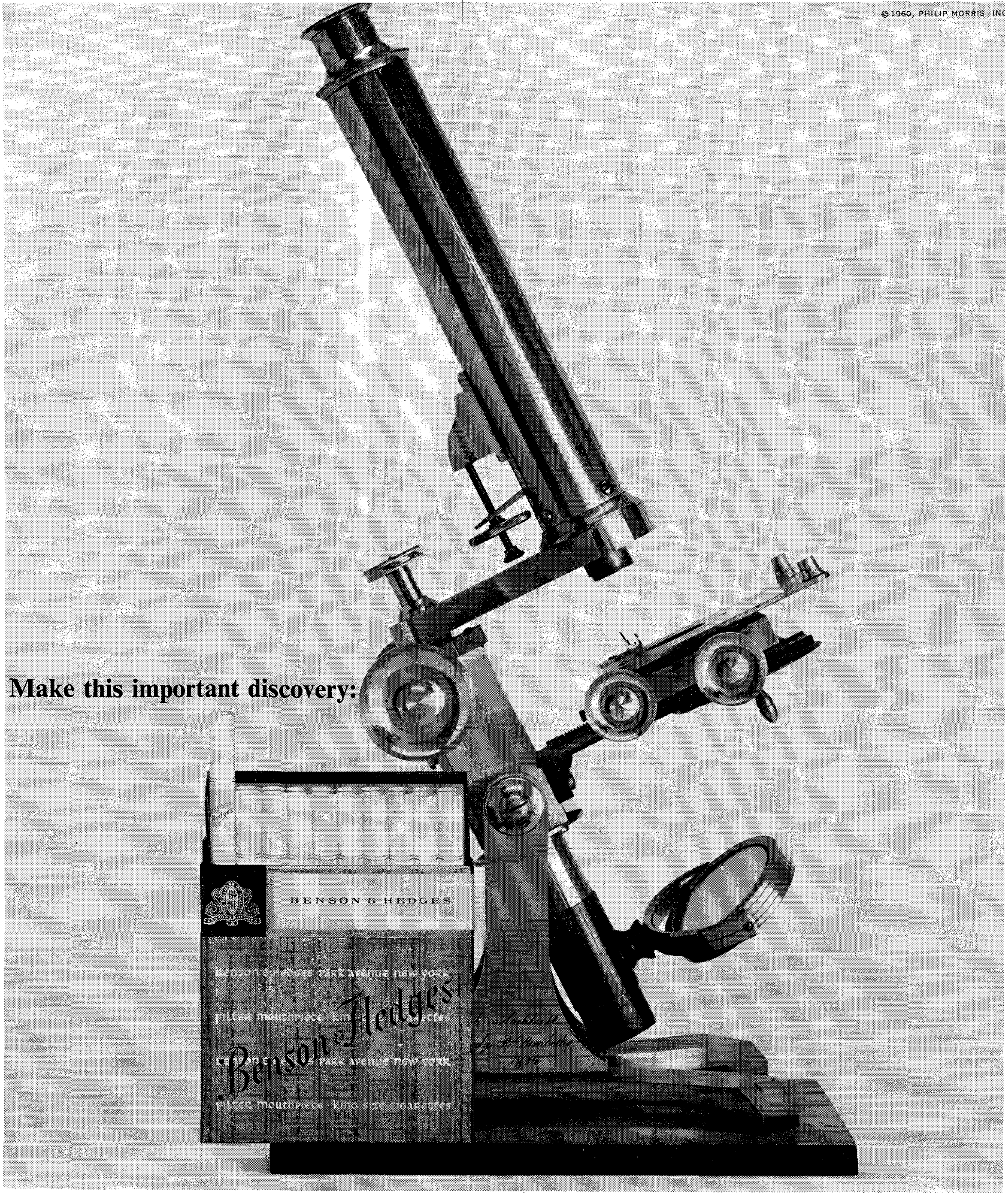
First Class or Tourist . . . it's good to be on a well-run ship.

Holland-America Line



CALLING AT IRELAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE, HOLLAND ■ IDEAL CONNECTIONS FOR GERMANY, SCANDINAVIA, SWITZERLAND AND ALL EUROPE. ■ SEE YOUR AUTHORIZED TRAVEL AGENT.

©1960, PHILIP MORRIS INC

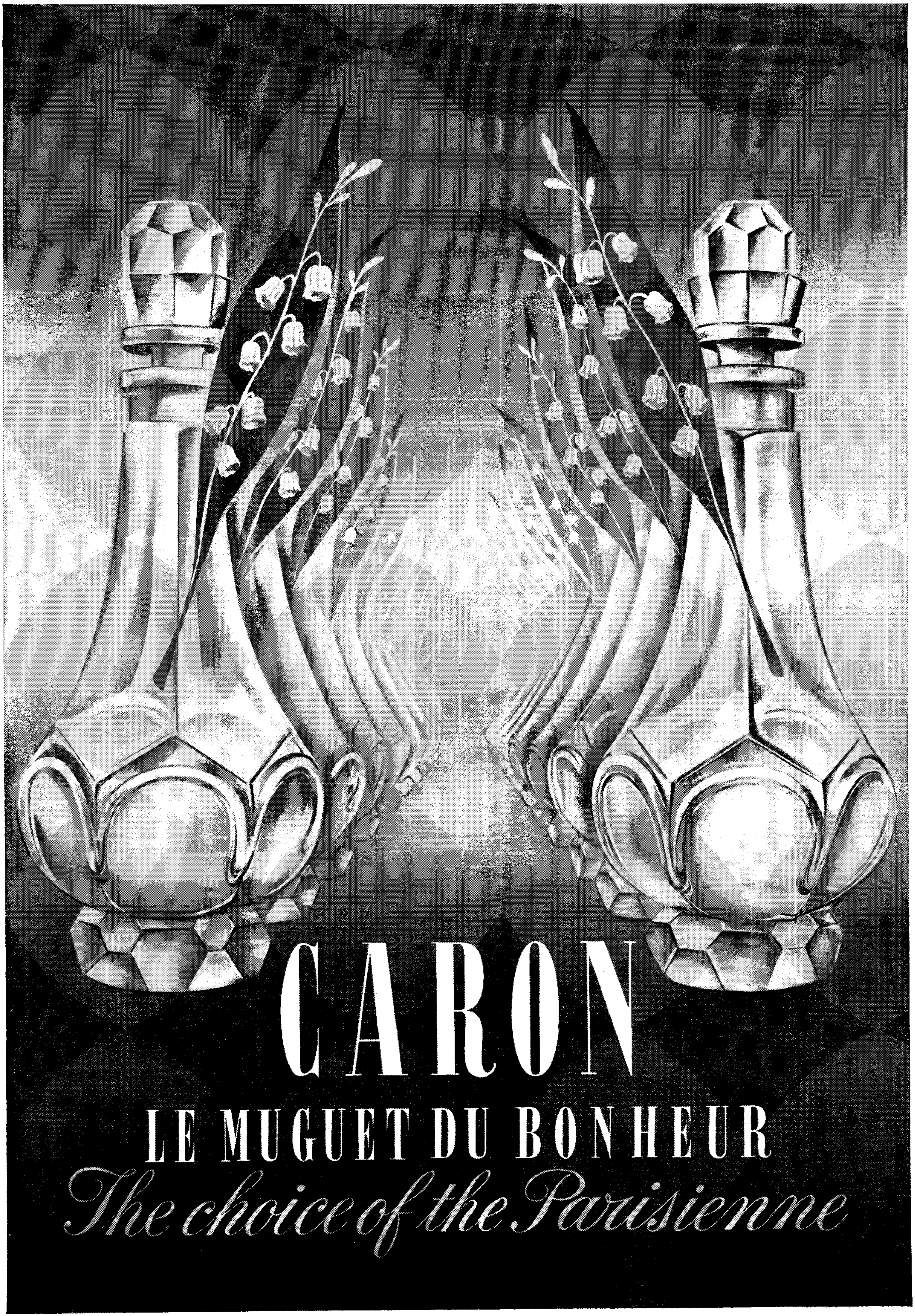

Make this important discovery:
BENSON & HEDGES
Benson & Hedges park avenue new york
filter mouthpiece king size cigarettes
Benson & Hedges

with Benson & Hedges you pay more...you get more

You get the famous Benson & Hedges filter system. The Benson & Hedges filter is recessed into the mouthpiece. The filter itself never touches your mouth . . . truly made for the fastidious smoker.

You get the world's choicest tobaccos . . . superb tobaccos cured and blended with exquisite skill. If you appreciate quality, you will recognize why this must be a limited edition cigarette.

You get the most handsomely packaged cigarette. The famous Benson & Hedges cigarette-case package is completely crush-proof. The cover slides back to deliver each cigarette to you in perfect shape. It gratifies your own sense of beauty and marks you as discriminating to those around you.


CARON
LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
The choice of the Parisienne

© Caron, 1959

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

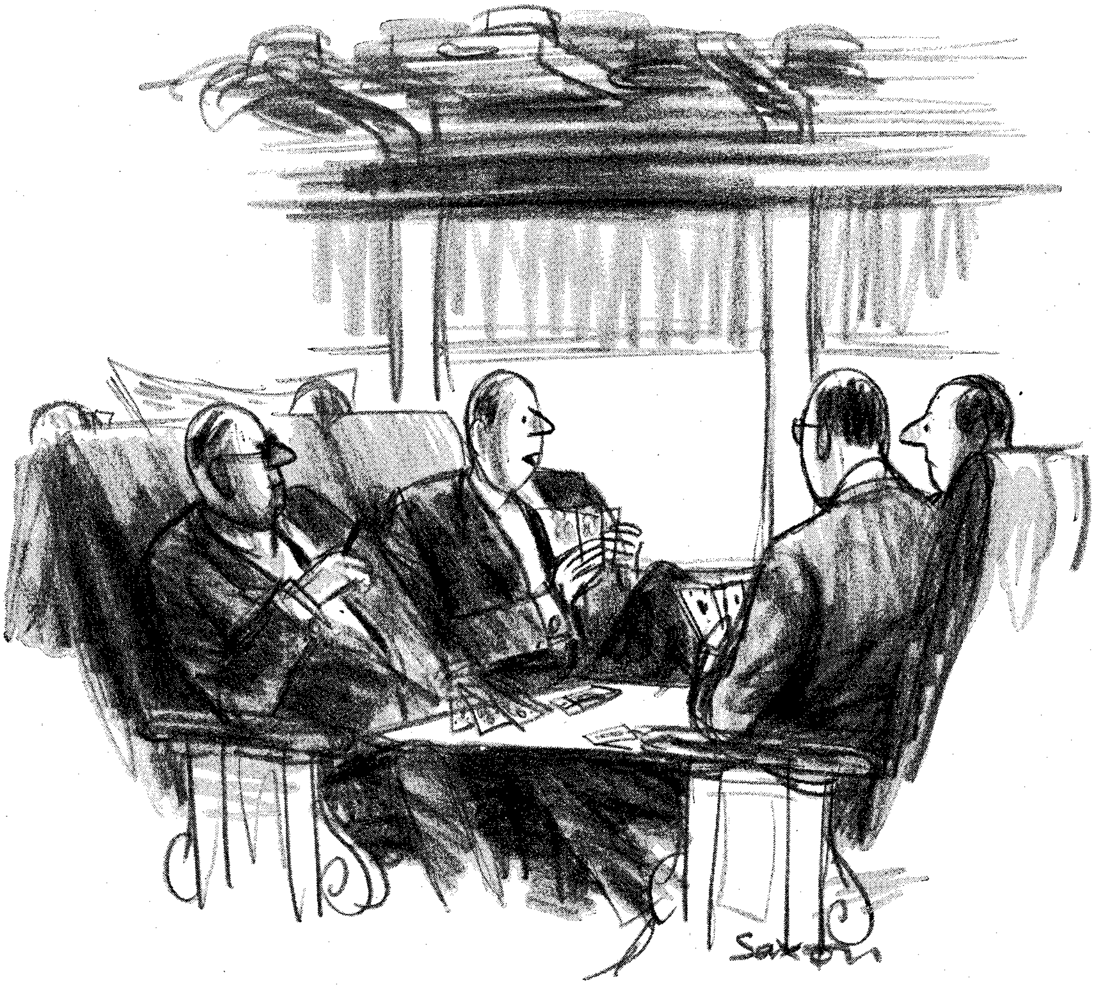
Notes and Comment

A COUPLE of weeks have passed since the President, in the wake of the late Cuban repatriation scheme, appointed General Maxwell D. Taylor to head a board of inquiry into the transactions of the Central Intelligence Agency, and we can't help wondering how the General is getting on. We had occasional opportunity to note the work of our subterranean-warfare people during the Second World War. Although the progenitors of the C.I.A. then had different names (Psychological Warfare, Office of Strategic Services, and Political Advisers to the Armed Forces), there was a continuity in their doctrine that made us think they were all directed by the same sort of minds, or possibly by the same fellow—a top-secret conspirator ex-officio for whom Robert Murphy and Wild Bill Donovan and Mr. Dulles himself were simply blinds, which is as it should be in a really clandestine operation. We were led to this belief because they not only constantly made mistakes but they always made the same one. A detective might reach the same conclusion from studying a series of burglaries by a single practitioner. Therefore, when we read in the newspapers after the latest performance that an operation whose only slight chance of success lay in a popular uprising had been launched without consideration for popular sentiment, we suspected that the old mystery man was still in command, telephoning scrambled messages from his crypt beneath the old State Department Building.

"The principal charge leveled at the Central Intelligence Agency by Cubans from numerous groups is that it precipitated the attack without adequate coördination with the underground and despite urgent warnings in recent weeks against such an attempt," we read in a front-page story in the *Times* by Tad Szulc. "The agency is also blamed for excluding from the operations several rebel groups—which include a number of experienced guerrilla officers—because of alleged favoritism for other factions for political reasons." Here we had a sensation of *déjà vu;* it was Algiers in 1942, and the political-warfare chaps—Robert Murphy, Julius Holmes, and the rest—were adopting Darlan and his officers, the Batististas of their day, to spearhead the liberation of France. Meanwhile, they had segregated the Gaullists, who had a powerful underground to work with in France. There were two strong French undergrounds—the Gaullist and the Communist—but the Old Man in the Crypt was evidently determined to go in with a collaborator. When Darlan was assassinated, the Old Man picked, as the next most hopeless proposition, General Giraud. We were saved then by de Gaulle's gift for imposing himself against lesser wills. "When the Revolutionary Council ordered a purge of men who were once supporters of the former dictator, Fulgencio Batista, C.I.A. agents were reported to be reluctant to give up trained personnel to satisfy political requirements," Szulc's excellent piece continued. (The personnel had been trained in butchering the people the C.I.A. apparently expected to welcome them.) "Charges were constantly heard in Miami that Batista supporters held high positions."

De Gaulle, we remembered, had been kept in the dark before the landings in North Africa, and had not been permitted to accompany the Allied forces into France on D Day two years later. (He is still sour on the United States in consequence.) This, we read, is exactly what happened to the members of the Cuban Revolutionary Council, who were picked up by C.I.A. agents and held incommunicado while the landing, of which they were unaware, went on. It reminded us nostalgically, too, of 1943, when the Old Man's operatives led us into Italy, confident that the Italians would rise up to welcome Mussolini's Marshal Badoglio as a liberator. They threw down their arms and let the Germans take over. And the Old Man must be even older than Mr. Dulles, for we remember reading long ago, when we were young, that the United States intervened (feebly) in Russia in 1919 because Intelligence then, having talked to a reliable source in a tearoom, expected the muzhiks to rise up bearing gifts of shashlik for the returning masters they had booted out. The Cuban peasants, endowed with the land of their expropriated landlords, would not normally be expected to queue up at the pierhead to give the land back; the odd evaluation, recurring after forty-two years, confirms our hunch about the thinker in the crypt.

As for the fighting itself, no military operation was ever more hazily reported. But each detail, as it was fixed by probability, fitted in with the rest. Everything that happened was logical. Only the enterprise wasn't. The ancient B-26s were shot down, and the transports—Liberty ships, in keeping with the period atmosphere of the expedition—were sunk by the more modern Castro planes. It was hard for us to contain our admiration for the *cran* of the C.I.A. people who put Cubans into B-26s, especially since we had already provided Castro with T-33s, which are twice as fast. It used to be said that you would never need an enemy if you had a Hungarian for a friend, and Señor Castro has probably



"I had the weirdest dream about my mother last night. She said I should sell all my A.T.& T. when it hits 132."

• •

by now concluded that you will never need a friend if you have the C.I.A. for an enemy.

Commercialsville

WE have no doubt that everyone who has tried to watch television for any length of time has had the Television Nightmare—being trapped in a room with a set on which the programs consist solely of commercials, with the volume kept, immovably, all the way up. It won't be hard, then, to visualize the second American TV Commercials Festival, held at the Hotel Roosevelt last week. There we were, surrounded by hundreds of the people whose combined efforts have created commercial television, in a room that held twelve television sets (so that the commercial being shown could be seen from any table), and exposed to one "word from our sponsor" after another: ". . . forty-nine per cent fewer cavities," ". . . takes the worry out of," ". . . remember how great a cigarette used to taste?," ". . . your springtime years . . ."

We arrived at the hotel just before the start of the Awards Luncheon, at twelve-thirty, and in time to have a sip of one of the cocktails being served in the mezzanine lobby outside the banquet hall from 11:30 A.M. to 7 P.M. This had been proclaimed the Exhibit and Hospitality Area, and was set aside for the continuous (all-day) screening of Commercial Classics, along with hospitality and a few non-televised exhibits. A man marched through the lobby beating a large gong, which we interpreted as a call to lunch (although no one else did), so we wandered into the banquet hall and took a seat at Table 51, as directed by our ticket. For about fifteen minutes, we sat alone at a table for ten, listening to commercial sound tracks playing softly in the background ("Double your pleasure, double your fun . . ." and other hit tunes). Eventually, the other guests swarmed in, drowning out the sound tracks. Among our tablemates we discovered one of the judges, a former advertising man named John E. McMillin, who is the executive editor (and columnist) of a magazine called *Sponsor*. He told us that since March, when the judging started, the judges had been obliged to sit through 1,352 commercials ("hour after hour after hour"). He didn't seem at all sure why he was at the formal screening of the winners, and managed to be the first to leave the table after dessert.

We were served the main course only after fifteen of the prize-winning commercials had been shown. (The rest were screened at the conclusion of the meal.) There were four award categories: Certificate of Recognition, granted to all finalists; Special Citation for Craftsmanship (e.g., visual effects, cinematography, musical scoring); Best of Product Category (e.g., Coffees and Teas, Beers and Wines, Dairy Products and Margarines, Hair Preparations); and Citation for Advertising Achievement (e.g., integration of commercial with the program cast; premium offers; tailoring of the commercial to a special audience, such as farmers or Canadians). We watched nearly fifty commercials in all, and noted the prevalence of closeups—microscopic views of gigantic cakes of ice, destined to end up in huge glasses of instant coffee; enormous pats of margarine seeping into various tasty dishes; a single tremendous eye, filled with pain. Many of the prize-winners had employed the services of celebrities in behalf of the product—the voices of Mike Nichols and Elaine May in a cartoon commercial for beer, the music of Leonard Bernstein for a deodorant ad, and Alice Ghostley hamming it up with a refrigerator. The tone of the product presentations was, by and large, low-key; the announcers spoke in deadpan voices.

Though the program consisted largely of screening the prize commercials, every now and then a special award was merely announced, whereupon someone would make his way to the head table to receive a plaque. From where we sat, it was impossible to see any of the action at the head table and hard to hear what was said; what we did hear was that good television commercials result from the union of Art and Science, that the people involved in television commercials are constantly striving for Quality and Effectiveness, and that Barbara Britton, who received a Special Citation for being the Best Spokeswoman (for Revlon), was grateful to all those people who make television commercials what they are.

Though we are willing to admit that the commercials we saw at the festival were quite a bit better than the ones we are accustomed to seeing at home, where the loud sell still prevails, we concluded that a man would have to watch television pretty constantly in order to see most of the award-winners—and that, however soft a sell can be, three hours of continuous soft sell is noisy. We left the dining room only minutes before the scheduled screening of the Top Two Hundred and Fifty.

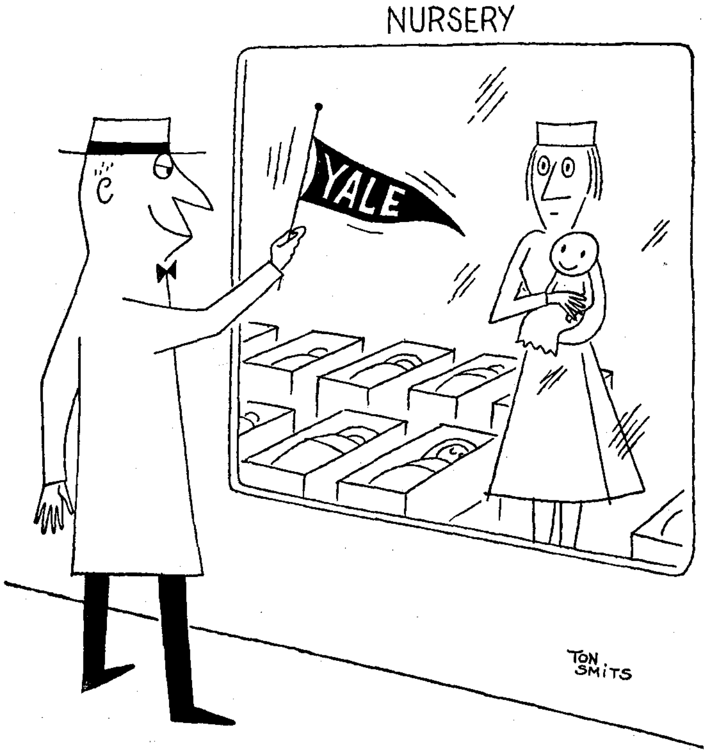
•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (PROTOCOL DIVISION): A bronze plaque on the front of a nineteenth-century house in Indianapolis reads, "This is the home of Carolyn Scott Harrison, first national president of the DAR, and of Benjamin Harrison, 23rd President of the United States."

En Fleur

SPRING has gone and bungled everything this year—a cold, rainy April and now a cold, rainy May. As if to counteract this meteorological flop, the city is doing more than ever to make its annual Salute to Spring a true hit, and to this end has set out some two hundred and fifty thousand tulips, two thousand azaleas, and five hundred blossoming magnolia, cherry, hawthorn, and crab-apple trees. So extensive are the buddings and bloomings hereabouts that we scarcely know where to begin in describing them. For old times' sake, let's start with Park Avenue, for it was there, back in 1947, that Mrs. Mary Lasker got things rolling with a contribution of twenty thousand tulip bulbs for planting in the malls between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-ninth Streets. Mrs. Lasker's happy notion caught on so well that by last spring the city, with the help of Mrs. Lasker and a growing band of other good citizens, had flowers and trees in bloom on Park Avenue all the way from Thirty-fourth Street to Seventy-fifth Street. This year, Mrs. Lasker gave the city seventeen thousand dollars with which to extend the Park Avenue bower from Seventy-fifth Street to Ninety-fifth, by means of tubs containing trees, bushes, and ivy. The city took care of most of the rest of the avenue, alternating blocks of solid tulip plantings with blocks displaying a ground cover of ivy and tub plantings of magnolias surrounded by tulips and ivy. Five blocks of the avenue plantings were taken over by benign neighbors: Union Carbide planted the mall between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Streets; the Uris Buildings Corporation planted the malls between Forty-ninth and Fifty-second Streets; and the First National City Bank did the mall between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth. The exuberant Urises, indeed, have saluted spring twice this year and are now ready to salute summer; on the first of April they decked out their malls with azaleas, hydrangeas, and Easter lilies, and on the tenth of April these were replaced by forsythia, magnolias, and more azaleas. This week, a planting of two thousand begonias and five hundred marigolds will go in, to last, with luck, until August.

In the tubs on Fifth Avenue from Thirty-fourth Street to Fifty-ninth Street, and on portions of Thirty-fourth, Forty-second, and Fifty-seventh Streets, are plantings of *Ilex crenata*, tulips, and ivy. Tubs of ilex, azaleas, and ivy have been set out, for the first time, on Broadway from Forty-seventh to Fifty-ninth Streets and on the curbs around Columbus Circle, and there is talk of extending the Salute to Spring farther up Broadway in '62, thanks in part to the fine example set this year by the Central Savings Bank people, who not only planted forty-eight hundred tulips, eleven hundred English-ivy plants, and a pin-oak tree in the Broadway mall across from the bank, between Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Streets, but volunteered to be responsible in perpetuity for year-round seasonal plantings there. (We love the sound of that word "perpetuity," and we admire any bank that uses it, especially in respect to a gift.) The city has planted twenty crab-apple trees in City Hall Park and put six large tubs of magnolia trees and fourteen small tubs of tulips and ivy on the steps of City Hall itself, to help brighten the Mayor's dark days, while a hundred Japanese cherry trees, given to the city by the Japanese-American Society, have been planted in front of the Public Library, in Carl Schurz Park, in Theodore Roosevelt Park, and in Central Park. Up in Harlem, tub plantings in the malls on Seventh Avenue run from 116th Street to 135th Street; in the tubs are flowering hawthorns, azaleas, and ivy. Hawthorns are being tried in various sections of the city this year, by way of hopeful experiment. Hardy trees with small red berries that hang on all winter in spite of icy winds and hungry birds, they also bear small thorns, and these may serve to discourage horticultural vandalism, which, we're glad to report, has been steadily waning since the first official Salute to Spring was held, in 1957.



Rugged

A CAMP FIRE GIRL we know startled her family recently with the announcement that she had just earned an honor in Frontier Craft for loading the electric dishwasher at the end of ten successive meals.

Mr. Kenneth

"GO get your hair done by Mr. Kenneth and don't spare the expense," we said last week to Miss Rogers, the wild-haired typist who sits across the hall from our man Stanley and has picked up a trick or two from him. For the past couple of months, all Miss Rogers has been able to say is "Jackie Kennedy goes to Mr. Kenneth. Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, Sr., goes to Mr. Kenneth. Mrs. Peter Lawford goes to Mr. Kenneth. Mrs. Sargent Shriver goes to Mr. Kenneth. Mrs. Stephen Smith goes to Mr. Kenneth. Marilyn Monroe, Judy Garland, and Sheila MacRae go to Mr. Kenneth." Mr. Kenneth, Mr. Kenneth, Mr. Kenneth. Miss Rogers has her own special kind of charm, but her hair, lately, has been hanging over her eyes, slowing down her typing. "Get the works," we told her. "Put yourself completely in his hands. And get an interview while you're at it." Five hours later, Miss Rogers, looking like a dream, returned from the Lilly Daché Beauty Salon, where Mr. Kenneth presides. She was waving what must certainly be a fictional bill for $57.50 and babbling about the Actors Studio and not wasting yourself and how are we going to keep her down on the farm now that she's seen Lilly Daché. She handed us a sheaf of notes and went spinning off. What we read follows:

"Wahoo! Wahoo! Mr. Kenneth says I'm not perfect yet, because I've got a lot of hair lengths he doesn't understand yet. But Mr. Kenneth says I'm ninety per cent nearer perfect than I was before he did my hair. I *feel* perfect. Mr. Kenneth says that's all that matters. Before Mr. Kenneth started me, he said that what's most satisfying to him is making women feel prettier than they'd ever felt before. Making them not look as though they'd just come from the hairdresser, all stiff and done. Giving them a natural, easy look. Like Jackie. Like Pat. Like Eunice. Like Judy. Like Marilyn. Like me. Like *me*. Lady who took me to the dressing room, a Miss Gilbert, told me, 'Mr. Kenneth is the marvel of the country.' He is. Miss Gilbert told me that the Lilly Daché Beauty Salon has expanded in a matter of weeks. 'Do you want a facial?' she asked me. 'A massage?' 'First the hair,' I said. I didn't want to bring back a *big* bill. 'Mr. Kenneth is tall, slim, and attractive, and always perfectly tailored,' Miss Gilbert said. 'Put on this pink robe. Everything here is pink and white. Miss Daché is very feminine. She loves pale pink. You look better already. We'll put you in a booth next to Sheila MacRae—you know, of Sheila and Gordon MacRae, of the Empire Room.'

"Got put in pink booth with pink sink and pink chair. Mrs. MacRae very tall, very blond, very beautiful, very chic. *Très élégante*. Wearing pink robe, too. 'Mr. Kenneth is studying Mrs. MacRae,' Miss Gilbert said. 'He'll be right over, after Burdie does your shampoo.' 'Egg shampoo?' Burdie asked me. 'Does Jackie Kennedy get egg shampoo?' I asked. '*All* the Kennedys get egg shampoo,' Burdie said. Ordered egg shampoo. Mr. Kenneth, tall, slim, and attractive, wearing double-breasted vest and suit with cuffs, came over. I got to work right away and interviewed Mr. Kenneth about his vest. 'I copied the style from the one Cary Grant wore in the movie "Suspicion,"' Mr. Kenneth said. Interviewed him some more. 'I was born on April 19, 1927, in Syracuse, New York,' Mr. Kenneth said. 'My full name is Kenneth Everette Battelle. Have you ever heard of anything like all those "e"s? I have four younger sisters, all married, all with children. My father was in the shoe business. I went to Nottingham High School, and after graduation I was in the Navy for two years. When I got out of the Navy, I didn't know what else to do, so I decided to learn hairdressing. I went to the Wanamaker Beauty School, here in New York, for a thousand hours, which takes six months. Then I went back to Syracuse and worked in a hotel beauty salon for four years. Then to Miami for eight months. I watched the fashion magazines and decided that Michel, then at Helena Rubinstein's in New York, was the greatest hairdresser. I worked with him for five years. Then I became restless and left. Life must go on. Lilly Daché's was right for me. I was left alone by Miss Daché. I could do things. I could think out loud. If I wanted to, I could work twenty-four hours a day. About forty per cent of my clients are in the world of glamour. We get a rush in here every time there's a big ball; everybody wants to come at once. For the Embassy Ball, I did thirty-eight settings and combings in an eleven-hour day. When I have time, I go out to people's homes and do their hair there. I have a portable case with brushes, combs, lotion, pins, rollers, hair spray, scissors, and hair nets. I carry a portable dryer in one hand and the case in the other. Everybody gets the same case and the same dryer. Even Mrs. John Kennedy. Her hair is lovely. She has beautiful hair. Who cuts *yours*? Did you cut it yourself? All women are secret haircutters. They all want to be Eve in the Garden, or something. This hair is too curly. I can't stand it this way. Let us straighten it.' 'Go ahead,' I said. 'I'm completely in your hands.' 'Rosemary!' Mr. Kenneth called. 'Straighten this hair, while I start Mrs. MacRae.' Rosemary got to work straightening. 'I'll call you Princess Yellow Hair,' Mr. Kenneth said to Mrs. MacRae. 'I hear that Carol Channing is upstairs,' Mrs. MacRae said. 'We're supposed to be at a cocktail party together at six, and I'll bet she doesn't make it.' 'Sure she will,' Mr. Kenneth said. 'Everybody makes everything from here.'

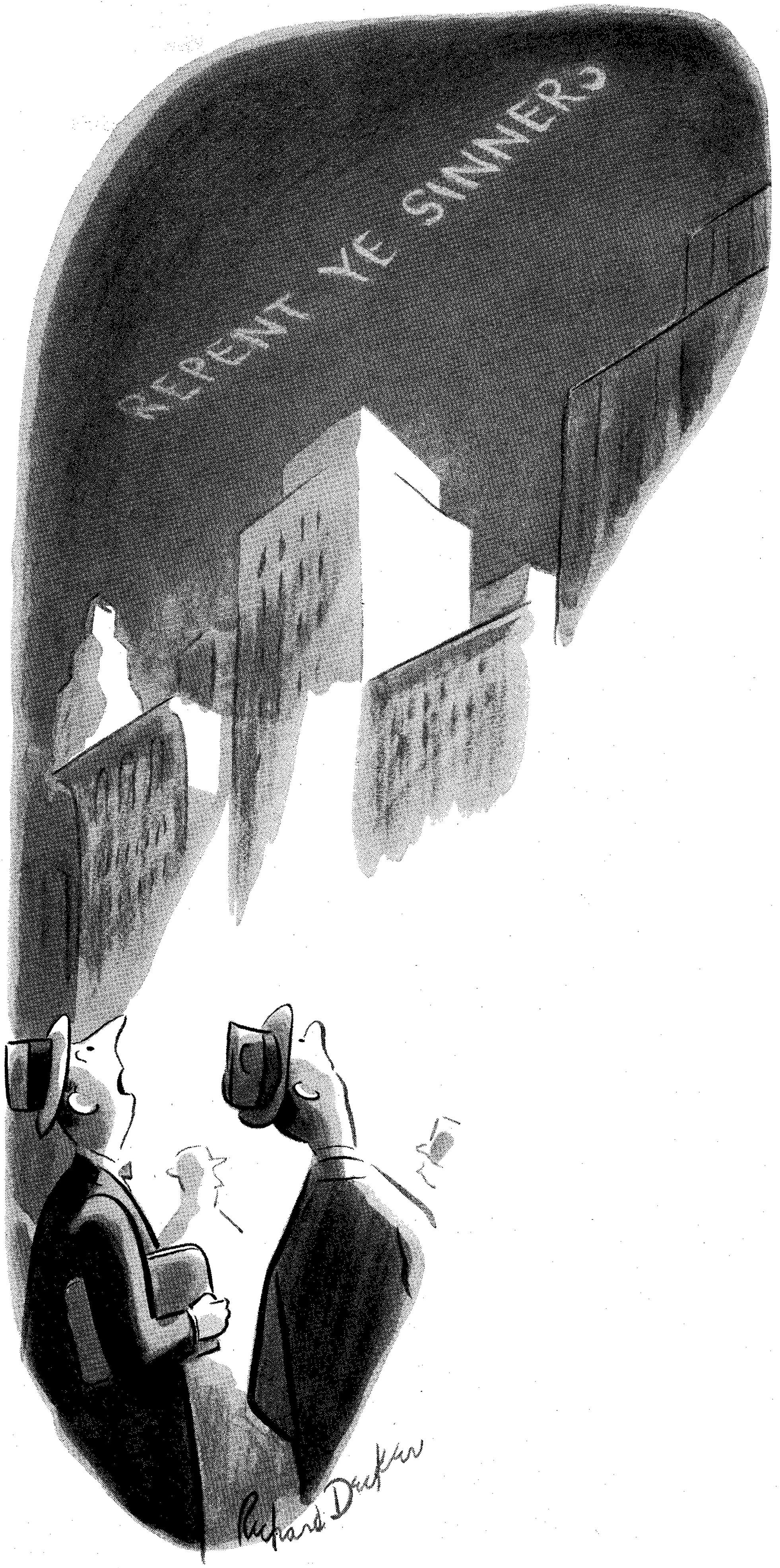
"Hair straightening cost twenty-five dollars. Was worth it. Mr. Kenneth looked *so* pleased when he returned. 'Now you have the easier look,' he said, rubbing newly straight hair with pink towels. 'You remind me of Judy Garland. I was out till two this morning in Newark with Judy Garland on her concert, doing her hair. Before her concert and between acts. She gets very wet. I dry her hair and comb it differently between acts.' Mr. Kenneth combed straight hair back off my forehead. 'I may call you Princess Brown Hair,' he said. Wahoo! Mr. Kenneth snipped away at hair with scissors. Very delicate touch. Artistic. Mr. Kenneth takes his time. None of this clip-clip-clip, razzle-dazzle rush stuff with Mr. Kenneth. After haircut, he started putting hair up in rollers. 'Spray a little pink lotion on Mrs. MacRae, Gregory,' Mr. Kenneth called over his shoulder. 'Put the net on gently and put her in the oven.'

"'Do you enjoy the hairdressing life?' I asked Mr. Kenneth, still interviewing but keeping a careful eye on those rollers and beginning to feel like Princess Brown Hair. ‘At night, I go home and sit in a coma,’ Mr. Kenneth said. ‘I have no friends, no life, no time to myself. I have a low tolerance for noise. I can’t stand noise. This place gets very noisy, everybody talking at once, all calling for Mr. Kenneth. But I like cutting and designing. I crusade for hair not to look studied, as it has in the past. I work for a look of easiness. Easy and young and pretty and natural—that’s the way women say they feel after I do their hair. I’ve always been allowed to attempt what I want to do—my thoughts, my ideas. My job here is called artistic director. I like to go to clients’ homes. I enjoy seeing those fantastic apartments, those houses with solidly eighteenth-century French furniture and paintings. It sinks in. But my major concern always is, How is the hair? *Your* hair color is pretty. Show it off, I say. What are these *things* in back here?’ Mr. Kenneth pulled at back wisps of my hair. ‘They’re cut like *kindling* wood,’ Mr. Kenneth said. A little more gentle, artistic snipping, and I felt kindling wood disappear. Just before going under pink dryer—which comes to client, client does not have to go to it—I caught a glimpse of Miss Daché. *Très élégante.* ‘The fabulous Miss Daché,’ Miss Gilbert said, in whisper. ‘Fiery, active, fabulous Miss Daché. She’s beautiful.’ ‘I am off to Paris,’ Miss Daché called out, in Parisian. ‘*Au revoir*, Meestaire Kenneth. I renew myself in Paris.’

“Four hours gone by, almost. Was halfway through manicure with Helena. Half hour later, saw Carol Channing come in and start jawing away with Princess Yellow Hair. Took dryer off head so could hear. ‘Jack Paar has definite ideas about hair,’ Miss Channing was saying. ‘That time Geneviève appeared with curly hair—remember Jack told her she *ruined* herself?’ Mr. Kenneth came over and put dryer back on me. Later, after pedicure with Camille, emerged from dryer. Saw Mr. Kenneth put finishing combing touch on Princess Yellow Hair. *Très élégante.* ‘I feel prettier, easier, younger, more natural,’ Princess Yellow Hair said. Then my turn. Me, too. Me, too.”

•

OVERHEARD in the Amalfi Restaurant, on West Forty-seventh Street, sculptured young man to equally sculptured girl: “I don’t like the way you’re acting. You’re responding to me.”



“Say, I think you’re right. There is *no plane.”*

TUCKERTEE RIDGE

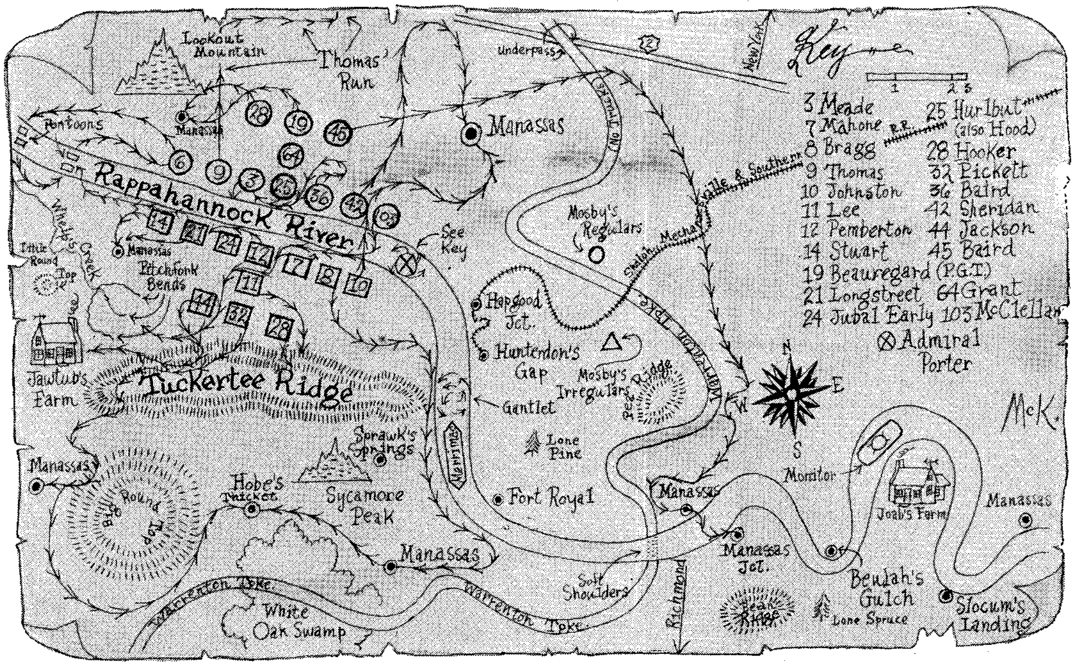
(A HANDY ACCOUNT OF AN ALL-PURPOSE CIVIL WAR BATTLE.)

ON the morning of May 7th, General Ulysses S. Grant went through his mail in his headquarters tent, which had been set up in a clearing on the right bank of the Rappahannock six miles southeast of Hapgood Junction. He chatted casually about Illinois with an Illinois officer who had just returned from leave, and at a few minutes after six breakfast was announced. Grant and his officers had scarcely begun the meal when the stillness of the spring morning was unexpectedly broken by the sound of dull concussions from far downstream—cannon firing somewhere in the vicinity of Slocum's Landing. Judging by the sound, this was a real fight, and not just a skirmish. A runner from Hooker at Tuckertee Ridge soon confirmed this. Grant handed Buell his empty coffee cup, indicating that he should hold it. Then he stood up. "Gentlemen," he said, "let us be off." He hastily picked up his sword, put on his beard, and left the tent, followed by his staff. It was the beginning of a turning point in the war.

Rosecrans, who had replaced Halleck, was ordered to attack at Tuckertee Ridge the instant Admiral Porter rounded the bend at Beulah's Gulch. Porter was to run the gantlet. At Little Round Top, Sherman was holding Pickett. Longstreet turned south on the Warrenton Turnpike, threatening Meade's left flank at Lookout Mountain. Meade was ordered to hold Longstreet. Hurlbut was already holding Bragg. Winfield Scott started to hold Pemberton but held Mahone instead. He was to regret this bitterly before the day was over.

As the morning sun mounted in the sky over Tuckertee Ridge, dogwood blossoms could be descried in the Virginia woodlands. Buttercups and daisies spread a blanket of color over the hillsides. Beside the red clay roads leading from Beulah's Gulch to Little Round Top, from Manassas to Chickamauga, and all down the four lanes of the Warrenton Turnpike, violets were in bloom. Orchards were pink and white with the delicate blossoms of pear, apple, peach, cherry, strawberry, and vanilla. Birds were singing. Grasshoppers were humming. "What a day!" wrote a boy from Connecticut to his uncle in Massachusetts. Grant's cavalry units soon passed the foot soldiers marching toward Tuckertee Ridge, and the latter called out, in what they conceived to be the idiom of their Southern foes, "Hey, where you-all be a-goin'?" The jaunty troopers chorused back gaily in unison that they were on their way to flank Pemberton by way of Hapgood Junction.

Meanwhile, eighteen miles west of Manassas, at Jawtub's Farm, General Robert E. Lee had mounted Traveller to set out for Fort Royal on Grant's right flank, when a little girl came running up to him with a cup of cold milk. He doffed his hat and quaffed the milk. Then he handed the empty cup back to her, indicating that she should hold it, and galloped off, followed by his staff. Thomas was at Pea Ridge, as Lee had suspected. Hood was holding the slippery Burnside. Pickett drew off Thomas. Burnside wriggled away from Hood and began holding Sheridan. Grant threw in Sedgwick. Lee threw in Jubal Early. Pemberton stood pat. Hooker drew three.


Lookout Mountain
Thomas' Run
Pontoons
Manassas
Rappahannock River
6
9
3
25
36
42
103
28
19
45
64
14
21
24
12
17
8
10
11
44
32
28
See Key
Whelp's Creek
Little Round Top
Manassas
Pitchfork Bends
Jawtub's Farm
Tuckertee Ridge
Sprawk's Springs
Manassas
Big Round Top
Hobe's Thicket
Sycamore Peak
Manassas
Warrenton Tpke.
White Oak Swamp
Warrenton Tpke.
Underpass
2
New York
Manassas
No. Tucker
Mosby's Regulars
Shiloh Mechanicsville & Southern R.R.
Hapgood Jct.
Hunterdon's Gap
Mosby's Irregulars
Pea Ridge
Gantlet
Merrimac
Lone Pine
Fort Royal
Warrenton Tpke.
Manassas
Manassas Jct.
Soft Shoulders
Richmond
Bean Ridge
Lone Spruce
Beulah's Gulch
Monitor
Joab's Farm
Manassas
Slocum's Landing
N
E
S
W
Key
1
2
3
3 Meade
7 Mahone
8 Bragg
9 Thomas
10 Johnston
11 Lee
12 Pemberton
14 Stuart
19 Beauregard (P.G.T.)
21 Longstreet
24 Jubal Early
25 Hurlbut (also Hood)
28 Hooker
32 Pickett
36 Baird
42 Sheridan
44 Jackson
45 Baird
64 Grant
103 McClellan
Admiral Porter
McK.

Admiral Porter was trying to locate the gantlet in order to run it. On Tuckertee Ridge, Rosecrans was suffering from a grave shortage of pontoons. Lee ordered Pickett to charge, but Pickett sent word back by a fleet courier that Sherman was holding him. Grant rushed a squadron of pontoons to Rosecrans by way of Hunterdon's Gap. Longstreet turned west on the Warrenton Turnpike. The dense, black smoke of battle obscured a clear view of the gantlet and Admiral Porter set off distress signals. Pickett broke away from Sherman, and, a few minutes after noon, lunch was announced.

After lunch, Grant chatted casually about South Dakota with a South Dakota officer who had just returned from leave. Then he threw in Howard. Lee threw in Pemberton, who had been fasting at Hobe's Thicket. Jeb Stuart rode twice around Tuckertee Ridge, enabling Bragg to break out of Hurlbut's hammerlock. Burnside was stiffening. Winfield Scott loosened his grip on Mahone, whereupon Mahone fell back on Pemberton's middle. At Mechanicsville, McClellan was caught astride flooded Whelp's Creek but hastily borrowed pontoons from Rosecrans and moved westward to Tompkin's Cramp. After taking a short nap at Joab's Farm, near Sycamore Peak, Lee mounted Traveller. At Sprawk's Springs, Jubal Early threw Baird. Rosecrans threw Mahone. Pickett threw Sherman. Winfield Scott was out. It was then that Grant's sappers, under Lieutenant Colonel Rupert H. Carew, of 4572 North Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, began to tunnel under Stonewall Jackson on Tuckertee Ridge. Longstreet turned east on the Warrenton Turnpike. Almost at the same time, Admiral Porter descried the gantlet.

As the setting sun topped the trees on Tuckertee Ridge with gold, Lee dismounted from Traveller and threw Beauregard. On the horizon, the surviving orchards, abloom with white and pink blossoms, were as unreal as the memory of home and father. Countless violets had been trampled. There were thousands upon thousands of tents and canvas-roofed huts, the off-white of the canvas blending strangely with the pink and white blossoms of the myriad fruit trees. Beyond, from Tuckertee Ridge to Slocum's Landing, from Beulah's Gulch to Lookout Mountain, from Little Round Top to Manassas by way of Pea Ridge, Fort Royal, Hunterdon's Gap, Hobe's Thicket, Whelp's Creek, Hapgood Junction, and all points south of the Warrenton Turnpike, were mile upon mile of breastworks, scarring the earth in irregular, grotesque patterns that stretched to the oozing, outer edges of gloomy White Oak Swamp. Campfires had been hastily quenched.

Soon Grant went back to his old habit of reeling constantly around by his left, looking for a chance to turn the Confederate flank, while Lee adopted a new tactic of shuffling constantly around by his right. An eerie circular motion enveloped the two great armies of North and South, of blue and gray. Taking instant advantage of this, Grant turned in at Hunterdon's Gap for a short nap. During the lull, the piping of tree frogs in the gloomy swamp could be heard with startling clarity.

Gradually the inevitable climax of the day's complex operations began to become apparent. It became apparent to Hurlbut's Zouaves, strung along between the green cornfields and the red tomato patches north of Sycamore Peak; it became apparent to Corporal W. Rawlings Bondurant, of Chittlings, Georgia, who held Traveller's stirrup again and again through the long afternoon; it became apparent to Major J. H. Perkins of the 112th Pennsylvanians, who had long ago lost his knapsack at Gettysburg, had put in a requisition for a new one, and had been reprimanded; it became apparent to motherly Mrs. "Jack" Swerling in her modest shanty atop Lookout Mountain; it became apparent to fussy Seward in faraway Washington, who complained to grim Abraham Lincoln, who sent a sorrowful dispatch in code to gruff Grant: "Your last progress report undecipherable. Kindly repeat."

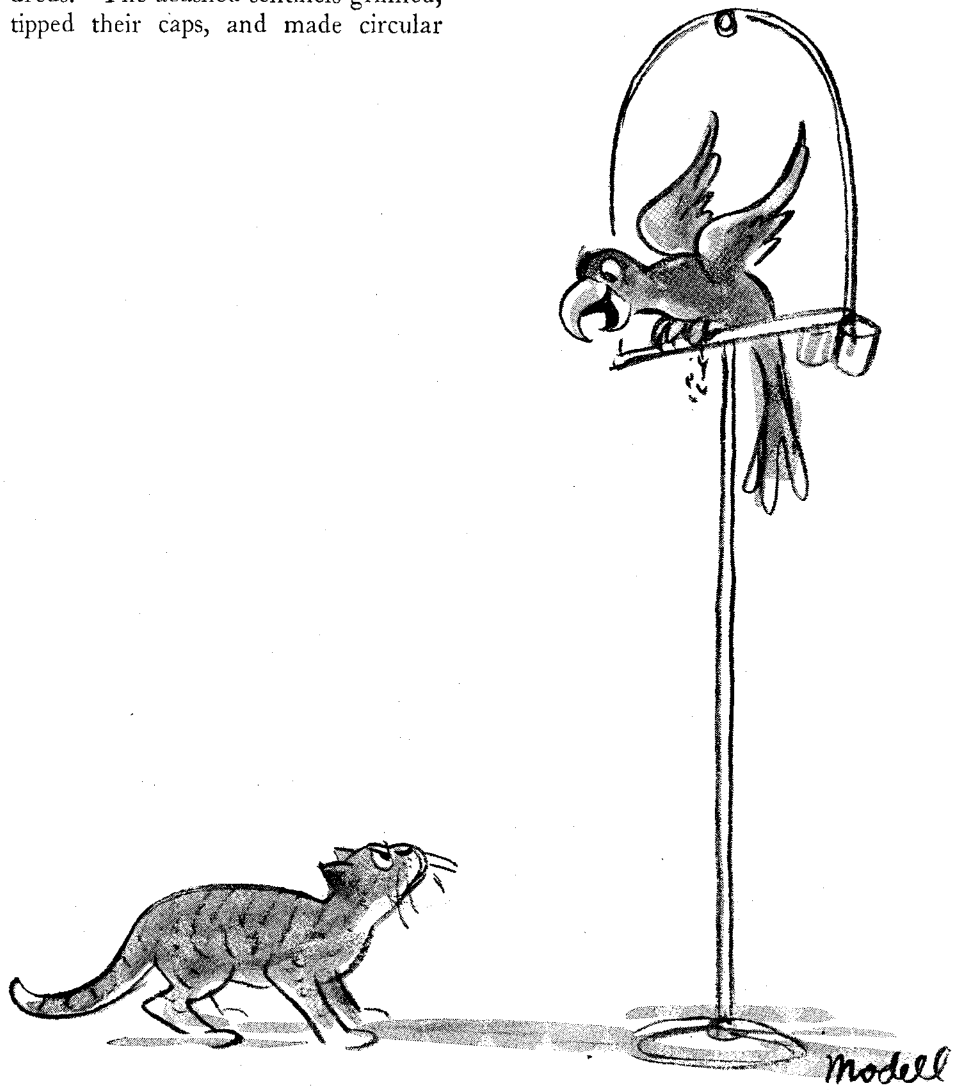
Tricked into a trap at Pea Ridge, Hooker lost his temper and began to batter Mahone. Burnside pushed Bragg. Sherman shook Grant. Baird shoved Pemberton. Pickett achieved a hammerlock on Sherman's left flank, but Sherman twisted loose and applied a toehold. Pope rode for Manassas on the double. Jackson called for volunteers. Beauregard fell on McDowell. Using all his reserves, McDowell replied with a half nelson. Lee dispatched a horse-drawn whole nelson to Beauregard, but the caissons soon bogged down in the gloomy swamp. At Little Round Top, the floodwaters were rising. At Big Round Top, Pemberton tackled Burnside and Jubal Early gained four yards around Baird's end. Hunterdon's Gap was widening.

During these maneuvers, Rebel sentinels on Tuckertee Ridge quietly called Jackson's attention to the sounds of underground burrowing, but Jackson stood firm. "S'moles," he said. "I reckon I know moles. We've got hundreds of the critters down home—hundreds." The abashed sentinels grinned, tipped their caps, and made circular motions at their temples with their forefingers. Burnside stayed and Sherman called.

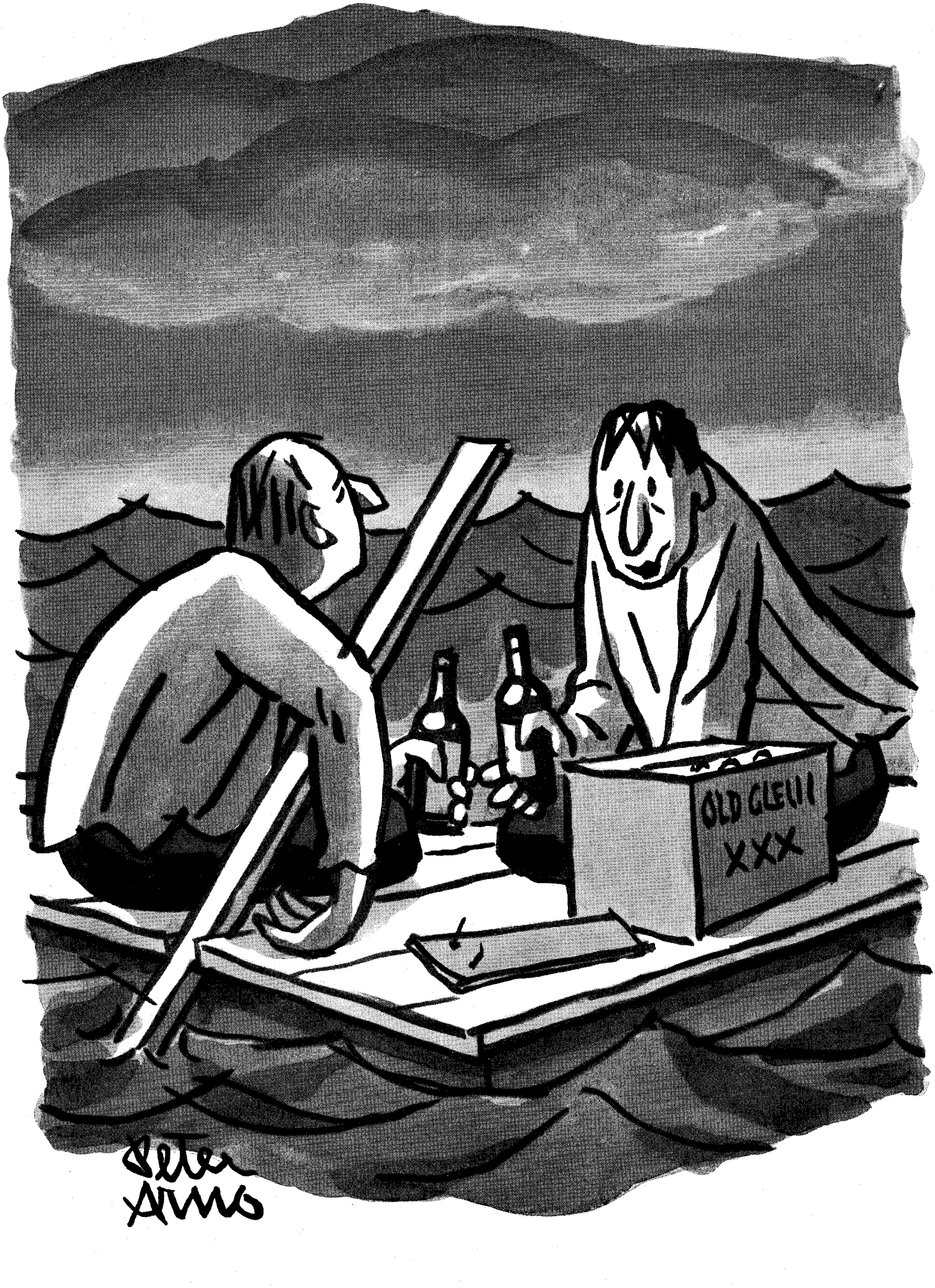
Just before dusk, a strange gray shape rounded the bend at Beulah's Gulch. It was the Merrimac. Admiral Porter scuttled the gantlet. Jubal Early fell back. Stuart fell forward and sounded his bugles. At last, the dynamite charges in the tunnel under Jackson were detonated, but Jackson's sentinels had already carried him to Joab's Farm on the double. Rosecrans straddled Pemberton. Grant threw out Burnside. Lee threw out Bragg. Meade walked. McClellan redoubled as Mosby's Irregulars rode pell-mell through Hapgood Junction, delaying all northbound trains for forty minutes. Many stragglers panicked. Longstreet wheeled north on the Warrenton Turnpike to keep his memorable rendezvous with destiny.

The Battle of Tuckertee Ridge was over—a turning point in the war.

—St. Clair McKelway



"Tabby is a putey-cat. Tabby is a putey-cat . . ."


OLD GLEN
XXX
Peter Arno

"I hope we sight land while we can still navigate."

THE ORDEAL OF DR. BLAUBERMAN

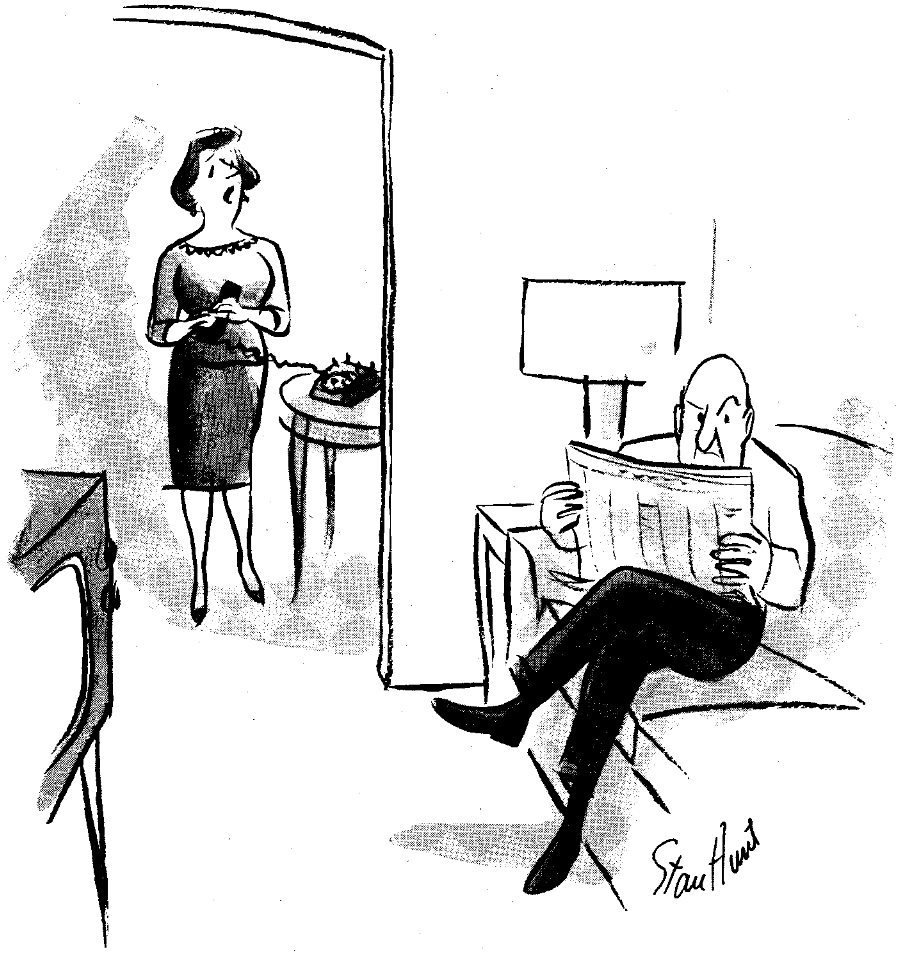
IN Dr. Al Blauberman's office, on the seventeenth floor of a new Fifth Avenue apartment house facing Central Park, Ephraim Samuels was lying on the analytic couch, saying nothing. Dr. Blauberman sat near the head of the couch, where Ephraim could not see him, in a gigantic chair that tilted up at the feet and down at the back, to rest his heart and improve his general well-being. The chair was upholstered in cream-colored leather, and Dr. Blauberman, wearing a cream-colored jacket and a cream-and-red striped bow tie, blended right into it. He was a tall man, with coarse, black, conspicuously barbered hair, a sharp nose, and a thin-lipped, dissatisfied mouth. He had deep perpendicular lines at right angles to his mouth. His stomach, as he sat, protruded in a medium-sized paunch. He wore dark horn-rimmed glasses. He was smoking a slim Dunhill pipe. In years gone by, at hotels and summer resorts, mothers with marriageable daughters had pointed him out to one another as "that gorgeous-looking fella." On the wall behind Dr. Blauberman's head was a Currier & Ives print of a horse-drawn sleigh full of chubby, laughing, red-cheeked, mittened, muffled, ear-muffed, healthy men, women, and children. On the wall over the couch were framed diplomas, including one from the N.Y.U. College of Medicine, class of 1939. Waiting for Ephraim to speak, Dr. Blauberman crossed and recrossed his legs. "So," he said finally. And when this produced nothing, he said, "You show your hostility with your silence. Mmmm? Because I say I cannot go on with you as a patient. Yes?"

Dr. Blauberman glanced with discouragement and distaste at the young man on the couch. This was their next-to-last session together. Deadwood. Uncoöperative. Why struggle any more to help him? It was pointless. It was demoralizing. It was leading neither of them anywhere. There were too many sick people waiting to be helped who *wanted* to be helped, whose suitability for psychoanalysis was better. At first, Dr. Blauberman had thought that Ephraim, with his honesty and sincerity and intelligence and what Dr. Blauberman had hoped would turn out to be a classical symptom-neurosis, was extremely suitable. And Dr. Spencer Fifield, Dr. Blauberman's patient of eleven years in analysis, who had sent Ephraim to him, had thought so, too. But for a whole year now—you could, of course, call the period one of *trial* analysis—using all the technique he had accumulated in years of practice, Dr. Blauberman had been striving to give Ephraim Samuels an awareness of his masochistic self-victimization, and to show him how, by changing his outlook, he could realize himself fully in his music, with his composing and with his clarinet. But there had been no change. And neither had there been a successful transference. Not really. There was no free-associating, and Dr. Blauberman suspected considerable ego regression, reinstating Ephraim's tie to his dead mother. For practically the entire year since his analysis had begun, Ephraim had not touched the clarinet, but no analyst would blame Dr. Blauberman for *that*.

He had wanted so much to help this boy, this promising musician, and to set him on the healthy path. He'd been so glad when he got Ephraim as a patient. Ephraim had been such a welcome relief, not only from the dull housewife patients but from the medical profession—the largest category of patients in analysis, according to a recent survey made of psychoanalytic education in the United States. All those doctors, surgeons, social workers, and psychologists. Here was a "gifted" patient. There had been a good deal of discussion lately among Dr. Blauberman's colleagues about "gifted" patients. Dr. Blauberman had never had a really "gifted" patient before. Here was a *musician*. And a musician, moreover, who moved—that is, if Dr. Blauberman could *get* him to move—in the interesting worlds of chamber music and jazz, night clubs and Broadway, as well as Carnegie Hall. Dr. Blauberman was so fascinated by these worlds that, listening to Ephraim, he sometimes forgot about free association and dream interpretation. No harm in that. It was all adding up. Ephraim had even inspired Dr. Blauberman with the idea for a paper to be read at a meeting of the New York Psychoanalytic Society. He had actually thought of two appropriate titles: "The Id, the Ego, and the Clarinet" and "An Inquiry Into the Meaning of the Psychodynamics of Musical Composition and the Application of Psychoanalysis to Chamber Music and Jazz, from Bach to Brubeck."

Well. So. Mmmm. That was in the early weeks. Now it was all one big mess. Transference, that *sine qua non* of analyzability, was now kaput. True, Ephraim had formed a kind of attachment to him. And he had not always been silent, as he was now. He had talked about his relationships with various members of his family, and with various girls; had confided in Dr. Blauberman his modest estimates of his compositions and his involved plans for works he wanted to write in the future; had related all those cozy family anecdotes starring, nine times out of ten, his father, Joseph Samuels; had expressed his passionate enthusiasm for—and made clear his dependence on—his old clarinet teacher, Gustave Lefevre. But they had got nowhere. They hadn't worked a damn thing through. Dr. Blauberman had gone way beyond the call of duty for this boy, but Ephraim wanted to remain tied to his teacher, to his father, to his family. The more Dr. Blauberman heard about the father and the Samuels family, the more fed up he became. The promise of Ephraim as a different kind of patient, and a stimulating one, grew dim. The more Ephraim revealed the family picture, the more familiar and uninteresting it became—the very same sort of people, in fact, that Dr. Blauberman himself had managed to leave so far behind him. There was nothing he didn't know about that world, and he didn't want to be reminded of it any more than he wanted to be pushed back into it. Ephraim, it seemed, did want that very world. Naturally, the reasons were sick reasons, and all of Dr. Blauberman's ingenious ideas and devices for bringing him to act with drive and ambition and get somewhere with himself and with his music were rejected.

During his interneship, in a small Jewish hospital in Brooklyn not far from the Williamsburg section, where he grew up, Dr. Blauberman had decided that he was as smart as the next guy. Maybe he couldn't get an interneship in one of the large, fancy hospitals in Manhattan, but he could measure up alongside any other hospital interne in town. And he knew exactly what he wanted out of life. He wasn't going to be pushed around in medicine as a lousy general practitioner. Not for Al Blauberman a lifelong dependence on the grudged pennies of the Jewish poor. While he was still interning, he divorced the wife he had taken during



"But I can't just say that you have to watch 'Perry Mason' Saturday night."

• •

the war; she had been nothing but a burden to him and a handicap. She went home to her family. For a while, he received wild telephone calls from her, until he told her family in no uncertain terms that if she continued to bother him he would turn her over to the police. Then he discovered psychiatry. In the veterans' hospitals after the war, he found his experience and tested his hand. This was more like it. No house calls in the middle of the night. No hordes of sufferers pulling and pushing at him. He worked for a while at Bellevue, where he continued to absorb experience; he learned what he could from the European refugees, the devoted disciples of Freud, and from them he picked up certain Middle European mannerisms of speech and gesture.

"Mmmm?" he said now, around his pipe. "I cannot help you if you don't want to be helped. Yes?"

Ephraim said nothing.

DR. BLAUBERMAN sniffed noisily. What an analyst had to fight against! Nothing came out of this young man, who could have had the whole world if he had only listened to his analyst and let himself be helped. Instead, here he was—sickly, pale, dressed like one of those young Greenwich Village tramps, with soiled, baggy trousers, cheap shoes, heavy sweater, no necktie. The large mouth closed so stubbornly. The blue eyes, so clear, so light, their color undiminished by the dimly lit office. The matted brown hair in need of cutting. The thick, kinky, straw-colored eyebrows. Like his father's, Ephraim had boasted so many times—as though the straw-colored eyebrows were a heritage of great importance.

"Pop is the only man I know who can comb his hair with a towel," Ephraim would say. "He's got this thick hair, the same as mine, and these wild bushy eyebrows, and he never uses a comb—he just gets it fixed up with the towel. That's one thing I've never been able to do. He hates hats, but he's got this old cap he wears that he's had for years—it smells of gasoline. . . . Sometimes I wear a cap. It makes a big hit with girls."

Dr. Blauberman grunted. He himself went in for hats with fancy bands and feathers. As for that father, what he led the family to! The unhealthy sense of values. The denial of society. His children made overdependent. The retardation of Ephraim's emotional development. The lack of drive and ambition to carry the music to fulfillment. They had spent three weeks—fifteen sessions—on Lefevre alone, as Dr. Blauberman demonstrated one way and another how Ephraim was held to the teacher by immature dependence. The running back to the old man, instead of breaking into new territory on his own. And still Ephraim was stubborn. He rejected everything. Negative. Negative. Dr. Blauberman was tired of it. After all, it was only human to want a little reward for your efforts. The analyst's narcissistic gratifications were important, too. Why give and give and give and get nothing, not even a sign of recognition? It wasn't healthy. It wasn't healthy for *anybody*. You had to do what was right for yourself at all times, and in that way you did what was right for the patients. If asked, all his colleagues would agree.

Just the other night, after a meeting of the New York Psychoanalytic Society, he had stood around waiting impatiently for Ben Seltzer to finish discussing with other colleagues Norman Reider's paper on "Chess, Oedipus, and the Mater Dolorosa." Dr. Blauberman had walked home with Seltzer, who lived near Dr. Blauberman's office, where Dr. Blauberman slept on meeting nights instead of going all the way home to Scarsdale. Seltzer owned a beautiful town house on a side street. Seltzer was no dope. He knew his business. At fifty, Seltzer looked ten years younger. Sailboat Seltzer he was called, even by patients, who knew he was crazy about sailing. Seltzer escaped from the telephone by the simple expedient of spending long weekends and long vacations on his boat. He always had a tan. He always looked relaxed and happy. He was very popular with the older European analysts and went to all their parties. He was a tremendous rumba dancer and he knew a lot of sailing songs, which he sang in a near-professional baritone voice. He also played the banjo. The Europeans considered him the typical healthy American. He had presented half a dozen papers already, at Psychoanalytic Society meetings, on such subjects as "The Id, the Ego, and the Sea" and "Columbus, Narcissism, and the Discovery of America." Seltzer's name was appearing regularly in the indexes of leading psychoanalytic journals. Dr. Blauberman's name had never appeared there even once. Seltzer looked his patients over carefully, and managed to select the ones who could afford to pay thirty-five dollars an hour and up, and give him the least possible inconvenience and bother, as well as a classical and analyzable neurosis. It was important to get patients who came to you five or even six times a week, nicely, quietly, coöperatively, without making a mess, so that from hour to hour you knew where you were. It was important to have patients who were comfortably analyzable from session to session. Dr. Blauberman admired the way Seltzer got the most, in every way, out of his practice.

"Listen, Sailboat, hmmm?" Dr. Blauberman had said. "I've been doing a lot of thinking about criteria for suitability for psychoanalysis. It's a very important question."

"Of course," Seltzer said. "So?"

"I'm thinking of doing a paper on it."

"Blauberman, you know Waldhorn? Mmmm? Waldhorn just *did* a paper on it."

Dr. Blauberman sniffed deeply. "I'll have to read it," he said. "It's a very important question in our work. Do you accept Fenichel's criteria for suitability?"

"Fenichel's. And Freud's."

"How do *you* tell, Sailboat?" Dr. Blauberman said. "About suitability? Mmmm?"

"It ain't so difficult," Seltzer said. "Stay away from the narcissistic neuroses and perverse characters, Blauberman. As you well know, Freud always said they lent themselves poorly to analysis. Yes?"

Dr. Blauberman sighed.

"Don't take it so hard, Blauberman," Seltzer said, laughing. "Hmmm?"

Laughing boy. He could afford to laugh. Him and his year-round sun tan. "What about Freud's contraindications to suitability, enlarged by Fenichel?" Dr. Blauberman asked.

"Ha!" Seltzer said. "Lack of a reasonable and coöperative ego! Stay away from it! Never take such a case. You have to protect yourself in our work. You know what we mean by ego strength. Right away I spot rigid defenses, I won't even start with them. I should say not. Listen to me, Blauberman. Develop an attitude and stick to it firmly. Remember that Fenichel holds that the crucial factor in determining accessibility is really the dynamic relationship between resistance and the wish for recovery."

"So how do you tell who's suitable for analysis when you don't know them yet?" Dr. Blauberman asked. "Who decides?"

"*You* do, Blauberman."

"Mmmm," Dr. Blauberman said. "After a trial analysis, who is to say suitable or unsuitable? Mmmm?"

"Blauberman, *you* are, mmmm?" Seltzer said, and laughed.

What would Sailboat Seltzer have done with Ephraim, Dr. Blauberman wondered. How would he have dealt with Ephraim's unshakable involvement with his old teacher, Gustave Lefevre?

"I just love the old guy," Ephraim had said. "I'd rather spend a day playing duets with Gus than almost anything."

"So. Mmmm. Two clarinets. Just the two of you. Yes?"

"Oh, man, you just ought to hear the tone Gus gets, even now! At his age!"

Two clarinets. Dr. Blauberman patiently tried to elicit something, anything, from Ephraim on the symbolic significance of the two clarinets. Silence. Nothing. Nowhere. Impossible. If just once he could get Ephraim to react emotionally. The emotion was there, all right. No mistake about it. But Dr. Blauberman couldn't get at it. He tried charm. He tried sympathy. He tried anger. He tried sarcasm. He tried coldness. He tried silence, and usually it was Dr. Blauberman who spoke first. It was very disheartening.

Dr. Blauberman couldn't find anything particularly helpful in his reading. In the hope of getting some eluci-

"This office isn't big enough for the both of us, Watkins!"

dation, he looked up an old paper that he recalled his own analyst's having once made a big fuss over—Franz S. Cohn's "Practical Approach to the Problem of Narcissistic Neuroses," written over twenty years ago. And he read, "There is dull but agitated talking, very rapid without pause, or else scarcely any talk, with long intervals of silence. There is no important difference between these types. In both, thoughts are drifting like a cork on a deep sea of narcissistic libido that presently is going to wash away the analyst." Mmmm? Ephraim Samuels wanted to wash Blauberman away? Very disheartening.

In the beginning, Dr. Blauberman reported enthusiastically to Dr. Fifield during *his* analytic hour that Ephraim had a-lot-to-give and could achieve get-well, and that he thought he'd make out satisfactorily with Ephraim—better than he had done with Dr. Fifield's boyhood friend Lester Greenthal. Lester Greenthal's progress, after eight years in analysis with Dr. Blauberman, had been very slight. Lester Greenthal now accused Dr. Blauberman of loving Spencer Fifield more than Lester Greenthal. On the other hand, Marvin Krakower, the pathologist, had made terrific progress. In less than four years, since Marvin Krakower had come to him via Spencer Fifield, the pathologist had married Sally Mandel, the girl Spencer Fifield had been going around with. "Look at Marvin Krakower," Dr. Blauberman was able to tell Spencer Fifield when Fifield was lying on the couch. "Married to Sally. Two lovely children. If you get well, you might have all that." Spencer Fifield, unfortunately, still had a long way to go—chronically intellectualizing patients were, after all, reluctant even to go through the motions of acting on their newly acquired awareness—but he, unlike the deadwood, was working *with* Dr. Blauberman.

Together, Dr. Blauberman and Dr. Spencer Fifield had kept Joan Stone, the daughter of Dr. Fifield's wealthiest patient, Hiram Stone, from eloping with the manager of a neighborhood Christian Science Reading Room. Dr. Fifield had steered her into getting engaged to Barry Rosenblatt, another pathologist Spencer Fifield knew, whose ambition—and he was absolutely unneurotic and open about it—was to marry a rich girl, somebody who would make it economically possible for him to devote his attention fully to science. It had taken plenty out of Dr. Blauberman, the analyst frequently reminded Spencer Fifield, to put Barry Rosenblatt over. That one had been exhausting.

Dr. Blauberman had, in spite of himself, a kind of wistful admiration for some of the older psychoanalysts—especially the Europeans. But they were clannish and snobbish and tended to treat him in a patronizing manner. They made jokes about life in the suburbs. They occupied prewar-rental apartments on Central Park West—office and home on a single rental—that were filled with the dark-brown, dreary, heavy furniture they had brought with them from Europe. They talked with fervor about "our work." They could afford to make their scholarly, erudite studies in a vacuum. They always seemed to be so lighthearted, so full of humor. They had good appetites. And they were highly sociable, always giving parties. For each other. Dr. Blauberman would hear them talking about their parties at the Psychoanalytic Institute, where he put in his voluntary work with the rest of them. He wasn't invited to their parties, and they seemed to look right through him in the corridors at the Institute or at conventions and conferences. It was apparently simple enough for them to resist being drawn into their patients' neuroses. The analytic discipline they talked so much about was also, it seemed, easy for them. Dr. Blauberman didn't find it easy.

GOING TO SLEEP IN THE COUNTRY

The terraces rise and fall
As the light strides up and rides over
The hill I see from my window.
The spring in the dogwood now,
Enlarging its small preconceptions,
Puts itself away for the night.
The mountains do nothing but sit,
Waiting for something to happen—
Perhaps for the sky to open.

In the distance, a waterfall,
More sound than vision from here,
Is weighing itself again,
A sound you can hardly hear.
The birds of the day disappear,
As if the darkness were final.
The harder it is to see,
The louder the waterfall.

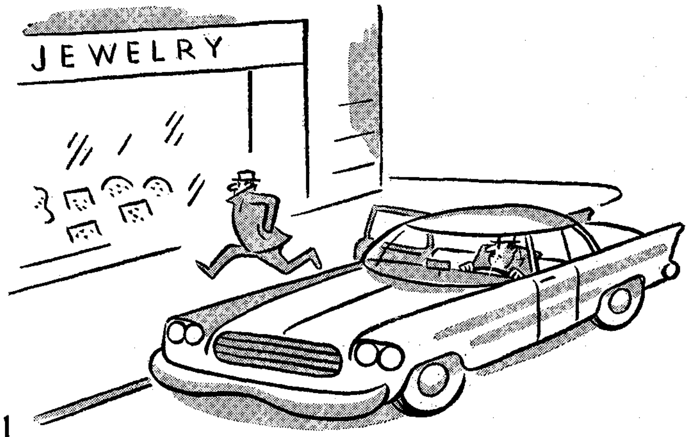
And then the whippoorwill
Begins its tireless, cool,
Calm, and precise lament—
Again and again and again—
Its love replying in kind,
Or blindly sung to itself,
Waiting for something to happen.

In that rain-prickle of song,
The waterfall stays its sound,
Diminishing like a gong
Struck by the weakening hand
Of a walker walking away,
Who is farther away each time,

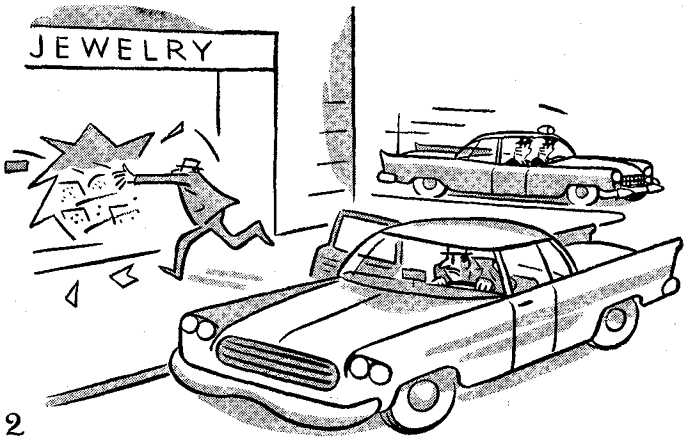
Until it is finally dumb.
Each star, at a different depth,
Shines down. The moon shines down.
The night comes into its own,
Waiting for nothing to happen.

—Howard Moss

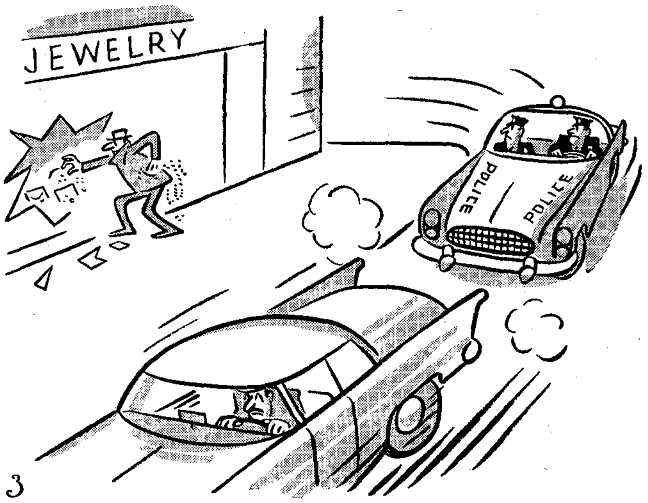
* * *



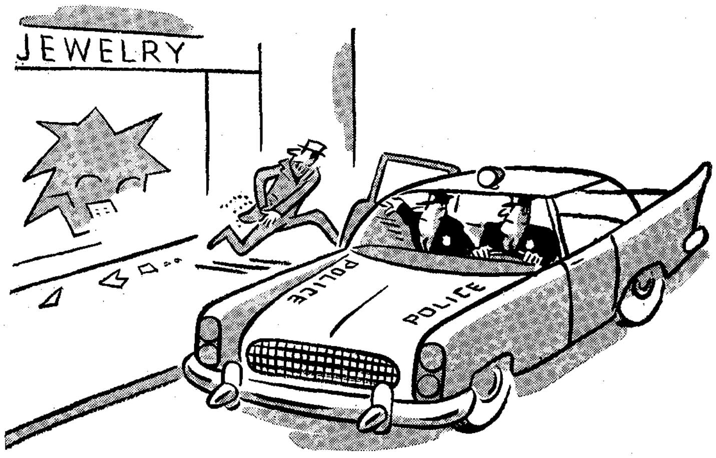
1



2

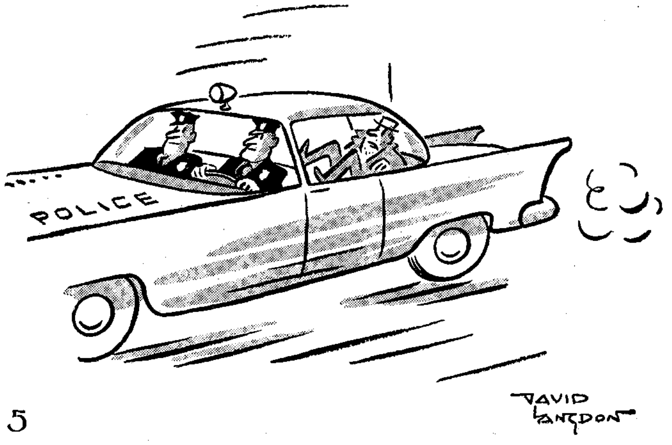


3



4

Nothing was easy for him. He had to watch his own strength, his own energies, how *much* he gave. If you let them, patients would eat you up. All of you. "Let's face it," Dr. Blauberman said to himself and to his patients. "The neurotic patient is hungry. Mmmm?" And what was the point of letting yourself be eaten up? That was neither right for yourself nor for your patients. It was debilitating. And the frustration of getting nowhere with a patient was debilitating. After all, Dr. Blauberman was a family man. He had a wife and two children. The children were very popular in their school. His son had just been elected president of his seventh-grade class. Dr. Blauberman worked hard for his living. He wanted something to show for it. He had a lovely sixty-thousand-dollar split-level house in Scarsdale. That was something. This summer, he was going to send both children to one of the finest camps in Vermont. That was something. And he and his wife were going to Spain. That would be something. His father-in-law owned one of the largest laundry chains in the city, and Dr. Blauberman admired him very much. He never saw his own father, who still lived in the same section of Brooklyn where Dr. Blauberman had grown up. He didn't bother his father and his father didn't bother him. Like all accredited psychoanalysts, Dr. Blauberman had been psychoanalyzed himself. He was *free* of his father. And of the bitterness and the meanness his father represented. That was something, too.



5

• •

After disposing of Ephraim Samuels, Dr. Blauberman would be in a position to tackle the problem of what to do about Lester Greenthal. Other Fifield-recommended patients had come and gone, including a young painter who had quit after having tried and failed in suicide, and a young strip-teaser who had tried and succeeded. Dr. Blauberman had made his mistakes, but he had learned from them, as he often told his patients, and never made the same mistake twice. His only mistake with Ephraim Samuels had been taking him on in the first place. Still, in the early days, things had looked promising.

"And this music you compose," Dr. Blauberman had said at one session, "you will give it to some conductor? Yes? Maybe to Lenny Bernstein?" Dr. Blauberman liked being on a familiar basis with celebrated people his patients talked about.

Ephraim smiled at the ceiling. "I told you, Dr. Blauberman. I'm not ambitious—not that way. Not everybody can be great, man. But I've got a little stuff that's my own. For the time being, I just like to write these little pieces to see what comes out.”

“You are afraid. Mmmm?”

“No, it’s just that I have to feel my own way by myself for a while without bringing anyone else into it. At least, not yet.”

“So. You are afraid of a rejection. Mmmm?”

“You don’t follow, Dr. Blauberman. I just want to—”

“I follow more than you think. Why don’t you go to this party you are invited to for Lenny?”

“Well, I don’t enjoy those big parties. They’re too confusing.”

“Are you afraid Lenny or Adolph will reject you?”

“Gosh, no. I like them. They’re a lot of fun. But hanging around with them can use up all your time.”

“You back away *before* you are rejected. You feel inadequate.”

“If I wanted to, I could run around from one party to another, trying to make it with television producers and all that junk. But that isn’t what I want.”

“Lenny Bernstein is on television. Television is good enough for Lenny Bernstein to show millions of people what he can do. Television is a healthy outlet. No?”

“It depends on what you want,” Ephraim said.

“Maybe there is something missing in your sense of values about what you want,” Dr. Blauberman said.

“Well—” Ephraim began, then he stopped. As though inspired, he continued, “Here’s the way it is, Dr. Blauberman. Last week, I went over to my sister Leah’s house for dinner. She’s married to Vic, you know, and they have this four-year-old kid, Eugene, named after Eugene Victor Debs—”

“I know, I know,” Dr. Blauberman said, impatient with Ephraim’s way of breaking into laughter over the child’s name.

“I still get a blast out of it, after all these years.”

“Mmmm,” Dr. Blauberman said, making noises of dissatisfaction.

“What I wanted to tell you,” Ephraim went on, “my father was there, too, and Eugene comes over to him and says, ‘Grandpa, guess the name of a delicious Jewish drink beginning with the letter ‘A.’ ”

Dr. Blauberman made further sounds of dissatisfaction. How he loathed these homey little stories of the family’s self-appreciation.

“So Pop says he gives up, and Eugene screams, ‘Ah-malted!’ ” Ephraim put on an exaggerated Jewish accent. “It turns out that Vic rehearses him in the accent. Vic says he’s going to put Eugene on television someday, with Pop’s collie, in a new gimmick—a Jewish ‘Lassie’ program, with Eugene sitting on the dog, relaxed, and telling Jewish jokes. Isn’t that wild?” He stopped, realizing that he was getting no response.

“You are not a child,” Dr. Blauberman said. “For you, work in television would be a healthy outlet. You are afraid to engage yourself in the competitive activities in television? Even to the extent of going to a social party?”

“No. You just don’t get the message, Dr. Blauberman,” Ephraim said, in a low voice. “You don’t understand. I like to see those people once in a while, but I don’t like to run with anybody. I get more pleasure out of talking to my father.”

“You go only where it is safe, where you won’t be rejected. Yes?”

“Oh, God!” Ephraim said. “I told you. My father is an original, unusual man. I don’t know anybody else like him.”

Dr. Blauberman made loud sounds of disapproval. “So. At your age. You feel safe only with Papa. You still insist on living with your father. No?”

“Well, sure. Why not? It’s not just that he’d be all alone. I *like* being with him. Do you know how he escaped from Siberia? He was—”

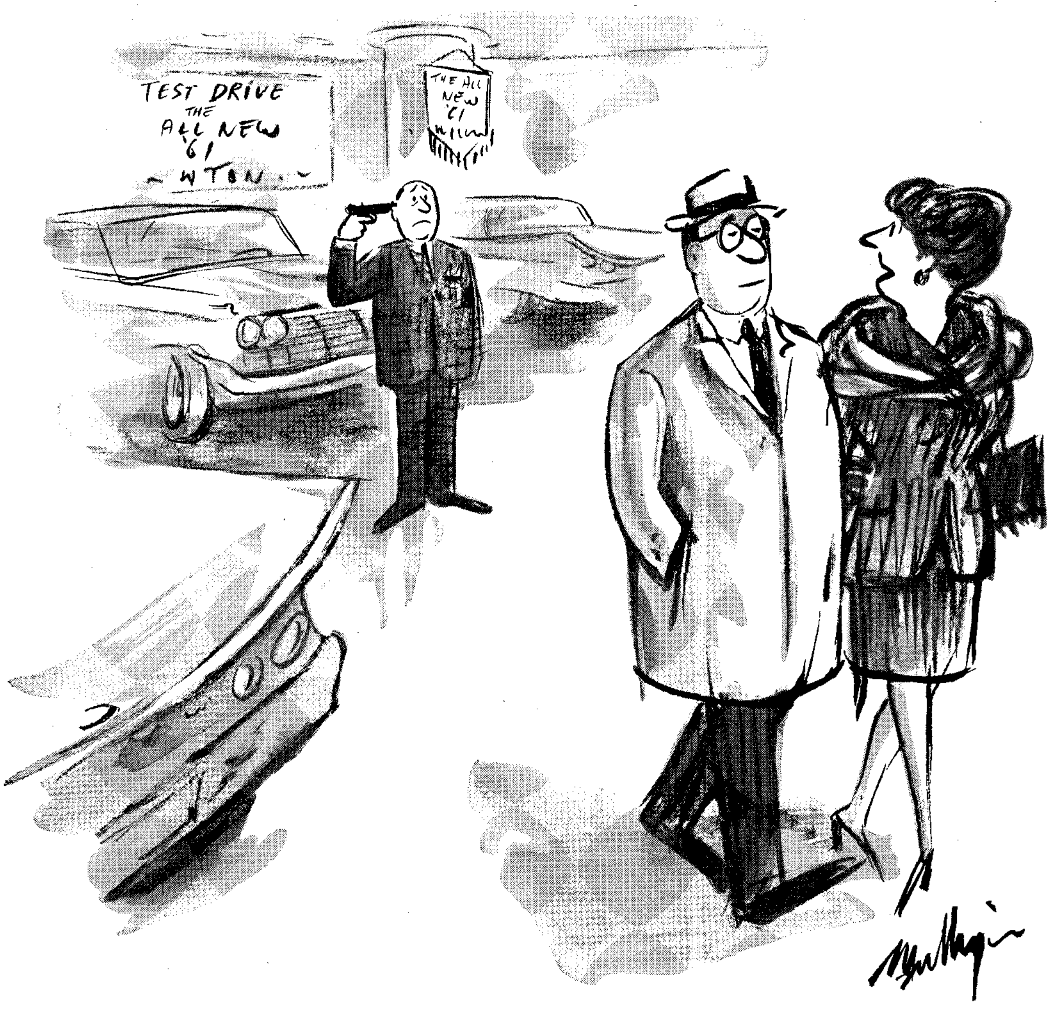
“Don’t start telling me all that heroic garbage about the Socialists.” Dr. Blauberman’s anger cut through Ephraim with terrible force. “You won’t face the truth about your real feeling about your father. You refuse to admit your hostility to him.”

“Well, I’ve got my beefs and all, but—”

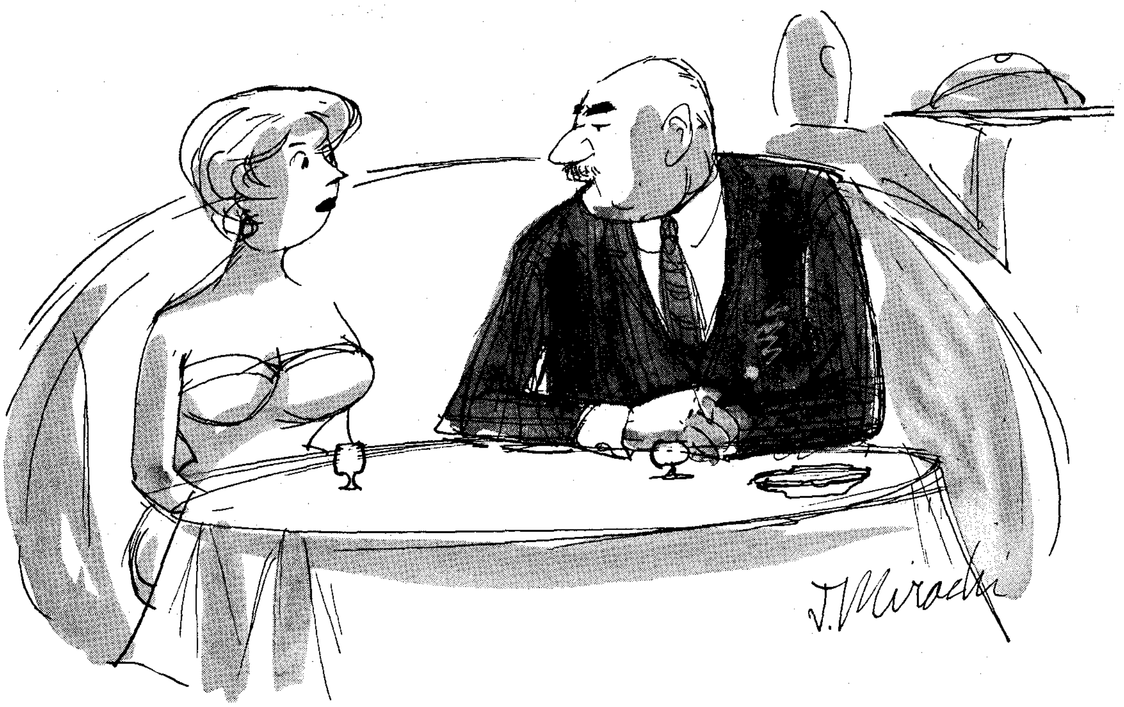
“Why are you so lacking in drive? Why? You don’t think it’s because of your father? You refuse to admit there is something basically unhealthy about your home situation? *Why* do you stay with him?”

“Pop makes terrific coffee,” Ephraim said softly, with a laugh.

“You’re twenty-eight. At your age, you should have your own apartment.”



“George, maybe we ought to reconsider.”



"Look at it this way—you're a woman and I'm a millionaire."

"Well, I guess you're right, Dr. Blauberman. And naturally, when I get married I'll have my own home. But right now I sort of like it where I am. And I can save money. It leaves me free to do my work or anything I please."

"And it gives you an excuse not to compete in the world? To risk letting people hear your music. To sell it. To make some decent money. To be a man. Hmmm?"

"Well—" Ephraim said, and stopped.

One day, Dr. Blauberman had wanted to know why Ephraim played the clarinet in the first place. "The clarinet is basically a symbol, no?" he said. "You prefer an inanimate symbol to real satisfaction? Hmmm. Yes?"

Ephraim laughed. "I like them *both*, Dr. Blauberman. But I do love the clarinet sound. No question about that. It sounds good to me. Of all the musical instruments, the clarinet is closest to nature. It's the tree itself, hollowed out. The sound is *natural*."

"So. You refuse to face the meaning of the symbolism?"

"Well—" Once more, Ephraim stopped talking.

As time went on, it became clear to Dr. Blauberman that the depression in Ephraim was growing deeper. He evidently felt dissatisfied with himself. He lost interest in the clarinet. After a while, he told Dr. Blauberman he could not enjoy what had been the simple pleasure of sitting down to a quiet supper with his father, or of amusing his small nephews with jazzy tunes on his clarinet. Everything seemed to drop away. So many things had been stirred up into one big hodgepodge in his head. He didn't know where he was. He questioned everything he was and everything he had been doing. He complained to Dr. Blauberman that he couldn't sleep at night. Dr. Blauberman gave him prescriptions for Seconal, to help him sleep. When a single capsule didn't work, he took increasingly larger dosages, and showed up at Dr. Blauberman's office still groggy from the effects of Seconal. One day, Dr. Blauberman announced that there would be no more prescriptions.

"What'll I do, Dr. Blauberman? I can't sleep without it."

"Get it from a physical doctor."

"Dr. Fifield?"

"If he chooses to give it to you."

"But if he doesn't?"

"I can't be responsible for what Dr. Fifield gives you. That is his business. Physical medicine is another department. So."

So. Ephraim went to see Dr. Fifield and said he needed Seconal or something to help him sleep. After a few months of giving Ephraim prescriptions for sleeping pills, Dr. Fifield, during his analytic hour with Dr. Blauberman, expressed interest over the large amounts of Seconal Ephraim was consuming. "Frankly, I think he's overintellectualizing, about women and everything, and that's why he can't sleep." He was fresh from the analyst's consideration of Dr. Fifield's own tendency to overintellectualize. "Although he denies it, of course, he seems to be opening up. He seems to have made a lot of progress in treatment since that first time I saw him. He had hepatitis, and that leaves you feeling depressed for weeks afterward, but there was more to it than that. Frankly, he needed help if anybody did."

"You really think he is opening up?" Dr. Blauberman said.

"Definitely! He told me he hasn't been able to bring himself to touch the clarinet for months. He says he just doesn't have the wind to blow, and when he tries to play, it makes him feel physically sick. That must show, frankly, that the deep disturbances are rising to the surface. Frankly, I'm sure you're getting somewhere with him."

Dr. Blauberman looked pleased. "So," he said, in a mock-fatherly reproach, "my two siblings are talking about me."

Dr. Fifield gave a happy laugh.

"See you tomorrow, mmmm?" Dr. Blauberman said.

And a couple of weeks later, Dr. Fifield again expressed concern over the sleeping pills Ephraim asked for. "This time I questioned him about his emotional involvements. I asked him whether he brings up material for you to work with."

"Mmmm," Dr. Blauberman said.

"I asked him whether he had a real relationship with a girl," Dr. Fifield went on. He had been chewing over with the analyst his own impoverished relationships with girls. "I really pinned him down and asked him whether his physical needs were being satisfied. I told him he shouldn't be avoiding sexual involvements with emotional content. Mmmm?" he said, giving Dr. Blauberman back his own. "He became upset, very disturbed. He said, 'Who's *avoiding* anything?' Classical defense-mechanism anger."

Dr. Blauberman sighed.

"I told him psychoanalysis has been extremely helpful to me in my own work," Dr. Fifield said stiffly. "Then he asked me whether he ought to have a consultation with Dr. Hans Radelsheim. And I told him he had to bring up *that* question with you. I told him, frankly, it's not a good idea for us in sibling relationships to talk about you with each other."

"I AM a psycho*an*alyst," Dr. Blauberman said to Ephraim at the next-to-last session as Ephraim lay, still not speaking, on the couch. "I don't know how to break you of the Seconal addiction. It is not in my field. You need to go where you can be helped in that respect now."

"Would it be a good idea to have a consultation about what I should do?" Ephraim said, finally talking. "I mean, what I've been trying to figure out is why I got into analysis in the first place. Nothing ever seemed right—now that I think about it—that I tried to do here."

"And whose fault is that?"

"Mine, I guess. But, anyway, my friend Charlie Donato—the bassoonist?—says I ought to have a consultation with this Dr. Hans Radelsheim, you know?"

"Why Radelsheim, hmmm?"

"I don't know. Just because Charlie says he's good, that he knows a lot."

"So. I *don't* know a lot?"

"Well, no. It's just that all I want is to get back to my music. I don't really have a good idea of what's happened to me this past year, and what I should do."

"I am telling you what you should do. You should go to Dr. Fifield and ask him what to do, where to go to be cured of your addiction to Seconal."

"But if I feel worse, should I go to a different *kind* of analyst?"

"If *this* analyst couldn't analyze you at this point, *no* analyst can analyze you," Dr. Blauberman said. "We found that out. At least, not in your present state. Mmmm?"

"Would it hurt just to ask this Dr. Radelsheim about me?"

"There is no reason to call Radelsheim. I have nothing to ask Radelsheim." He stood up from his chair. "See you tomorrow."

THAT night, at another meeting of the Psychoanalytic Society, Dr. Blauberman sat next to Sailboat Seltzer, who was sitting next to Dr. Abe Letkin, one of the old-timers—one of the oldest practitioners of analysis in town, as a matter of fact. Letkin didn't let anybody ever forget it, either. He always irritated Dr. Blauberman, with all his *gemütlich*, good-natured, relaxed ways—the Middle European Barry Fitzgerald of psychoanalysis. Once, Dr. Blauberman telephoned Letkin about a clinic patient, and Letkin took the opportunity to make one of his speeches, lecturing Dr. Blauberman about how Freud was a saint, a poet, and a philosopher, not a scientist. When Dr. Blauberman tried to get a word in edgewise, Letkin said he had to go, and cut him off with a "lotsa luck." Letkin's signoff was always "lotsa luck." Some dignified way for one of the elders of psychoanalysis to speak! But, for reasons Dr. Blauberman could not understand, Letkin was admired and respected by all the big wheels in the Psychoanalytic Society. Why? All he did was make cracks about the stuffiness, the narrowmindedness, the limitations, the godlike pretensions, the shortcomings of analysts—particularly some of the younger analysts, who, according to Letkin, were constitutionally unfitted for the work they tried to do. In the discussion that followed the reading of a paper at a meeting, Letkin would get up and try to turn it into philosophical channels. Philosophical channels bored Dr. Blauberman. And it wasn't as though Letkin's views came as a surprise to his listeners. Every time he got up to talk about Freud's really *significant* qualities, his *spiritual* qualities, he would be received with affectionate groans. "Leanness," Letkin would say, with the kind of inflection Dr. Blauberman always found so embarrassing. "Leanness and asceticism constituted Freud's ego-ideal." And everybody would look at Letkin as though he were *the* father symbol. It was infuriating. Dr. Blauberman sometimes wished he had the nerve to get up and say something about it.

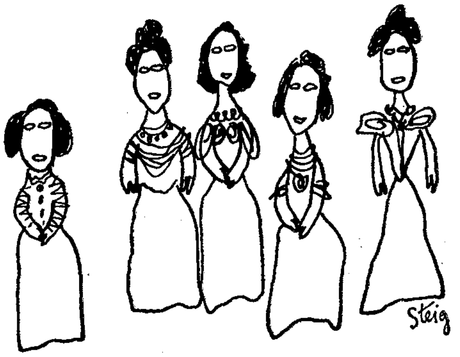
THE GHOST

What makes permeable the ghost?
Madam, you haunt me but a young month old
And already I see the gray clock through your breasts
And, when I hold you, air
Is in my fingers or cold water at most.
How little rubbing wears the brave nap bare;
You are like old flags of honor hung in naves
Through which we see the stained glass and the vault.
Why, all goes thin and savor flies the salt.

And you in April were sure flesh in my arms;
In May,
Only an eddying in the furniture.
And who can say but time's philosopher
Whether this fading in the lover's palms
Grieves or relieves him? Only I note this much,
That there are those who spring from a rare stem
And grow more strange and solid at each touch—
Whom I have known, but you were not of them.

—HILARY CORKE

• •

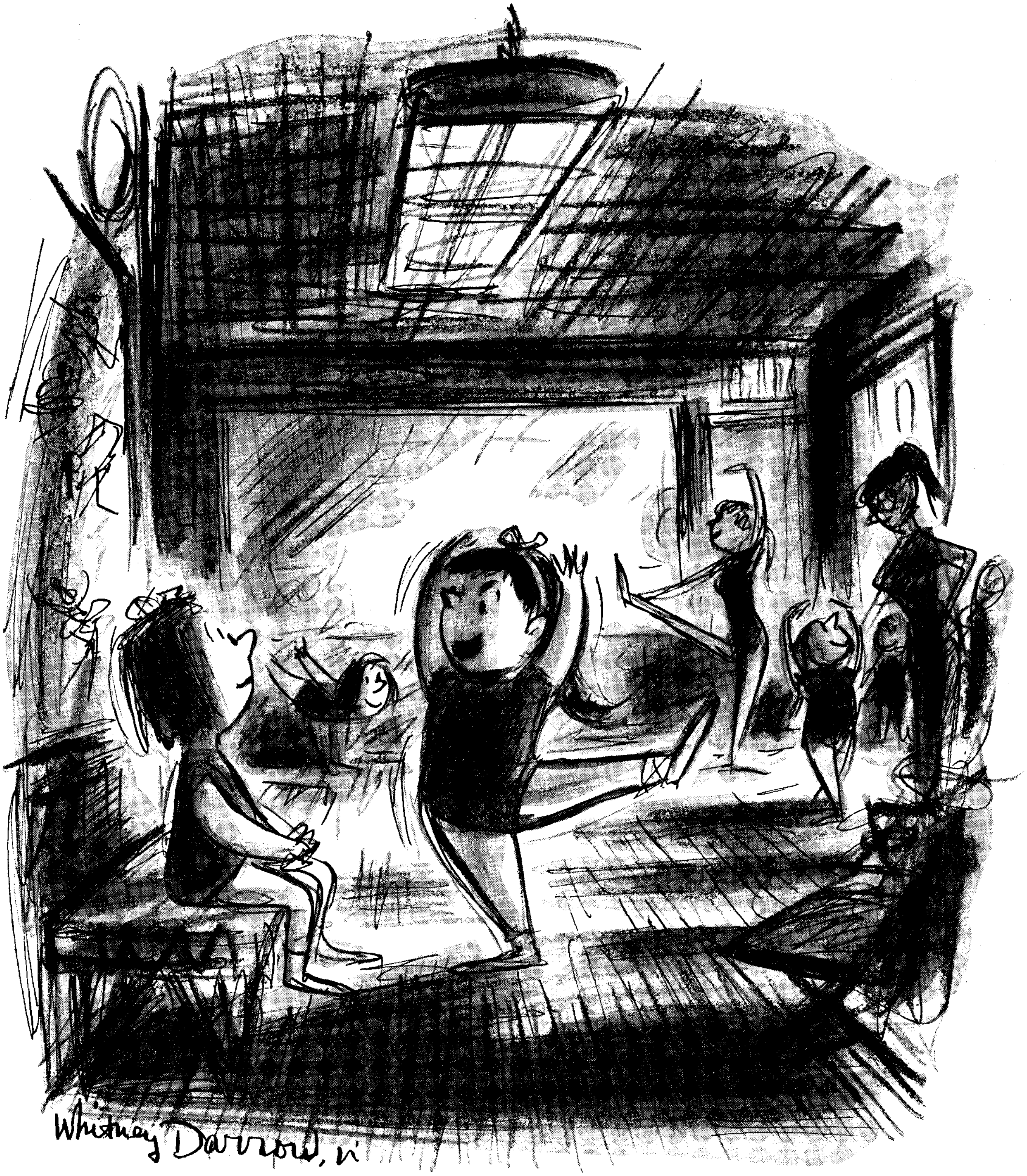


Before the meeting was called to order, Letkin was talking, in a conspiratorial, laughing manner, to Sailboat Seltzer. Letkin was saying what a terrible collection of paintings had been donated to the Psychoanalytic Society for its art show to raise money for the Psychoanalytic Institute. "I tell you, Sellbought, instead of throwing out these lousy paintings by name painters, they give them to *psychoanalysts* to sell. That is what they think of psychoanalysts." And Seltzer said, putting the Letkinese on thick, "A rummage sale is a rummage sale by anybody, no?"

It so happened that Dr. Blauberman and his wife had picked up an Abstract Expressionist painting by a well-known painter for only three hundred and ninety-five dollars at the art show, and it was now hanging in their living room in Scarsdale. Dr. Blauberman started to tell them about it, but Letkin was inviting Seltzer to come to a party. Letkin was saying, "Sellbought, don't forget to bring your banjo. The food will be good, and we have lotsa whiskey."

"Letkin, by me you are the A No. 1 host among analysts," Seltzer said. That Seltzer! What he wouldn't do to make himself popular with Letkin and the other old-timers!

Letkin clapped Seltzer on the back.



"You've either got it or you haven't got it."

• •

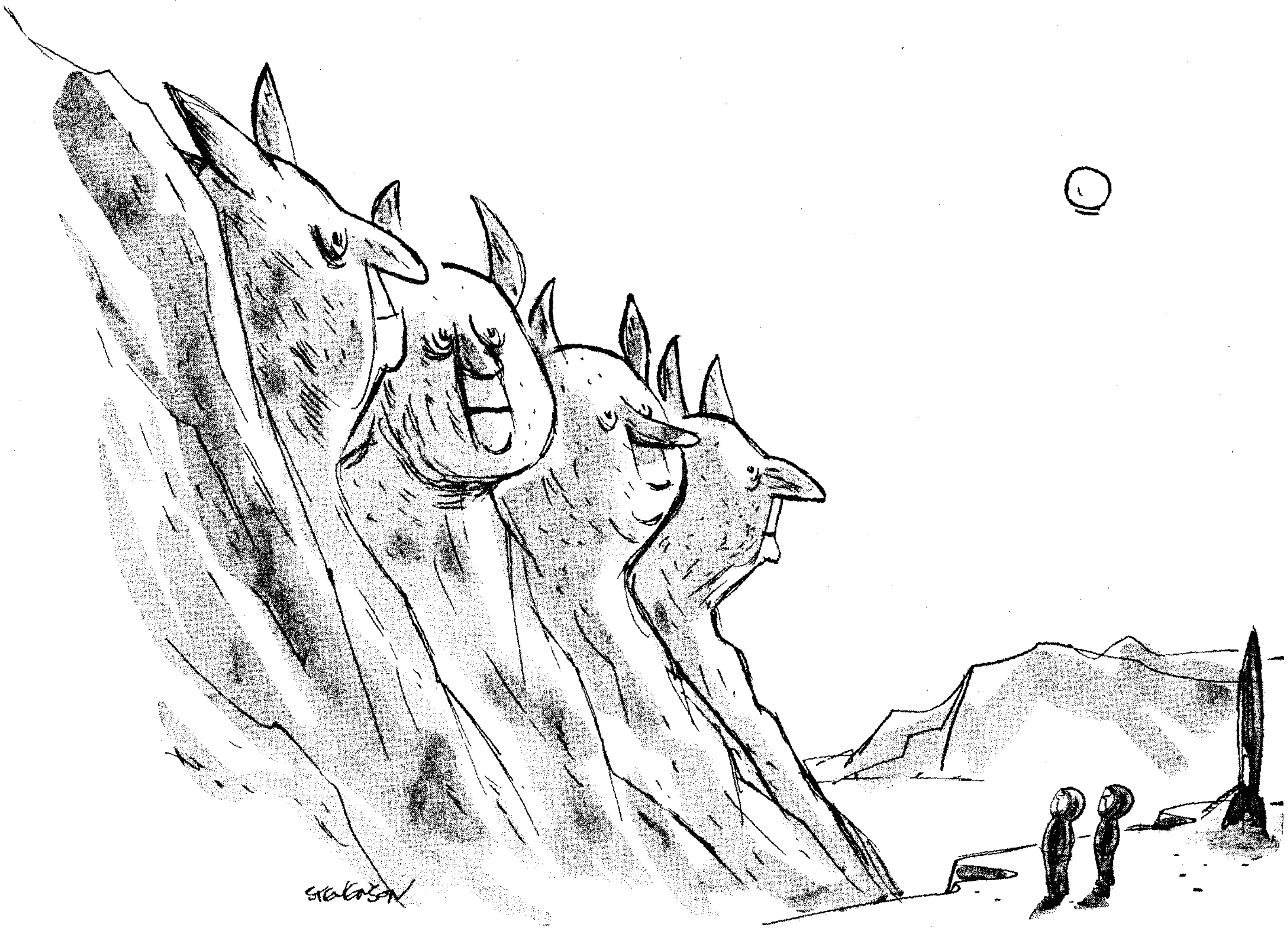
"Let me tell you a new Myron Cohen joke I just heard from one of my patients," Letkin said to Seltzer, extending his attention to Dr. Blauberman with one brief eyewink and then turning back to Seltzer.

"So tell already," Seltzer said, still putting on the schmalzy act to ingratiate himself with Letkin.

"So," Letkin began. "This patient comes to the analyst and lies down on the couch, and the analyst says to him, 'You've got to stop smoking.' 'That'll help me?' the patient asks. And the analyst says, 'Yes, you're burning the couch.' "

Letkin and Seltzer killed themselves laughing. Two laughing boys.

The meeting was called to order. There was a long paper read by Kurt Eissler entitled "Notes on the Environment of a Genius." It was about Goethe and Goethe's loving father. Just what Dr. Blauberman needed! Not only another of those esoteric studies, but one about loving fathers. At the meeting before, it was Radelsheim—one of those self-appointed saints regarded with awe by so many of the other analysts—on the psychic function of artistic com-



• •

pulsion. Tonight, Dr. Blauberman noticed Radelsheim sitting at the other side of the room, absorbed, rapt, listening attentively to Eissler. Radelsheim and his original theories. But it was Blauberman who had to deal with the environmental setup of an Ephraim Samuels. In the discussion that followed the presentation of the paper, Eissler said that analysts possibly are not too well prepared to deal psychoanalytically with situations in which parents might have a good effect on their children rather than the opposite. That was a big help. Everybody gave one of those arrogantly humble laughs of self-understanding. The hypocrites! Tomorrow morning, most of them would be struggling, like him, against resistance reinforced from the outside.

This time, Letkin, thank God, didn't make his usual speech. He was too busy laughing it up with Seltzer. Dr. Blauberman hung around with them, listening glumly to Letkin make disrespectful cracks about Goethe.

"Eissler should have explained why Goethe didn't know how to laugh at himself," Letkin was saying. "Goethe had no humor. Tell me, Sellbought. What kind of father gives issue to a son who does not know how to laugh at himself?"

Seltzer gave a chuckle instead of an opinion. Sailboat Seltzer always played it safe.

Dr. Blauberman tried to get in on the amusement. "Eissler you couldn't call exactly a Myron Cohen, mmmm?"

Letkin gave him a cool look and said, "I thought Eissler brought out some brilliant points, Blauberman."

"On the question of neutralized energy," Seltzer said. "For Goethe, creating, Eissler pointed out, was one of the deepest instinctual processes, mmmm?"

And Letkin said, "The environment that was beneficial for Goethe could, with someone else, have led to vastly different results, possibly delinquency or psychosis? I agree with Eissler."

"Mmmm?" Dr. Blauberman said. "Mmmm." He wanted to ask Letkin what he thought about an Ephraim Samuels. What about the resistance of an Ephraim Samuels, thanks to one of those loving fathers? But the hell with it. All these people were too busy becoming saints, developing original theories, writing papers. Dr. Blauberman thought fleetingly about "The Id, the Ego, and the Clarinet." The hell with that, too. There were more important things.

THE next morning, Dr. Blauberman had two very difficult sessions in a row—first with Joan Stone, who tried to pull a sudden flip-flop in her somewhat unstable feelings about Barry Rosenblatt, and then with Lester Greenthal, who decided that day to spring on Dr. Blauberman the idea that *he* should have a consultation with some other analyst. Dr. Blauberman got Lester Greenthal quieted down. After Lester Greenthal had left, Dr. Blauberman picked up his telephone and called Mr. Samuels at his place of business, a one-man auto-repair shop in Long Island City.

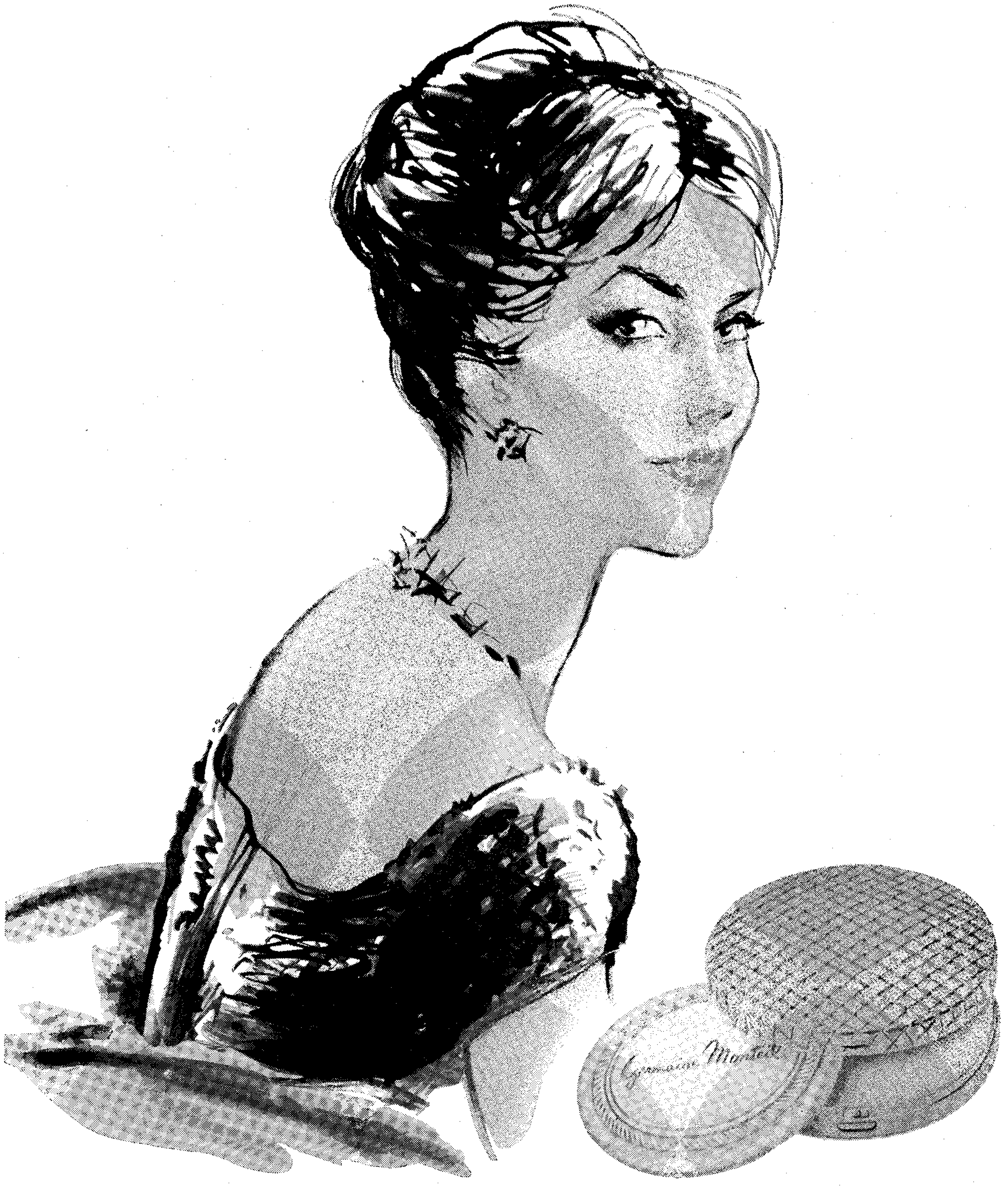
"Mr. Samuels?"

"Yes, *sir*." The father had a slight Eastern European accent, and his "sir" was used not as a respectful salutation but as a form of emphasis.

"Mr. Joseph Samuels?"

"Yes, *sir*."

"Dr. Blauberman here. I'm informing you of the termination of my treatment of your son. . . . Did you hear?" Dr. Blauberman asked impatiently. "I'm discharging my obligations with



Carry your beauty—beautifully!

"Spun Gold"

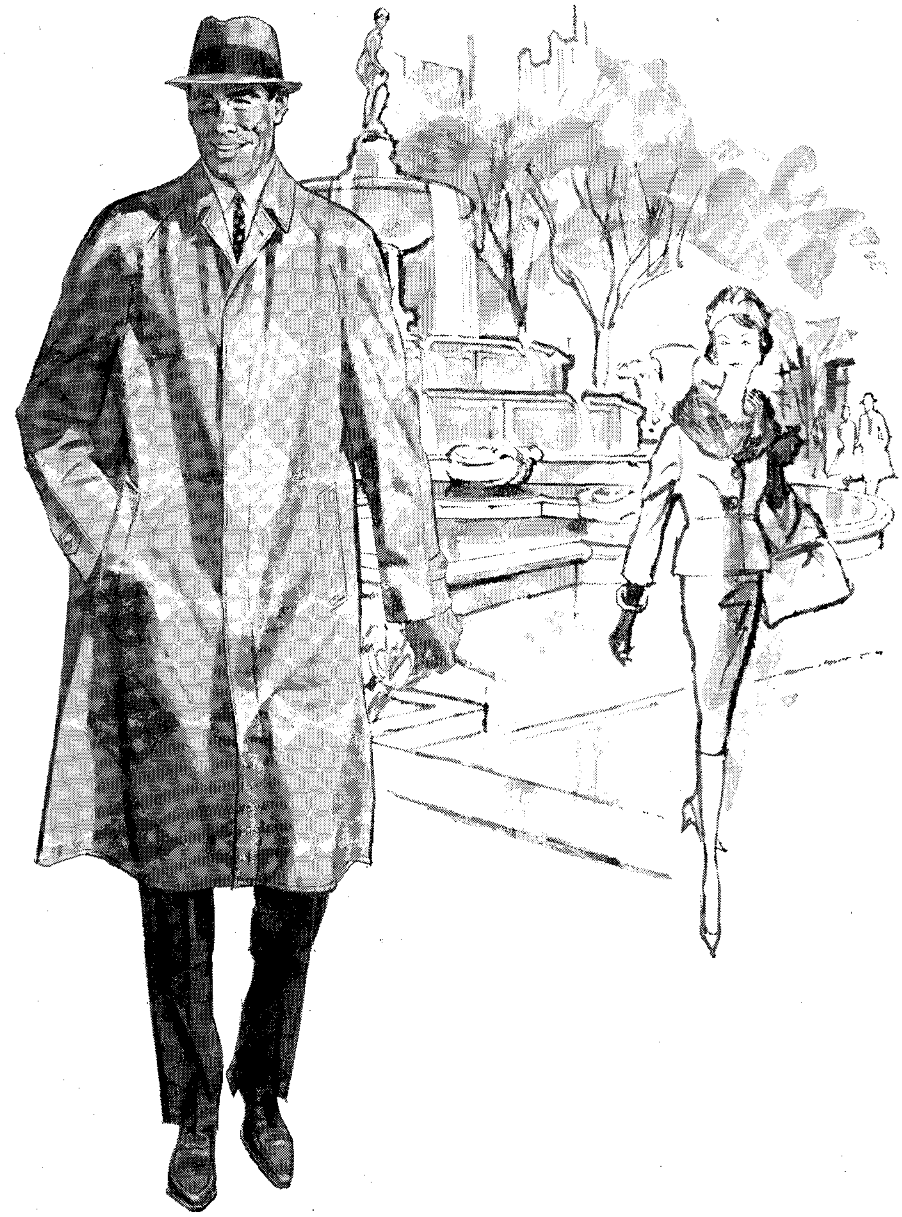
Light and lovely—a joy to carry, this bright new compact filled with Superglow Solid Satin, the beautifying Monteil powder made with "Lumium" to shed new light on your loveliness.

Germaine Monteil

ALLIGATOR...the coat you'll live in anywhere, any weather

Wherever you find people, you'll find Alligator—America's most wanted coats! Alligator gives the protection you need—the widest choice of fabric, fit and fashion. All wool worsted gabardines, fancy wools, finest yarn-dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns. Also blends with Kodel* polyester, Dacron† polyester, Topel** cross-linked rayon. Dacron waterproofs, too. Unbeatable values, $11.95 to $70.75. At better stores.

Alligator ®
BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR



KODEL & TOPEL, $24.95. Perfect combination for a lightweight all-weather coat. 55% Kodel, the liveliest polyester, adds shape retention and strength. 45% Topel cross-linked rayon provides a wonderful look and feel. Alligator's dependable, durable water repellent. With fine cotton plaid lining, $29.95.

The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

*Eastman TM †Du Pont TM **Courtaulds TM

this telephone call. Your son's last appointment with me will be today."

"Dr. *Blau*berman?" Mr. Samuels asked nervously, uncertainly, as though he were surprised to have proof suddenly that there *was* a Dr. Blauberman. "Is Ephraim all right, Dr. Blauberman?" He enunciated his words with care.

"He's supposed to be here for his last hour this afternoon—if he shows up," Dr. Blauberman said. "I'm afraid I can't do anything any more for your son. I can't carry him any more. I've knocked myself out for him. He just refuses to work his problems out."

"But Dr. Blau—"

"He refuses to let himself be helped. You can't help a patient who doesn't want to be helped."

"What's all it about?" Mr. Samuels sounded terrified. He couldn't get his words out in order.

"What—it—is—all—about," Dr. Blauberman said, demonstrating extreme patience, "is simply that your son is too sick to be treated by an analyst. . . . Look, I can't spend all this time talking on the telephone. I've got a lot of sick people to see."

"Ephraim thinks the world of you," Mr. Samuels said. "He hasn't taken an interest in anything else for a whole year. Does he want to stop seeing you?"

Irritability with this slow-talking, slow-thinking man began to grow in Dr. Blauberman, but he gave a laugh and said, "Does any patient want to stop seeing the *analyst*?"

The humor seemed to be lost on Mr. Samuels. "What is the matter with my son?" he was asking, in a shaking voice. "Can you tell me—"

"I've got to hang up," Dr. Blauberman interrupted. "Sorry. If you insist on discussing this, I'll give you an appointment. This afternoon? At two-fifty? Mmmm?"

"Well—" Mr. Samuels began.

"It's the hour following your son's. Yes?"

"Yes."

"Be here, please. Two-fifty." Dr. Blauberman hung up.

How many times in the past had he tried to get Ephraim to face the reality of what Mr. Samuels was: a neurotic, frightened, dominating figure, hanging on to the past, keeping his son tied to his own self-limiting fears of society. Always, Ephraim had denied it.

Dr. Blauberman finally had said one day, "If your father is so wise, why don't you go to *him* with your problems? Why do you come to me at all?"

"But Dr. Fifield said I needed treat-

Now That I Am a Private Citizen

by DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

After half a century of public service, Dwight D. Eisenhower has now retired to private life. And in this week's Saturday Evening Post, the editors are proud to publish his first article as a private citizen. It is the first of a number of articles he'll write exclusively for the Post during the coming years. With engaging frankness, Mr. Eisenhower

- Reveals the eleven basic rules that guided his decisions in war and peace.
- Ponders an "iffy" question: If there had been no 22nd Amendment (and if he could have foreseen the outcome of the election), would he have run for a third term?
- Tells how it feels *to give up the crushing responsibility* of the President of the United States.

Be sure to read Dwight D. Eisenhower's "Now That I Am a Private Citizen" in this week's Post. On sale now.

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST
THE INFLUENTIALS' MAGAZINE

DARK CIRCLES • SHADOWS • AGEING LINES
HERE TODAY
GONE TODAY

WITH FOOL-THE-EYE
TRANSLUCID
WHITE MAGIC

This, the number one beauty trick, involves no lessons, no secret skill, no tools but your fingers. Enormously talented White Magic, a sheer liquid under-foundation, works on the principle of light refraction to screen away lines and circles, hide imperfections. On top of it—Translucid Foundation, your complexion-in-a-bottle that comes in seven tenderly true shades besides White Magic. It's as good for you as it is beautiful. A little goes a long way: ½ oz. bottle, 6.00; 1 oz., 10.00. Plus tax.

Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.
For other fine stores write to:

Jaquet
COSMETIQUES
539 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York

ment," Ephraim said. "And you said I needed it, too. Pop doesn't want to interfere with the analysis or anything else I'm trying to do for myself. But I can see he's worrying about me. He can't understand why I don't play the clarinet any more or see any friends or girls. Not that he ever says anything."

"Hmmm. So you were so well adjusted and happy, and you were realizing yourself so fully *before* you came to analysis, mmmm?" Dr. Blauberman asked.

"Well, no. I've always had this—this—nature, sort of quiet and sad," Ephraim said. "I told you, my mother was always that way, too."

"Mmmm," Dr. Blauberman said.

"I got hit with the hepatitis just as I was starting on this project of transposing for clarinet the viola and violin parts of some Bach suites. I was working day and night on them with old Gus Lefevre. Did I tell you, he wrote that basic book of instruction I began with as a kid?"

"Mmmm." If it wasn't the father he was holding on to, it was the old teacher.

"It really got me down," Ephraim said, "having to give up working with Gus. That's when Dr. Fifield told me I ought to consult you."

"So. Maybe it was a good thing you had to give up working with Gus," Dr. Blauberman said.

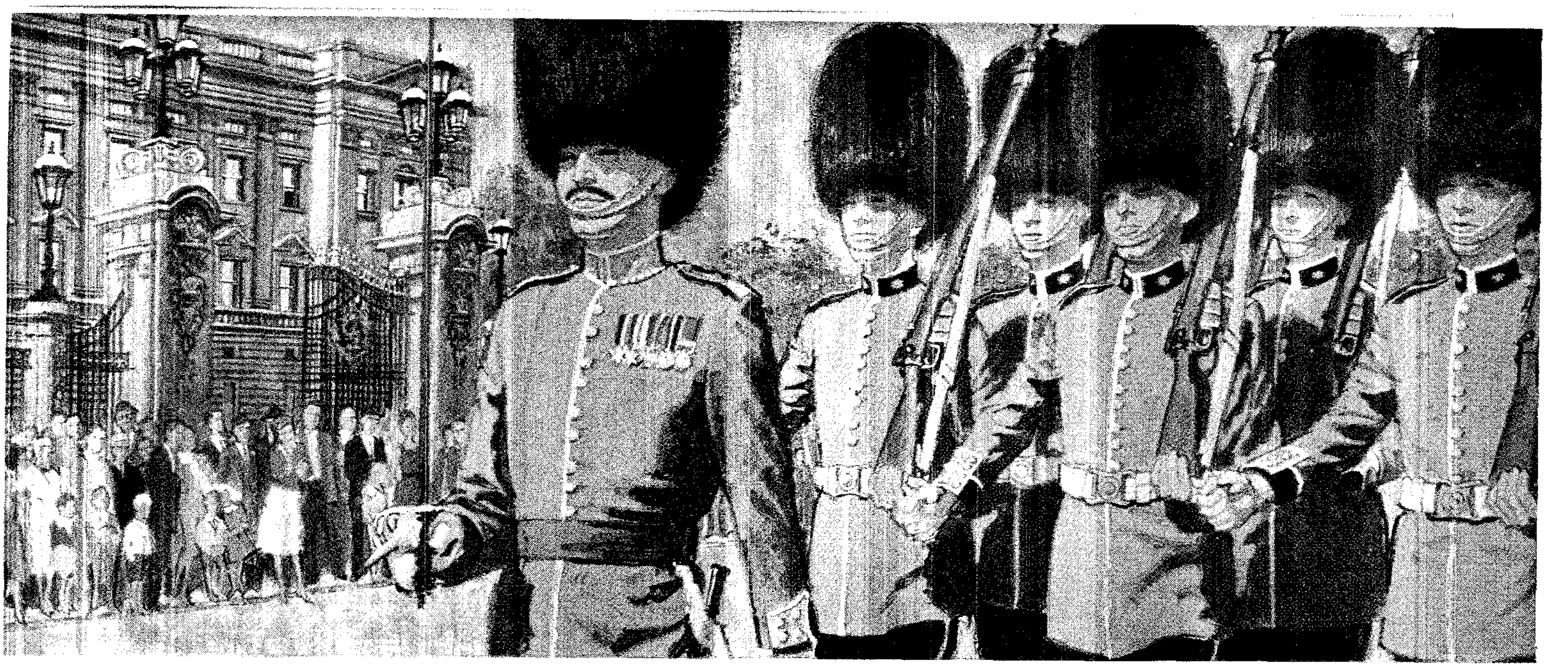
"Good!" Ephraim cried out in horror. "It wasn't *good*, man. You ought to see Gus. He's retired now, in his seventies, living with his wife in this little cottage deep in the woods, way out on Long Island. I used to get up at dawn to travel three hours each way on the Long Island Rail Road just for the privilege of playing duets with Gus. I used to get up before *Pop*, and he's been getting up every morning at six. For the past fifty years. And I'm a guy who likes his sleep."

"And you stayed overnight at the teacher's house?" Dr. Blauberman asked. "You looked there for another home. Yes?"

"Sure it's home!" Ephraim cried again. "You ought to hear Gus. We'd stay up until four in the morning playing Bach, with only his wife for an audience. We'd make tape recordings of two parts, and then play two other parts along with the tapes. You ought to hear that sound. Four clarinets. It was wild. Mrs. Lefevre couldn't make Gus go to bed. You ought to hear him blow. He's almost three times my age, and I could barely keep up with him."

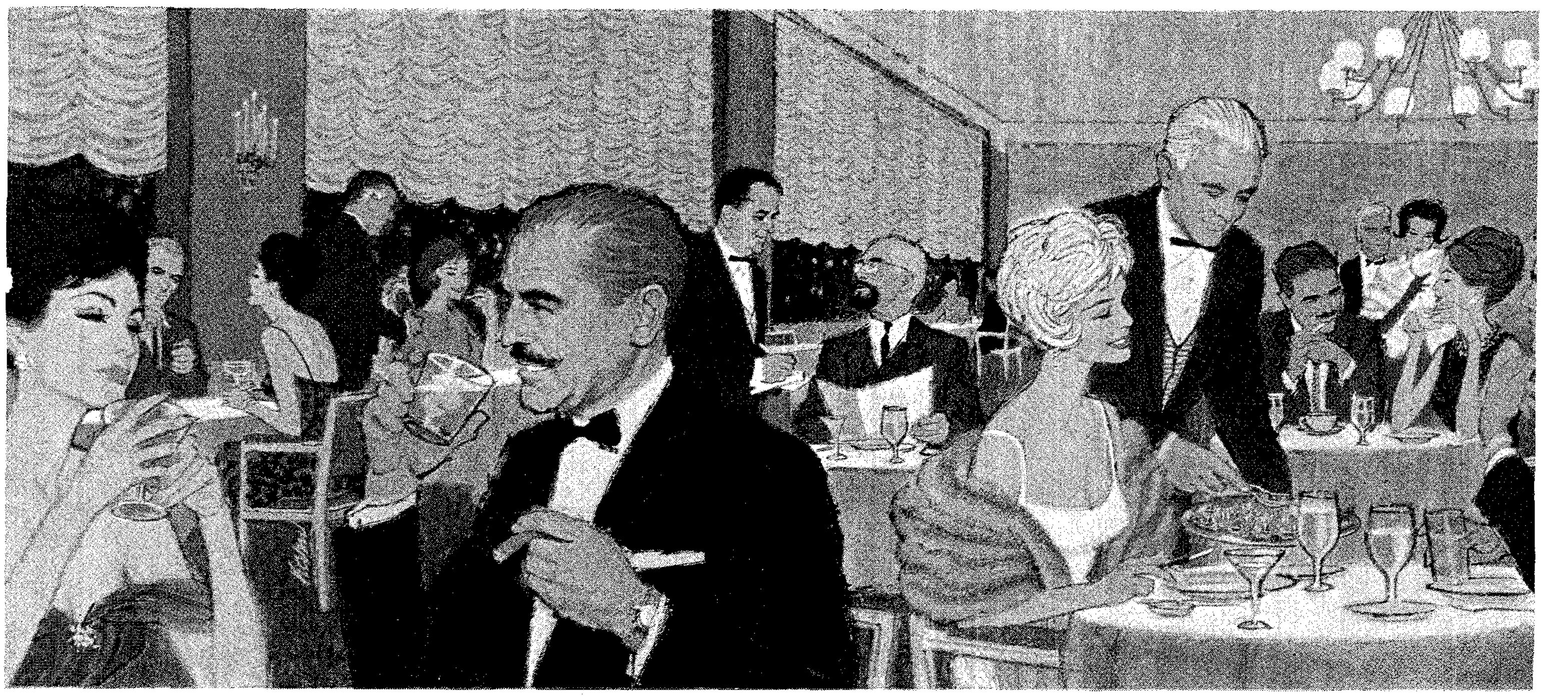
Dr. Blauberman said, "Not two

American Twist. How this pastry has come to be called "Danish" is omething of a mystery because it's an American coffee cake of Viennese ancestry. How Risom furniture is mistakenly alled Danish is more understandable. Jens Risom was born and educated in Copenhagen and brought up on Scaninavian architecture and design. Since coming to this country in 1939, he has been among the handful of designers nd manufacturers of contemporary furniture who have revolutionized American taste. Risom furniture is crafted of merican materials and hand-finished in the Risom plant in North Grosvenordale, Connecticut. It is designed and uilt to withstand the stresses of our air conditioned summers and steam heated winters. Risom office and residenal furniture is sold through leading dealers and designers. Showrooms at 49 East 53rd Street, New York 22, New ork and in Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Melbourne, Toronto and Copenhagen. In Copenhagen, ens Risom furniture is called American. **Jens Risom Design Inc.**



London is a city with an historic memory, alive with the cultures that have made it, aglow with a spirit that links its colorful ancestry to today's modern world.

London is enchanting



The Carlton Tower is a new delightfully international hotel. The Chelsea Room shown above overlooks the Gardens and offers superlative French cuisine in an atmosphere of subdued opulence.

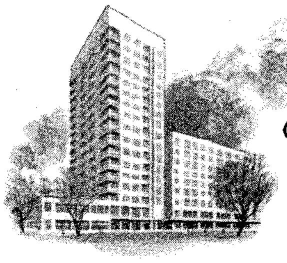
. . . and you're enchanted at the Carlton Tower

Here in the fashionable Knightsbridge area—on Cadogan Place—is London's newest and tallest hotel.

The singular amenities The Carlton Tower offers its clientele make it favored by international executives, diplomats, and cognoscenti. Your room blends the arts of many countries to give you the utmost in comfort. The Rib Room serves you fabulous Roast Beef. The Bar offers you over forty brands of world-famous Scotch whiskies and a complete array of the finest beverages from the continent.

Tower Suites boast a delightful view of London out to the scenic Kent and Surrey Hills, unseen before from any London hotel.

Come to The Carlton Tower and be enchanted.



HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

For Instant **Reservation** *Service* Call your nearest HCA Hotel or contact your Travel Agent. METROPOLITAN HOTELS: **New York,** The Plaza, Hotel Roosevelt . . . **Washington, D. C.,** The Mayflower . . . **Chicago,** Edgewater Beach Hotel . . . **Boston,** Hotel Kenmore . . . **New Orleans,** The Royal Orleans . . . **San Juan, P. R.,** El Miramar Charterhouse . . . **Winnipeg, Canada,** Charterhouse Hotel . . . **London, England,** The Carlton Tower. RESORT HOTELS: **Palm Beach, Fla.,** Palm Beach Biltmore . . . **Anaheim, Calif.,** Charterhouse Hotel . . . **Nassau,** Balmoral Club . . . **Bermuda,** The Carlton Beach (opening July 1961) . . . **Quito, Ecuador,** Hotel Quito . . . and Suburban Charterhouse Motor Hotels.

clarinets but *four*. Yes? Do you think you know what it means, the four?"

Ephraim looked puzzled and uninterested in numbers. "Once, I brought the tapes back and played them for Pop," he went on. "You know what he said? He said, 'It's beautiful, Eephie; it does my heart good to listen.' That's the way he talks, you know? He's been so lost and miserable ever since my mother died, and yet he can get a blast out of hearing me play."

"Why four?" Dr. Blauberman said, trying to bring him back on the track. "You think you know why you like four?"

Another thing Dr. Blauberman had tried repeatedly to accomplish with Ephraim was to make him aware of the deeper significance of his careless attitude toward money. He was so satisfied to drift along, making a few dollars here and there playing clarinet at school dances or trade-union parties, at resort hotels or small clubs in the Village. It was clear to Dr. Blauberman that the lack of drive to make money came directly from Mr. Samuels. Ephraim told him about it almost boastfully.

"Pop has just never been really *interested* in money, and he's always hated what so many other men have to do in order to earn big money," Ephraim told him. "When my mother was alive, she'd say how nice it would be to have a good set of dishes or stuff like that, but her heart wasn't really in it, either. You know what Pop always told us?"

Dr. Blauberman was silent. He despised what Pop always told them.

"Pop always said, 'As long as I have these two hands, we will never go hungry. We will always make out.' And we always did make out." Ephraim held his own hands open before him, the fingers spread out. His hands were long, the fingers tapered, the skin rough and flat at the tips from years of pressing clarinet keys.

"You made out?" Dr. Blauberman said. "You think your father makes out?"

"Well, he misses my mother," Ephraim said slowly. "If you know what I mean, Dr. Blauberman."

"No. What *do* you mean?"

"Well, he misses her deeply. And the way he says it—remembering her face still makes it impossible, after three years, for him to look fully into the face of any other woman."

"So. He holds on to you. Yes? He insists on living in the old apartment? With you?"

"He keeps his sorrow to himself,"

TIFFANY
WATCH
FOR
GRADUATION

From the
largest collection
with the
widest price range
to be found
anywhere.

Hers: The petite watch with exceptionally precise movement by Patek Philippe. Tapered mesh bracelet of eighteen karat gold and eighteen jewel movement.

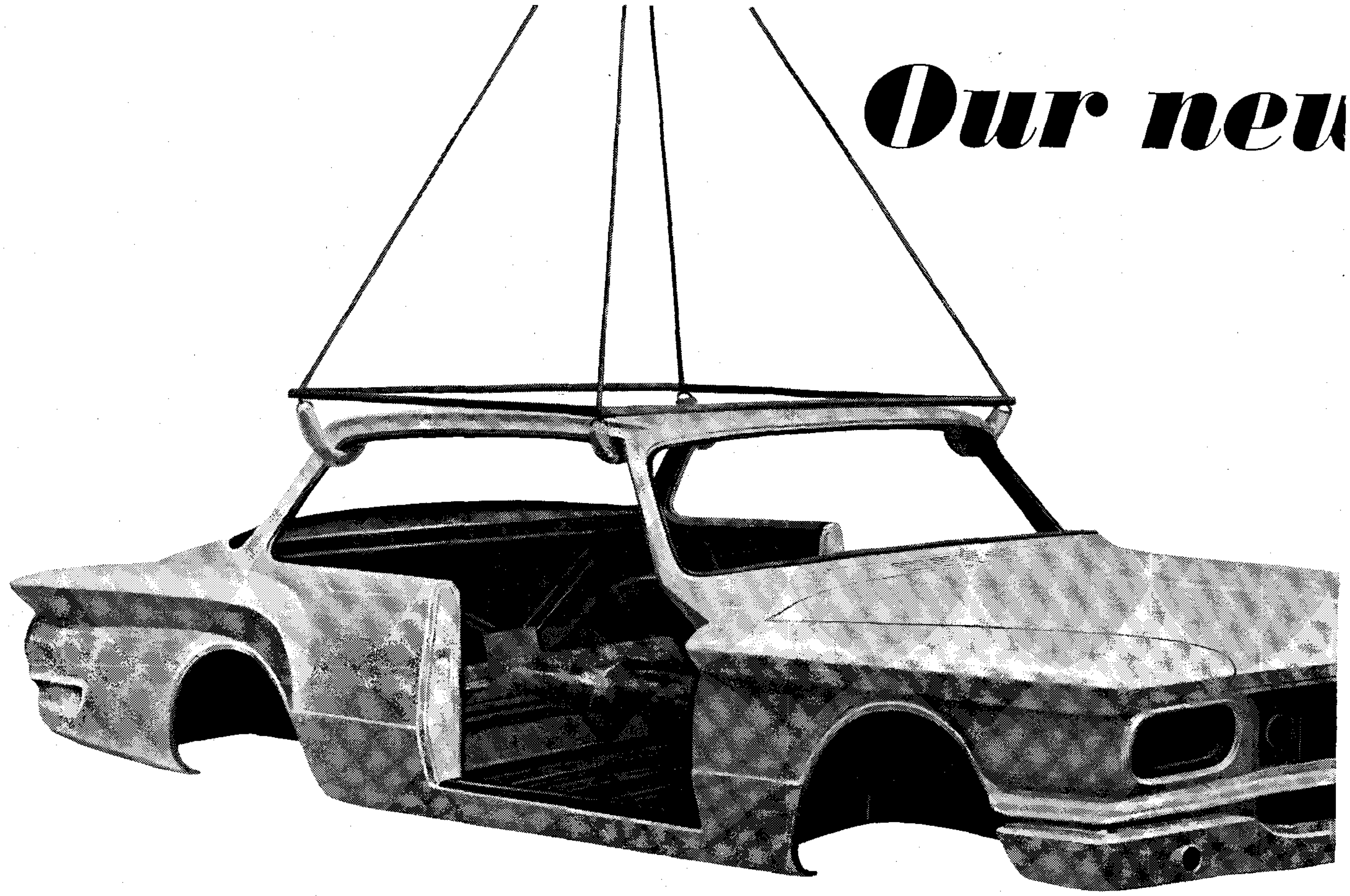
His: Automatic, shock-proof, waterproof* watch with eighteen karat gold case, thirty three jewel Patek Philippe movement.

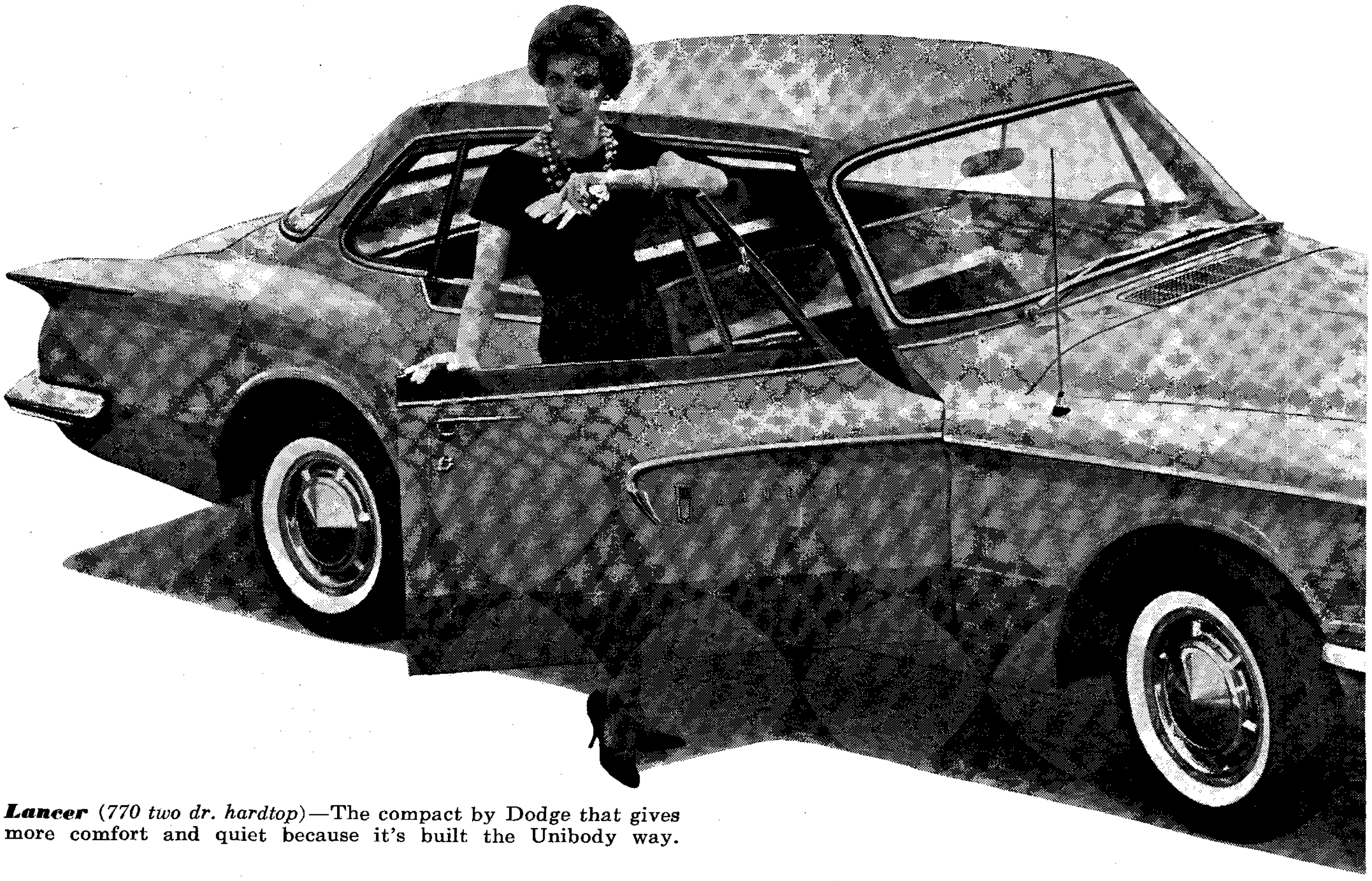
Each seven hundred fifty dollars, including federal tax.

*Provided crystal, crown and case remain intact.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

Our ne





Lancer *(770 two dr. hardtop)*—The compact by Dodge that gives more comfort and quiet because it's built the Unibody way.

vay to build cars

makes room for people, leaves no room for squeaks and rattles

Unibody Construction adds both space and quiet to the 1961 quality cars from Chrysler Corporation

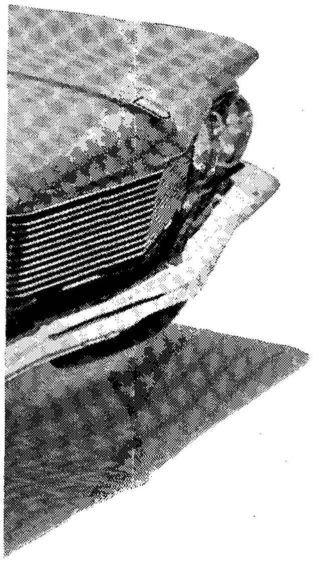
If you're tired of feeling cramped and tired of listening to squeaks and rattles, you'll appreciate the 1961 cars from Chrysler Corporation and the Unibody Construction that goes with them.

Instead of bolting bulky body to bulky frame, Unibody is welded into a single, solid unit. Because it's a lean, strong unit, inches of room have been added inside the car for leg, hip and head room.

You'll know where quiet comes in when you think of the squeaks and rattles a loosened joint or bolt can cause . . . and then remember that Unibody is a solid, silent unit that can't shake loose.

But Unibody is only *one* of the good things that Chrysler Corporation engineering gives you at no extra cost. There's the new battery-saving Alternator and Torsion-Aire Ride to name a couple.

If you haven't driven one of these cars lately, now's the time. Make room on your schedule for a visit to your dealer's soon. Check his low, competitive prices . . . then *let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes.*



Plymouth (*4 dr. Suburban, above left*)—Solid one-piece Unibody surrounds you with silent strength.

Chrysler Newport (*4 dr. hardtop*)—A full-size Chrysler in a new lower price range, built the strong Unibody way.

Chrysler Corporation

Serving America's new quest for quality

PLYMOUTH VALIANT • DODGE DART LANCER • CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

Ephraim said. "He doesn't try to put anything off on me."

"He sees other women now? He has friends? Mmmm?"

"Well, no. He never needed many people. He never did a lot of running around. My mother was the same way. He's got his dog," Ephraim said, his voice lifting in sudden delight. "This four-month-old collie. Silky. He's a beautiful puppy. The first dog he's had in ten years. We used to have a retriever—he died in Pop's arms at the age of *twenty*. It took Pop ten whole years before he could bring himself to get another dog. That's the way he is."

"And that's enough?" Dr. Blauberman said. "A dog?"

"The collie is this beautiful sable-and-white puppy, so affectionate and intelligent," Ephraim said. "Pop loves that puppy."

"So," Dr. Blauberman said. "Your father doesn't have a housekeeper for the apartment where you live—in—Where is it, did you say?"

"Jackson Heights."

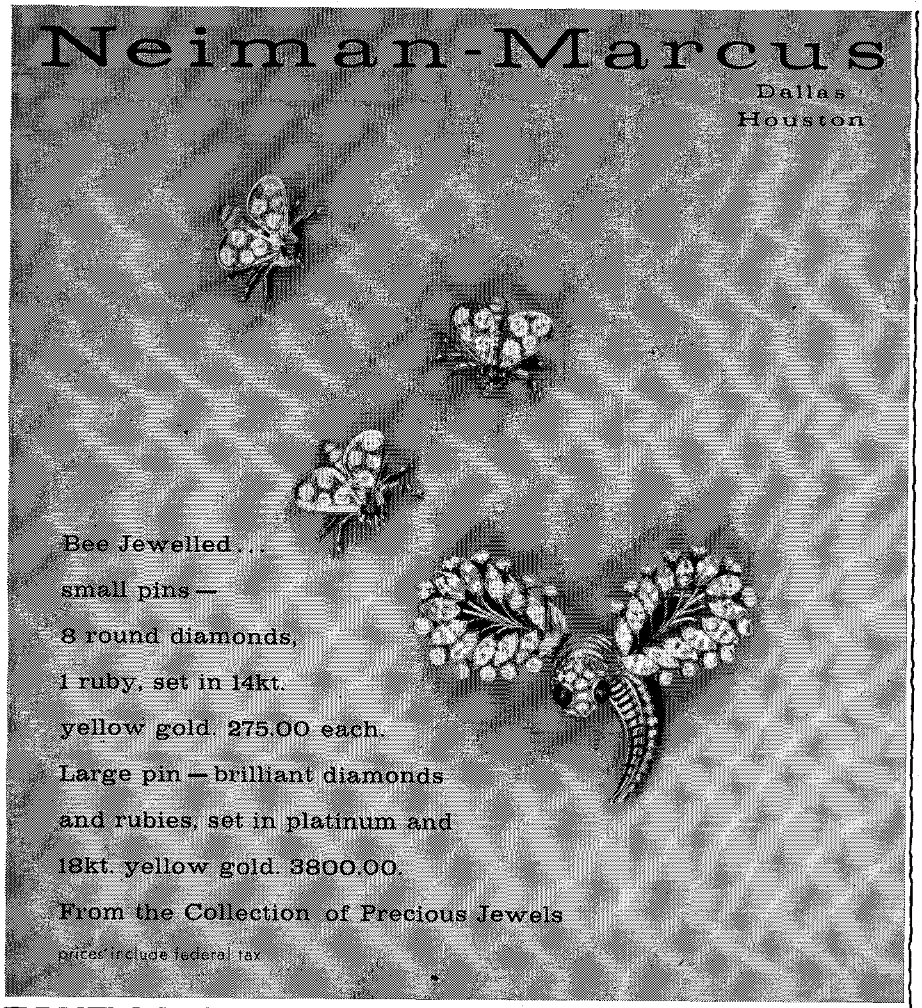
"Yes." Dr. Blauberman couldn't bring himself to pronounce the name. How he hated the thought of anyone's wanting to remain in Jackson Heights. He had the complete family picture by this time, and to him it was not exhilarating: The eldest child, Leah, married to the trade-union organizer Victor Fine, with their four-year-old boy, Eugene Victor, named after Debs. The elder son, Barney, married to Terry, with a fifteen-month-old baby, Jimmy. Mr. Samuels managed all his own housekeeping in the apartment he shared with Ephraim and the dog.

But Ephraim insisted on bringing the picture into sharper focus. Dr. Blauberman indulged him and listened.

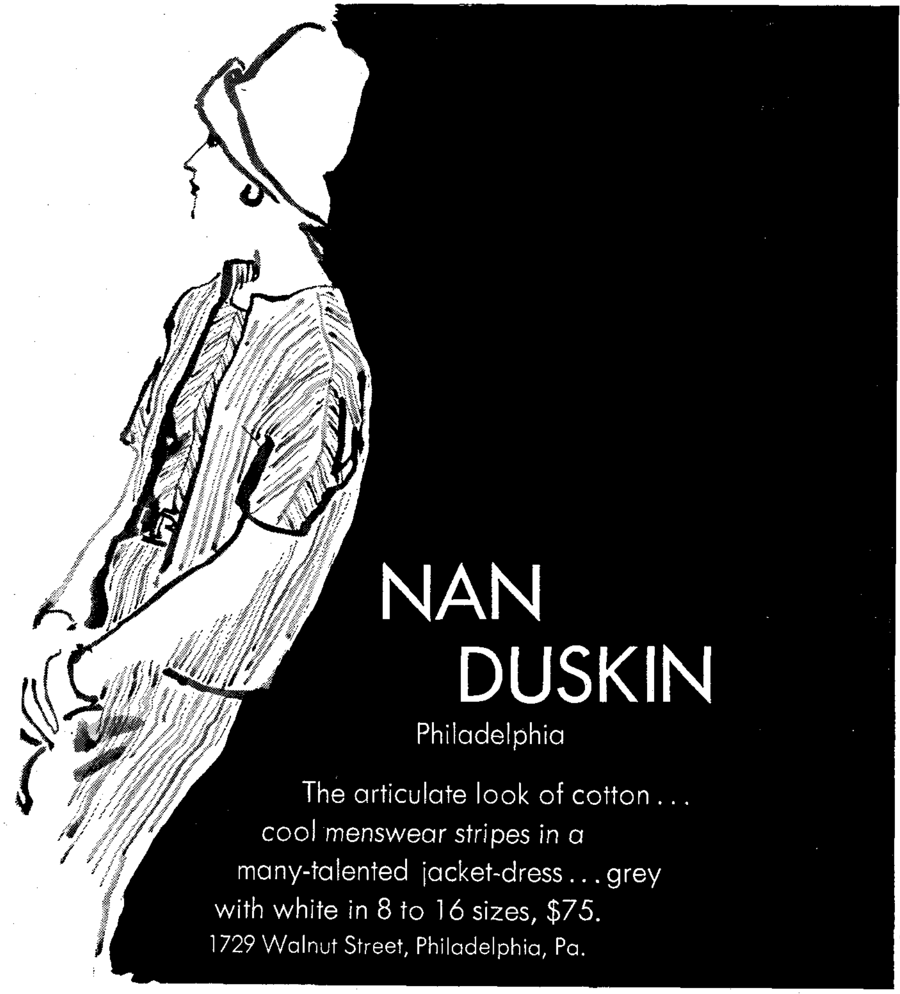
"Pop gets up every morning at six o'clock sharp, without any assistance from any alarm clock. He always makes the same breakfast for himself. Freshly squeezed orange juice. It's got to be freshly squeezed. Two soft-boiled eggs. Percolated coffee, with heavy cream and four teaspoons of sugar. Four slices of white bread with sweet butter. To Pop, white bread is a delicacy. He was born in this muddy village in pre-Revolutionary Russia. When he was just a boy in his late teens, he was exiled to Siberia and escaped to America, and so white bread to him is very special, it sort of represents—"

"All right, all right, I know that," Dr. Blauberman interrupted.

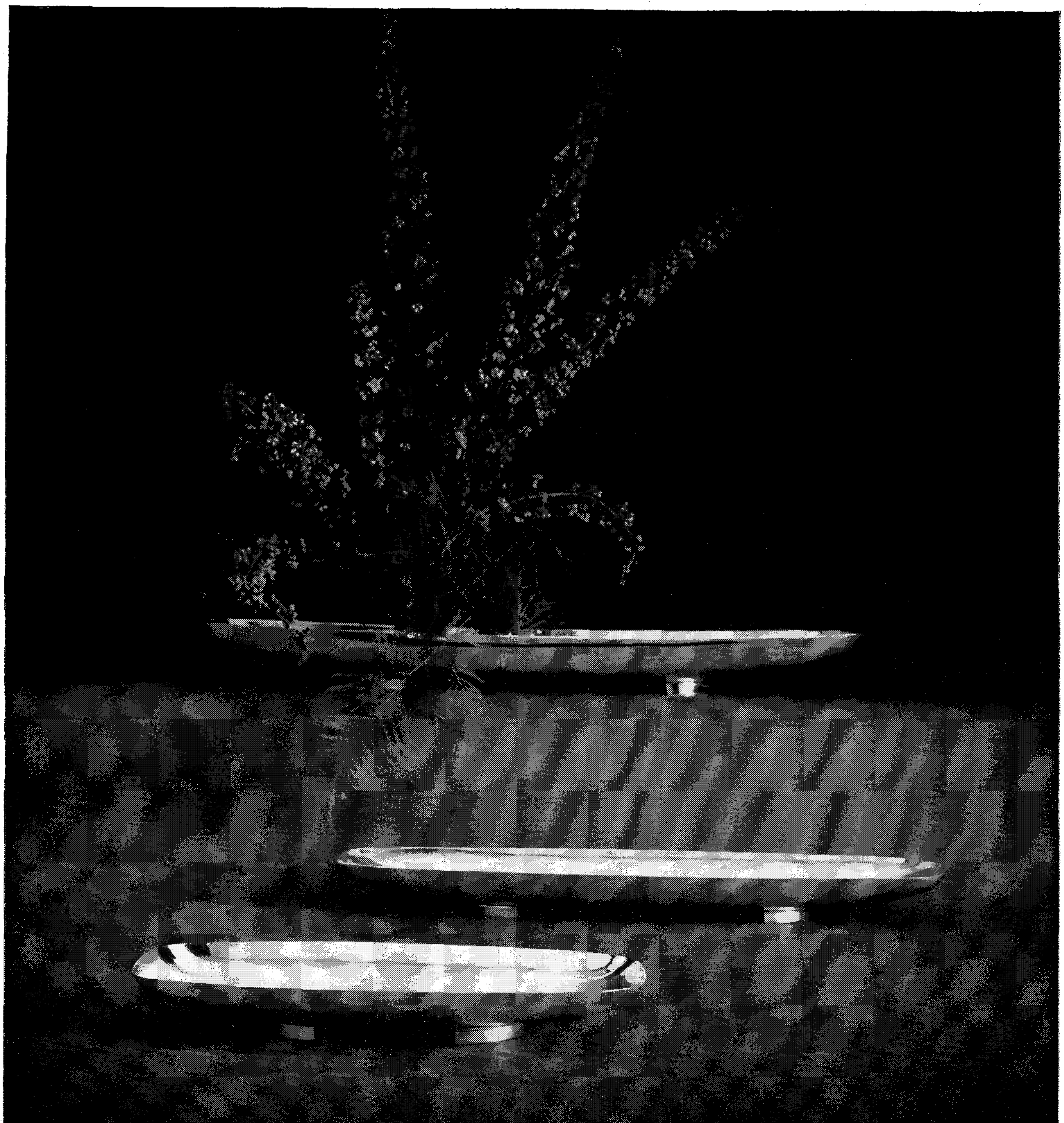
"He always leaves the white bread on the kitchen table for me," Ephraim continued, in a lower voice. "He always


Neiman-Marcus
Dallas
Houston

Bee Jewelled...
small pins—
8 round diamonds,
1 ruby, set in 14kt.
yellow gold. 275.00 each.
Large pin—brilliant diamonds
and rubies, set in platinum and
18kt. yellow gold. 3800.00.
From the Collection of Precious Jewels
prices include federal tax


NAN
DUSKIN
Philadelphia

The articulate look of cotton...
cool menswear stripes in a
many-talented jacket-dress...grey
with white in 8 to 16 sizes, $75.
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Gorham finds three new ways to grace a table

You'll find a dozen ways
to use these intriguing new "Tira" contemporary designs.
They're beautifully versatile. Three useful sizes
in Gorham's lastingly lovely silverplate.

8¼" Tira Bon-Bon Dish, $6.95. 13¾" Tira Celery or Bread Tray, $9.95.
17¼" Tira Centerpiece, $19.95.

GORHAM

130 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP 1831 1961 THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE 7, R. I.

FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

JOE LONG

squeezes enough orange juice for me and leaves a large glass of it for me next to the bread. He always leaves the coffeepot for me on the stove. Then he feeds Silky and sets out in this old Plymouth sedan of his for his auto-repair shop. And Silky goes along, sitting in the front seat with him, just as Blackie always used to do."

"Yes, yes," Dr. Blauberman said. "So?"

"So that's the way he is, that's all. He's got this little yard behind his shop, for Silky to wander around in. He's got this big picture window in the front of his shop, that he installed with his own hands. He's got this big collection of potted plants in front of the window, that he started with my mother before I was born. Our house is full of plants, and Leah's whole living room is full of them, too. She keeps telling Pop the neighbors think she's crazy."

"So. The neighbors think she is neurotic, your sister?"

As though Dr. Blauberman had made a joke, Ephraim laughed. "Silky moseys about, or sleeps near the plants at the shop," he said. "Pop loves having Silky with him there. You know Pop offered the puppy to me the other day? He saw me feeling so low, I think he wanted to cheer me up or something. . . . It's crazy, but Pop treats almost everything as though it were alive. You know, he really *loves* automobiles? You know, he always refers to a car in the female gender?"

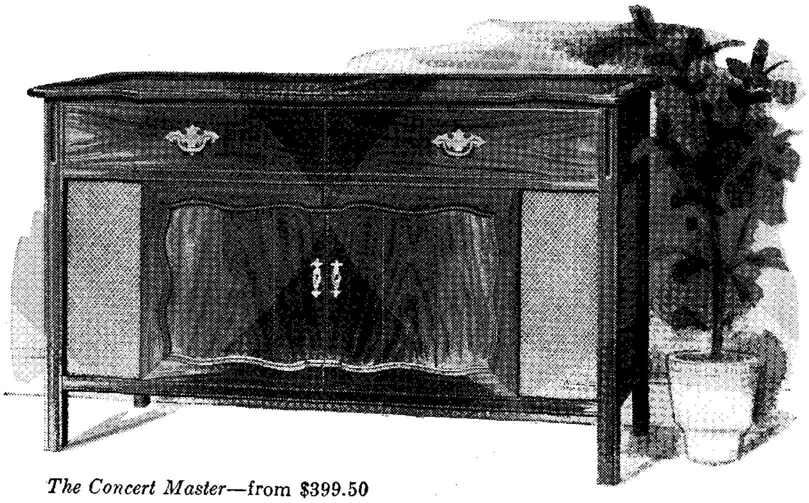
"Mmmm," Dr. Blauberman said.

"And what he loves to do especially, even when cars look alike or are built alike, is to discover their individual differences, as though they were alive."

"The automobile is inanimate," Dr. Blauberman said. "The clarinet is inanimate. Yes?"

At one point, Dr. Blauberman had tried to determine how the Samuels family felt about Ephraim's career. Nobody else in the family was musical. Nobody else in the family was "gifted."

"Pop loves to listen to me play," Ephraim had said. "That is, he *used* to love to listen to me play when I still played. You know, he really gets the message in jazz? He loves to hear me play Mozart, but, believe it or not, he really gets a blast out of jazz. He really swings. Once, he came down to this dump I played in, the Zero Inn, in the Village. It was wild. Pop had never seen anything like it, and he was blushing all over the place, seeing all the chicks in pants and stuff. You know the way they dress. Then I started playing with Josh Leonard, the pianist. And I


The Concert Master—from $399.50

Let Magnavox Stereophonic high fidelity surround you with magnificent music!

- true stereophonic high fidelity • FM/AM radio
- 8 Magnavox high fidelity speakers (two 15" bass)
- distortion-free player with 1/10 oz. stylus pressure lets records last a lifetime of normal use
- Magnavox *guarantees the diamond stylus against wear for 10 years*—or replacement at no cost

the magnificent **Magnavox** WORLD LEADER IN STEREOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY AND QUALITY TELEVISION

The Magnavox Company, precision electronic equipment for industry and defense, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Before or After Dinner

Gadroon-bordered cheese tray, 6¾-inch diameter, with rack for its own server, $18 the set. Gracefully decorated bowl, 5⅛-inch diameter, for nuts or candy, $25. All in sterling silver Fed. tax incl.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. • PLaza 3-0111

SPICE ISLANDS *imports its teas from five countries of the Orient,* **INDIA, CEYLON, JAPAN, TAIWAN AND INDONESIA.** *Each produces a tea leaf that is uniquely essential to our blends. For two decades these blends – of black, green, scented and fermented bulk teas – have been packed in tin. But we live in a busy age, and the traditional preparation of tea does take time. So – we've taken six of our favorite teas and put them into bags. Each of the six has particular characteristics which we're sure you will enjoy discovering – and returning to! To help you in the discovering, we've sketched this simple chart so that you can identify the* **SPICE ISLANDS** *tea name, its type and origin.*

SPICE ISLANDS
20 TEA BAGS
JASMINE

SPICE ISLANDS TEA BAGS

NAME	TYPE	ORIGIN
DARJEELING	BLACK	INDIA
ORANGE PEKOE	BLACK	CEYLON & INDIA
JASMINE	SCENTED	TAIWAN
ENGLISH BREAKFAST	BLACK	TAIWAN
FORMOSA OOLONG	BETWEEN BLACK & GREEN	TAIWAN
BOUQUET OF SPICE	EXCLUSIVE BLEND	CEYLON

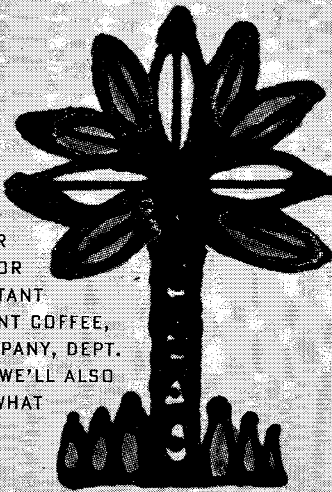
May we suggest this delicious "Jasmine Punch" for your next party or reception:

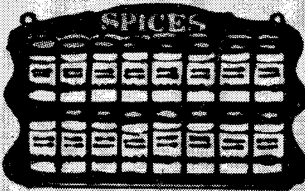
JASMINE PUNCH

(25 SERVINGS)

1 quart boiling water **8** Spice Islands Jasmine Tea Bags **2** cups orange juice **1** cup lemon juice **1** quart pineapple juice **2** cups apricot nectar **2** cups sugar **1** quart gingerale **1** quart raspberry, lime or pineapple sherbet

Pour boiling water over tea bags; let steep 5 minutes; remove tea bags. Chill tea. Combine tea with orange, lemon and pineapple juice and apricot nectar. Stir in sugar. Chill until ready to serve, then add gingerale. Pour over block of ice or ice cubes in punch bowl. Spoon sherbet into punch, serve in punch bowl.





IF YOU'D LIKE OTHER RECIPES FROM OUR KITCHENS, ALONG WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR USING OUR NEW ANTIGUA INSTANT COFFEE AND ESPRESSO INSTANT COFFEE, WRITE TO SPICE ISLANDS COMPANY, DEPT. D-1, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO – WE'LL ALSO SEND ALONG OUR BOOKLET "WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT TEA?"

SPICE ISLANDS® *Spices – Herbs – Condiments & Fancy Foods*

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

ALOHA!
From our new State:
the famous Hawaiian
trim, slim, panty suit.
A selection of tropical
cotton prints in blues
or greens. Sizes 10-18
16.95 (sash not included)
PLEASE ADD 50¢ FOR POSTAGE.

545 MADISON AVE.,
AT 55TH ST.,
NEW YORK 22

INCREDIBLE
A LUXURIOUS VACATION AT
THE Nassau Beach HOTEL
NASSAU, BAHAMAS
FOR ONLY $16 PER DAY*

Your home in Nassau is a terraced, air-conditioned room overlooking a vast private beach and the cool, Caribbean waters. Food is superlative . . . the entertainment program varied and exciting!

"Home of the Famous RUM KEG"

*per person, 2 to a room with bath and including full course breakfast & dinner, free air-conditioned bus service to downtown Nassau, use of pool, beach and all facilities.
Robert M. Souers, Mng. Dir.

SPECIAL JET
EXCURSION FARES

See Your Travel Agent Or Call
UTELL INTERNATIONAL
New York, Essex House, PLaza 7-5436
Chicago: FInancial 6-2224 Toronto: EMpire 6-3313
Boston: LIberty 2-2036 Miami: FRanklin 9-1322
Phila.: Enterprise 6189 Dallas: RIverside 7-3610
Montreal: VIctor 2-2969

was tossing a Monk thing back and forth with Josh, and then, while Josh laid down a foundation, I blew a brand-new melodic line about a mile long, and I could see Pop's face while I played. He was excited, and I could see him bouncing with the beat. Man, what a sight!"

"So. Your father holds on to you, lives through you?"

"You don't get the message, Dr. Blauberman. He just likes to listen to me play. One hot, sweltering Sunday, I felt like staying home to practice. Pop likes to read the Sunday *Times* or play with my nephews when they visit, while I practice runs or just test reeds. That's the way he is. This one hot Sunday, it was so damn hot, I took off everything except my shorts and sat around barefoot, whittling down a reed. You know, he just sat there with me, watching until I got that reed down to the exact thickness I wanted. You know why? Because he was interested. And you should have seen his face when I got the damn reed done right."

"You feel separated from him? You feel you are an individual in your own right?"

"Well, Pop is a big lemonade drinker," Ephraim said. "So I got to be one, too. I guess that's a great example of how unseparated from him I am. Whenever I'm practicing, he always makes a large pitcher of cold lemonade and leaves it handy for me to get at. Then he'll retire and read a book and listen to me practice, while I try to perfect a single run or something like that. He likes to hear me do runs as much as anything else. Once, I went over to him after I had swabbed out the clarinet, and showed him my sore, bruised underlip. I did it because I knew he'd get such a blast out of it. And I said, 'It's the wound of battle. I'm winning. I'm beginning to feel like the boss.' And you know what he said? He said, 'That's nice, Ephie,' and then he was so embarrassed and short of breath, he stuck his head in the refrigerator pretending to look for something to eat for supper."

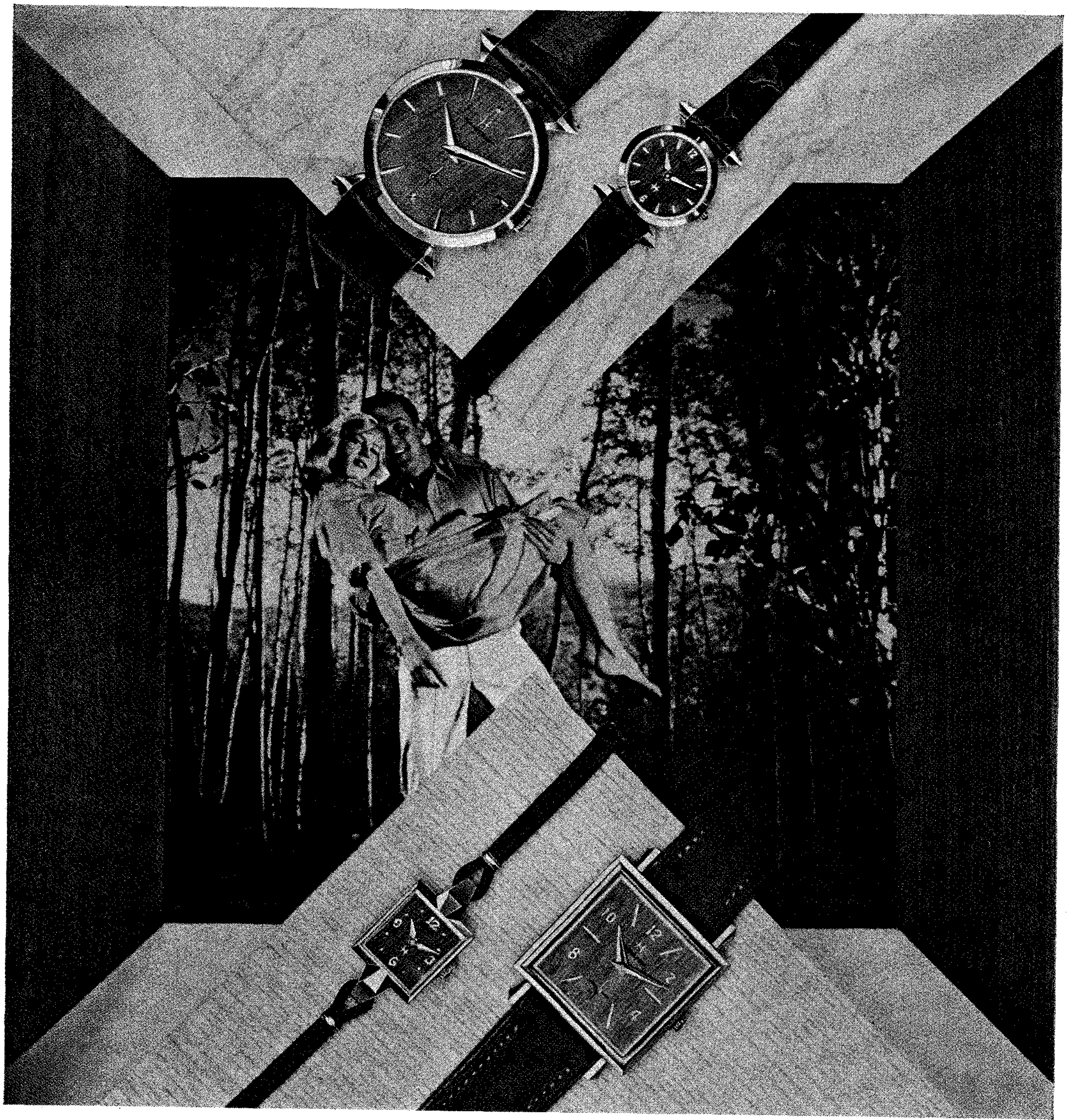
"So maybe your father should go to an analyst, to wean him away from *you*, yes?"

"Oh, God!" Ephraim said with a sigh.

" 'Oh, God,' but you don't do anything with your music. You don't realize yourself in any way. You don't play. You think that is healthy?"

"The way I feel lately, I don't want to play," Ephraim said.

"You do not face the reality of your relationship with your father. You re-



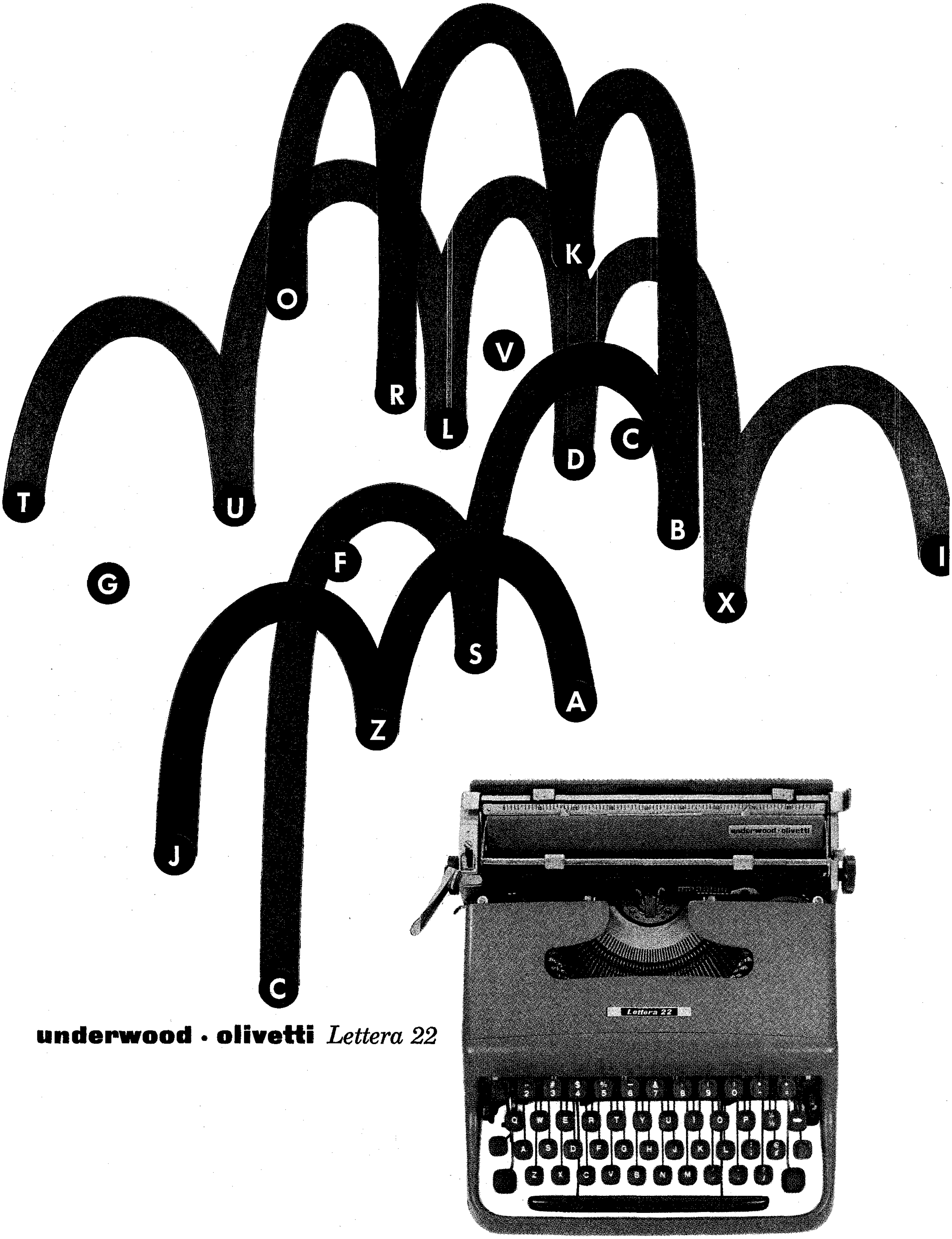
Watches featured are the Sherwood Series: Upper left, R, $135; right, A, $110. Lower left, B, $110; right, M, $175. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.

STYLE NEWS FROM HAMILTON:

THE SHERWOOD SERIES

To gleaming golden cases, Hamilton adds an exclusive style note—dials of rare and rich-grained woods. In the whole world of time there's nothing like these luxurious Hamilton "Sherwood" designs with their superlative good looks and traditional Hamilton dependability. An exceptional gift for someone special—or for yourself. At Hamilton Jewelers in the United States and Canada.

FOR ALL THE HOURS OF A LIFETIME


K
O
V
R
L
D
C
T
U
B
I
G
F
X
S
A
Z
J
C
underwood · olivetti
Lettera 22

underwood · olivetti *Lettera 22*

The perfect graduation gift…
so light, so liked, so lifetime!

sist the transference relationship with me. How can I help you if you do not want to be helped?"

"I just want to get back to the music," Ephraim said.

"And you will play at little Socialist meetings with your music?" Dr. Blauberman said sarcastically. "You will bury yourself in obscurity? Yes?"

"I told you, Pop was a Socialist when we were kids," Ephraim said. "But even then he always argued with the Socialists, too; he said they were too narrow-minded. He's never been able to go with any single group."

"He is too good for society, mmmm?" Dr. Blauberman said.

"He's in a class by himself," Ephraim said. "There's always been some idea or some feeling that would make him hold to himself, no matter what anybody else was saying or doing."

"He goes his own way and you want to follow?" Dr. Blauberman said. "The way of self-victimization."

Talk about environmental resistances. No analyst could work with a patient against such a neurotic, dominating father. In a way, though, he was glad he had telephoned Mr. Samuels. It was unorthodox, but it was a goddam generous, as well as smart, thing to do.

A FEW minutes before the beginning of Ephraim Samuels' last session, Dr. Blauberman received a telephone call from Dr. Hans Radelsheim.

"Blauberman? Radelsheim."

"Oh, yes, I saw you at the meeting last night. I didn't have a chance to say hello. It was an interesting paper, I thought, Eissler's paper on—"

"Yes. Blauberman, I'm calling about the boy Ephraim Samuels. You are discontinuing treatment of him?"

"Well, yes and no," Dr. Blauberman said. "As far as suitability for analysis goes—"

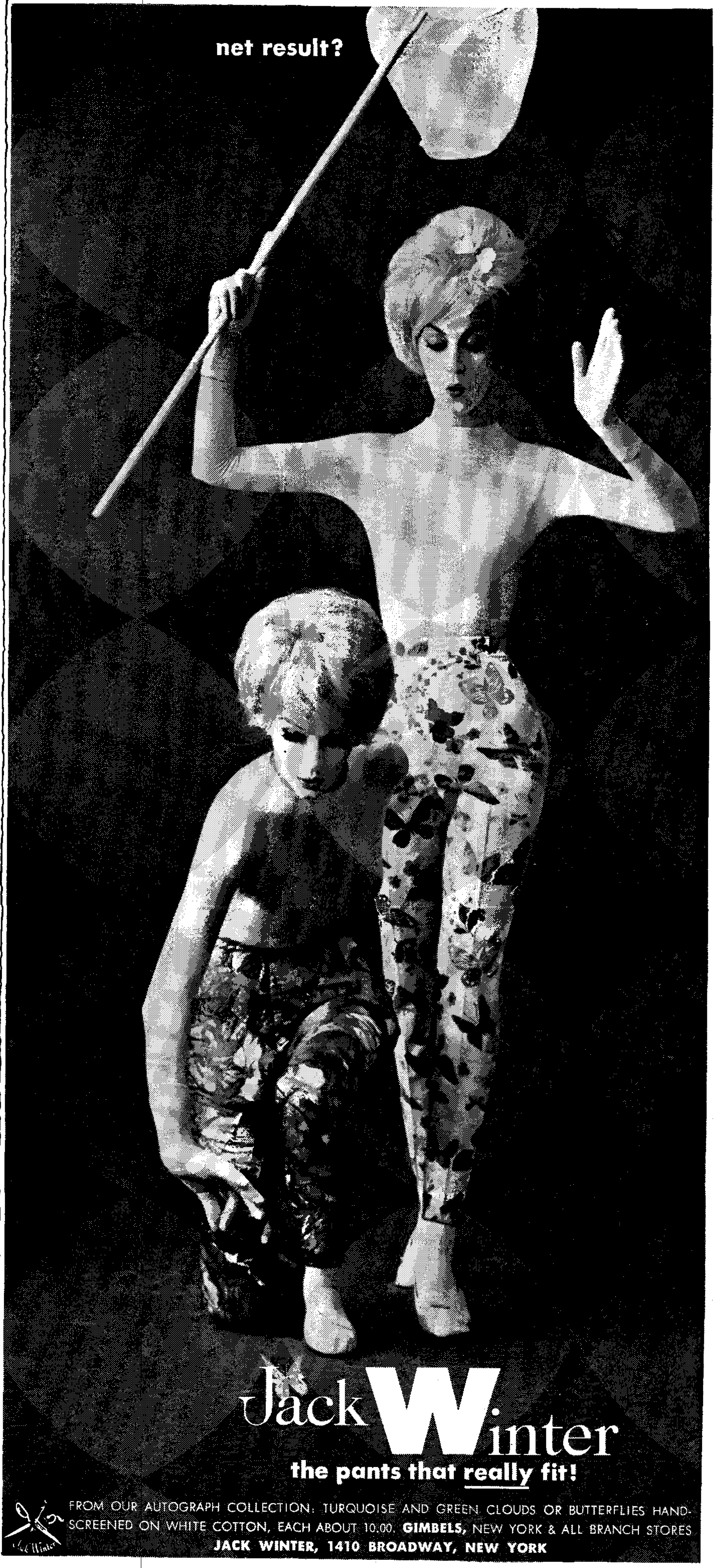
"But you are discontinuing? The boy says you do not wish to treat him any more."

"You know you can't get an objective picture from the patient," Dr. Blauberman said with a little muffled laugh. "This boy is very disturbed, Radelsheim, mmmm? Narcissistic neurosis. The transference relationship—"

Again Radelsheim cut him off. "These cases are very difficult. But you have dismissed him as your patient?"

The superior bastard. Who did he think he was? Dr. Blauberman said angrily, "I have a session with him this afternoon. I'm seeing the father. The father is—"

"Yes, Blauberman. Could you tell



net result?
Jack Winter
the pants that really fit!
FROM OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION: TURQUOISE AND GREEN CLOUDS OR BUTTERFLIES HAND-SCREENED ON WHITE COTTON, EACH ABOUT 10.00. **GIMBELS,** NEW YORK & ALL BRANCH STORES
JACK WINTER, 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

FROM HER
NEW YORK BOUTIQUE
SLIM SILK CHIFFON
GRACEFULLY DRAPED...
MEDITERRANEAN BLUE,
ALMOND GREEN,
BROWN OR BLACK.
10-16. $125.

Photograph by
Emmett Bright

Eleanora Garnett

NEW YORK
47 EAST 51 STREET

ROME
VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17
BOUTIQUE-VIA SISTINA 46A

OTHER DRESSES STARTING AT $75.00

me, please—did you terminate the treatment?"

"Yes, Radelsheim. I've decided to let the boy go, for the time being."

"All right. I'll see what I can do for him."

"The boy is in subjection to his father and incapable of transferring his libido to a new sexual object," Dr. Blauberman said in a rush. "In reaction to his infantile—"

"Thanks very much. I'll see him." And Radelsheim hung up.

"WHY don't you sit on the couch today?" Dr. Blauberman said when Ephraim showed up for his last session. "No need to lie down. We're not going to be bringing up any material today. Yes?" He leaned back in his chair, and started to put fresh tobacco in his pipe. Ephraim sat on a corner of the couch. He had a self-conscious, uncomfortable smile on his face. Dr. Blauberman saw resentment there, and accusation, and strain. He brushed the tobacco crumbs off his lap. Then he put a cigarette lighter to his pipe, and after a brief struggle gave it up in favor of a lighted match.

"Well," Ephraim said. "I guess you know I went to see Dr. Radelsheim."

"Hmmm." Dr. Blauberman, having successfully lit the pipe, puffed a lot of smoke.

"Didn't he call you?" Ephraim asked. "He said he was going to call you."

"He called, he called."

"He says he'll see me, if you're not going to treat me any more."

"If I couldn't analyze you, no analyst can analyze you," Dr. Blauberman said. "If you have so much of your own money to throw away finding out that another analyst can do nothing with you, that is up to you. Mmmm? But I have seen you for a year. I know what you should do."

"Well—" Ephraim said.

"You need to go somewhere for a rest."

"Well—" Ephraim said.

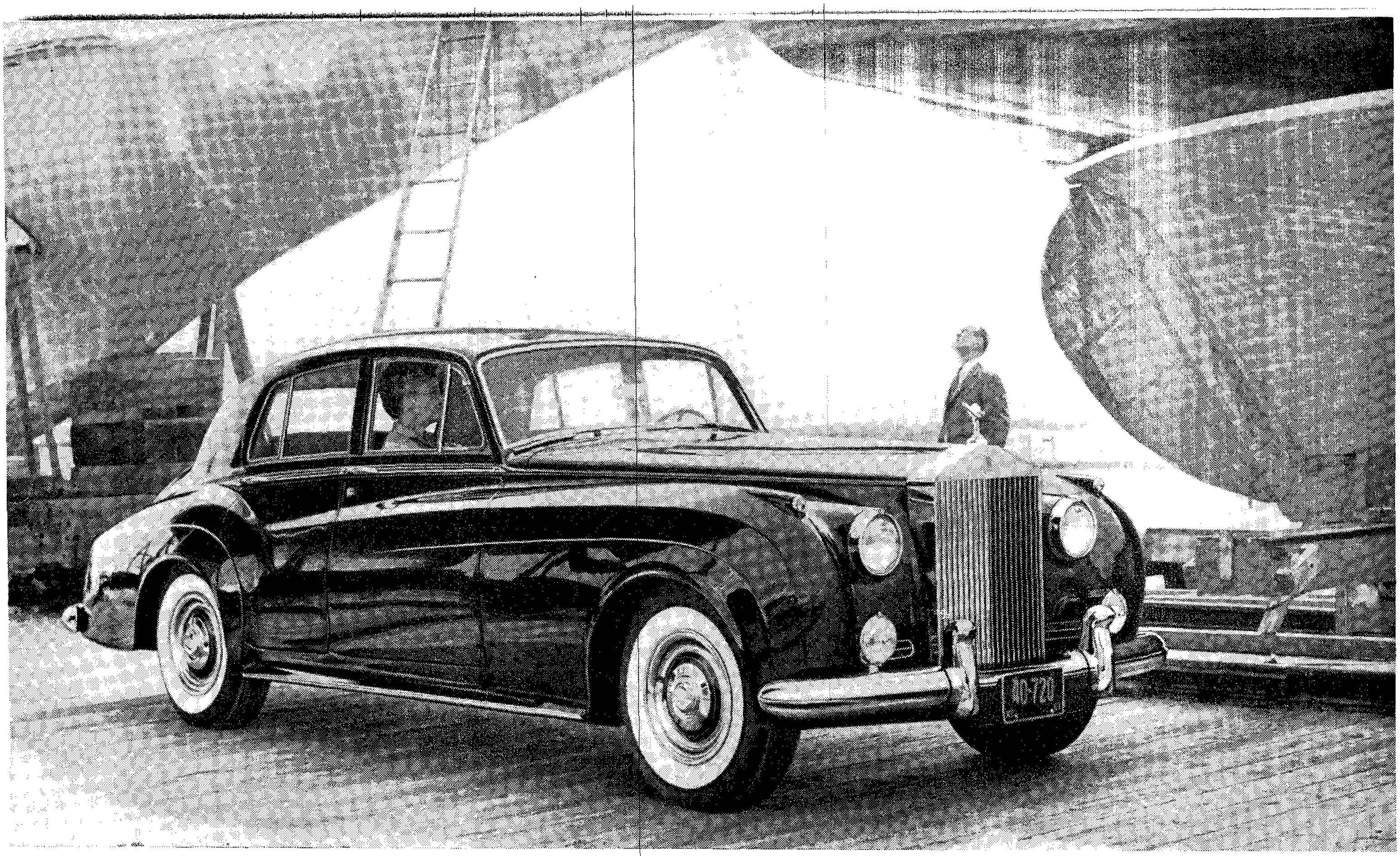
"Perhaps someday you may want to try analysis again," Dr. Blauberman said. "In that case"—Dr. Blauberman paused and gave what was meant to be a fatherly smile—"I'll be happy to talk things over with you again. Maybe in a year or so. Mmmm?"

"I don't think so," Ephraim said, blushing. "As a matter of fact, Dr. Radelsheim said—"

"I don't need to hear what Dr. Radelsheim said," Dr. Blauberman said. "I have talked to Dr. Radelsheim my-

Where to see ROLLS-ROYCE
You can see the Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars advertised on page 67 at the following dealers. Or, write your nearest distributor(*).

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Motorsport Corporation, 7833 Lomas Blvd., N.E.
ATLANTA, GA., Import Motors, Ltd., Inc., 46 North Ave, N.E.
BALTIMORE, MD., General Pontiac Corp., 3200 Reisterstown Rd.
BERKELEY, CALIF., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 2655 Shattuck Ave.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF., Coventry Motors, 9334 Wilshire Blvd.
BOSTON, Foreign Motors, Inc., 1686 Commonwealth Ave.
BURLINGAME, CALIF., British Cars of Burlingame, 65 California Dr.
CHICAGO, Imperial Motors, Inc., 725 Green Bay Road, Wilmette
CINCINNATI, Charles Raymond, Inc., 3813 Montgomery Road
CLEVELAND, Salter Automotive Imports, Inc., 16222 Chagrin Blvd., Shaker Heights
DALLAS, Overseas Motors Corp., 808 N. Harwood
DENVER, The Kumpf Motor Car Co., W. 12th Ave. and Acoma
DETROIT, Falvey Motor Sales Co., 22600 Woodward Ave.
***FORT WORTH,** Overseas Motors Corp., 2824-30 White Settlement Rd.
GLENDALE, CALIF., Satori, Inc., 143 So. Glendale Ave.
GREENVILLE, S. C., Judson T. Minyard, Inc., 533 N. Pleasantburg Dr.
HARTFORD, Russ Sceli, Inc., 80 Maple Ave.
HONOLULU, HAWAII, Universal Motor Company, Ltd., P. O. Box 2693
HOUSTON, Houston Motor Corp., 2955 Kirby Drive
INDIANAPOLIS, Schaler-Waters, 2000 North Meridian
KUTZTOWN, PA., Nick Ciliberti Pontiac, 601 E. Main St.
LA JOLLA, CALIF., Seaside Buick, Inc., 7765 Girard Ave.
LONG BEACH, CALIF., C. Standlee Martin, 2789 Long Beach Blvd.
***LOS ANGELES,** Peter Satori Co., Ltd., 325 W. Colorado St., Pasadena
LOUISVILLE, Koster-Swope Imports, 501 E. Broadway
MEMPHIS, Pryor Oldsmobile Co., 2525 Summer Ave.
MIAMI, Waco Int. Salon, 1301 W. Flagler St.
MILWAUKEE, WISC., Milrace Motors Ltd., 122 Green Bay Road, Thiensville
MONTEREY, CALIF., British Cars of Monterey, 777 Del Monte Ave.
NASHVILLE, TENN., E. Gray Smith, 1405 Broadway
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sport Cars, Inc., 840 St. Charles Avenue
NEWPORT BEACH, CALIF., Roy Carver, Inc., 1400 West Coast Highway
***NEW YORK,** J. S. Inskip, Inc., 304 E. 64th St.
OAKLAND, CALIF., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd. 294 27th St.
PALM BEACH, Taylor Imported Motors, 1314 So. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach
***PASADENA,** Peter Satori Co., Ltd., 325 W. Colorado St.
PHILADELPHIA, Warrington Motors Imports, Inc., 705 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr
PITTSBURGH, Motorfair, 2033 Saw Mill Run Blvd.
PORTLAND, OREGON, Pacific Imported Cars, Inc., 1638 W. Burnside St.
PROVIDENCE, J. S. Inskip, Inc., 776 Elmwood Ave.
RENO, NEV., Wm. Harrah's Modern Classic Motors, 130 N. Center St.
RICHMOND, VA., Mooers Motor Car Co., 1114 North Blvd.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF., Oxford Motors Limited, 15th & "I" Sts.
ST. LOUIS, Gruet Motor Car Co., 4733 McPherson St.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Schneider Motors Co., Pleasant at Kellogg St.
***SAN FRANCISCO,** British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 1200 Van Ness Ave.
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF., Peter Satori of Santa Barbara, Inc., 418 State St.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF., Brentwood Motor Co., 2610 Wilshire Blvd.
SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Van Curler Motor Co., Inc., 123 Washington St.
SEATTLE, British Motor Car Distrs. Inc., 620 Spokane St.
WALNUT CREEK, CALIF., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 2679 No. Main St.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Flood Pontiac Co., 4221 Connecticut Ave., N.W.
WILKES-BARRE, PA., Lewis Wolfe, Inc., Gateway Shopping Center, Kingston Branch



The Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II—$15,655 P.O.E. (Delivery costs slightly higher in Alaska and Hawaii.)

Teazles, entasis and other tremendous trifles make the Rolls-Royce a bargain at $15,655

"Anyone having the slightest knowledge of what it costs to build a car with this kind of finish and workmanship . . . will wonder why the price isn't much higher," writes ROAD & TRACK

TODAY'S Rolls-Royce is the outcome of fifty-seven years of deliberation. *Every* part has engineering thought behind it.

1. Consider the roof lining. It is made of West of England cloth. The nap of this fabric is raised by rubbing with *teazles,* a thistle-like flower grown in Somerset. A West Country mill will use 800,000 teazles a year, costing from £2,000 to £3,000. They will not use wire combs because these produce a less luxurious nap.

2. The radiator shell is handmade of stainless steel. *Every surface is imperceptibly curved.* The ancient Greeks used this principle, which they called *entasis,* when they made the sides of their temple columns slightly convex. The result to the eye is one of geometric perfection.

3. The chassis frame is made of hollow steel members welded together so perfectly that *air is pumped out and the main frame becomes a sealed vacuum.* Thus no moisture can accumulate within the frame to cause corrosion.

4. Engineering test procedures are fantastically thorough. Doors are tested for 100,000 slammings. And the car must pass a "monsoon test," during which it is pelted by water and air at gale force. Not a drop may come through.

5. Inspectors at Rolls-Royce have the ears of trained musicians and can detect sounds inaudible to the layman. They listen for *titter, sing, moan, groan* and *boom.* Any false note sends the car back for further tuning. The Rolls-Royce people make a fetish of silence—because noise may mean wear.

6. Five years were spent developing the new eight-cylinder engine. Its vigor is gratifying. You accelerate from zero to 60 miles an hour in 11.4 seconds. (ROAD & TRACK test report.)

7. There are *three* braking systems and *two* fuel pumps. Rolls-Royce insists on a belt-and-suspenders policy where safety is concerned.

8. The Rolls-Royce is a very easy car to drive and to park. Power brakes, power steering and automatic gearshift are *standard.* You sit higher, and you see better. The sense of security is remarkable. Even at 100 m.p.h. (laws permitting) you have a feeling of perfect control. Women handle the car with ease.

9. The Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II costs $15,655. The Bentley—an identical car except for its radiator—costs $300 less. Many owners feel that both cars are in the flush of youth after 50,000 miles. And they are not threatened by annual style changes that make the car look old hat. Only an expert can tell whether your Rolls-Royce was bought yesterday or five years ago.

10. If you would like to try driving a Rolls-Royce or Bentley, get in touch with one of the dealers listed on page 66. Or write to Mr. Norman C. Miller, Executive Vice President, Rolls-Royce, Inc., Room 468, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

My shirtwaist life belongs to Craely

Nobody's cooler or prettier than me in sheer striped cotton lawn with a tiny neckband collar, narrow waisted belt and full belle skirt. Tones of brown or green. 8-16. 19.95

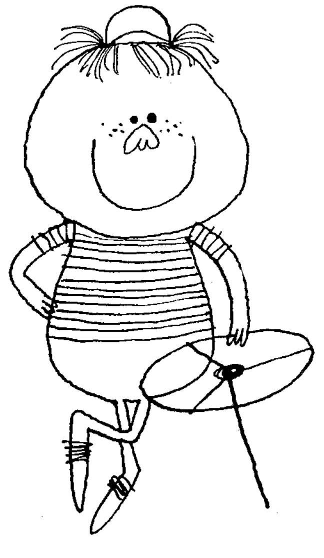
CRAIG CRAELY

Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.
N. J. Gorra, New London, Conn.

DePinna, New York City
Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.
Surrey's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hahne & Co., Newark, N. J.
Helen Wolff, St. Louis, Missouri
John Douglas, Wellesley, Mass.

CRAIG CRAELY CASUALS, 498 7th Ave., N.Y.C. • Merchandise Mart, Chicago



BIG WHEEL

Kids sure get treated in the grand manner at AVIS. What's more, they appreciate it. I'll never forget this one freckle-faced youngster. Tears actually welled up in his little eyes when we flicked the ashes off his yo-yo. Good practice for the car ashtrays we keep so neat 'n' tidy.

® AVIS RENT-a-CAR

Avis Rents All Makes of Cars...Features Fords. For more information, call your Travel Agent or write Avis Inc., 18 Irvington Street, Boston 16, Mass. Avis, American Express, Diners' Club or Carte Blanche Cards, Sheraton Hotel, Air, Rail, and other accredited charge cards are also honored. ©1961 Avis Inc.

self. I don't think you are in a position to understand what Dr. Radelsheim is saying."

Ephraim looked astonished. "Dr. Radelsheim was awfully nice to me," he said. "He talked to me for almost two hours."

Oh, that bastard and his big mouth! "You must realize that a person in your position will hear only what he *wants* to hear," Dr. Blauberman said. "Don't you think that I am a little better qualified to understand Dr. Radelsheim than you are? Mmmm?"

"But he didn't think I should—"

Dr. Blauberman sat forward and made impatient noises. "You went against my advice in going to see Dr. Radelsheim," he said. "I warned you that you would become confused."

Ephraim was silent for a few moments, and Dr. Blauberman relaxed in his chair and puffed.

"But he says it's important for me to get back to my music," Ephraim said. "And that's all I care about!"

"All?" Dr. Blauberman asked.

"I'm a musician, man!" Ephraim said.

"Of course," Dr. Blauberman said indulgently. "It is important at this point that you just rest, and then get back to your clarinet. And there is no need for you to go running around to any more analysts. Mmmm?"

"Well, I told Dr. Radelsheim I'd come to see him until I got going again with my music," Ephraim said. "That is, he said he would be available if I wanted him."

"There is no need to see Radelsheim any more," Dr. Blauberman said. He cleared his throat. "Your father wanted to come in to see me today. So I agreed to see him here. It's unusual procedure, but I thought you might like it."

"*Me?*"

"You talk so much about your father—you don't want him to meet your analyst?" Dr. Blauberman said.

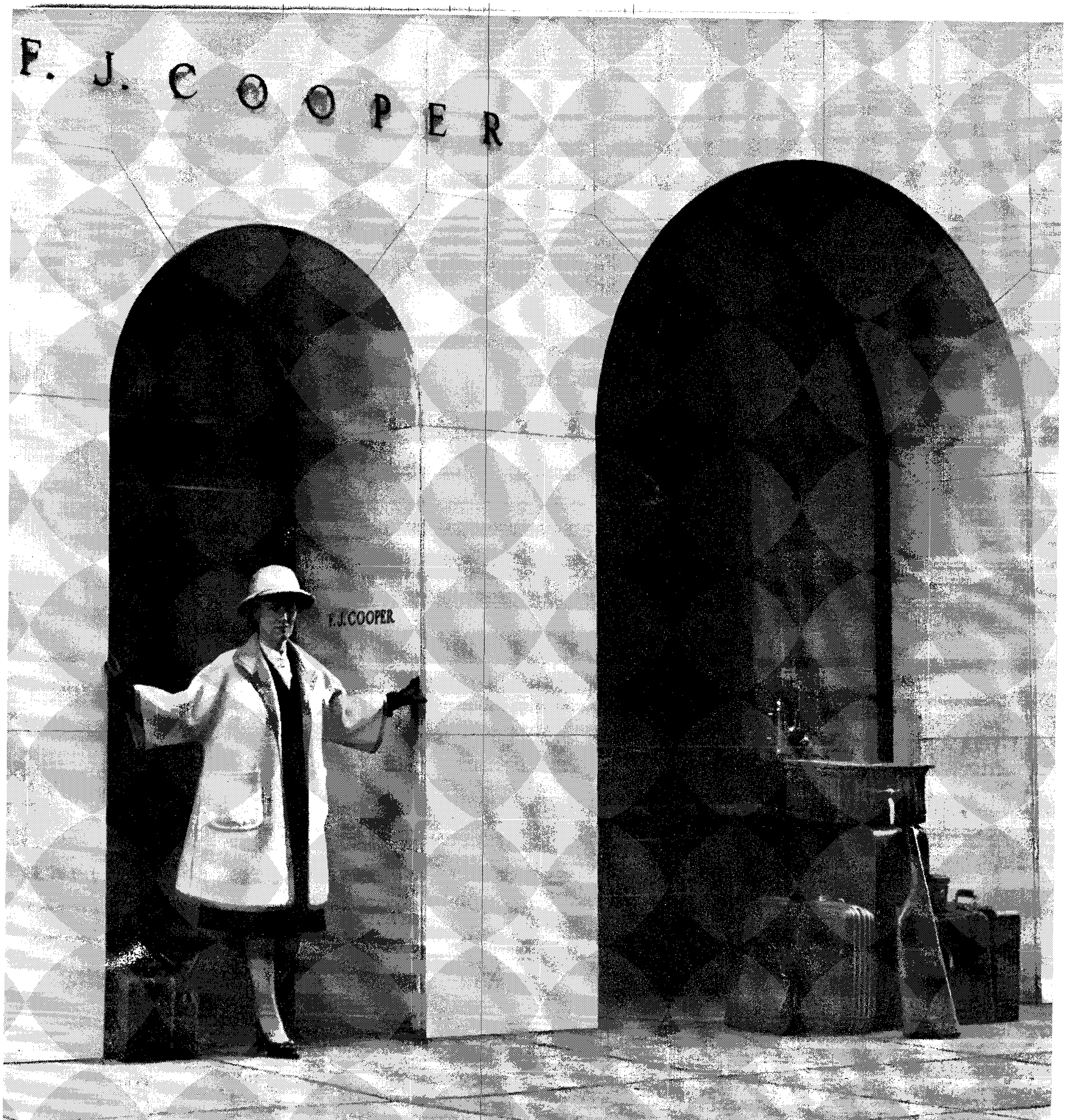
"Are you still my analyst?"

"Of course. I will not be treating you for a while, but once you choose an analyst, there is something of the analyst that stays with you always." He smiled at the young man. "Your father should be here soon. I will be glad to meet him."

"What you want to do, analyze *Pop?*"

Dr. Blauberman got up from his chair. "I'll just go out and see if your father is here," he said.

He opened the door of his inner office and went out to his spacious waiting room. Through the eighteen-foot

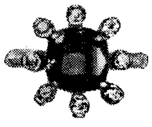


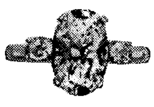
Miss Cooper is going to Africa. Why is this news?

Elaine Cooper, Philadelphia jeweler and seventh woman in the world to become a Certified Gemologist of the American Gem Society, is going to Africa — indeed, straight to the diamond mines themselves.

Every year, as most of you know, one member of the unique Cooper family—Douglas, Theodore or their sister Elaine—takes such an extensive buying trip. Each searches the world's corners for rare gems and unusual jewelry. Why is this news?

This is news because the firm's customers like to know about these trips. It *seems they can't wait* to see what rare finds have been made.


Pink sapphire and diamonds—fourteen hundred and fifty dollars


Oval diamond—fifty four hundred dollars

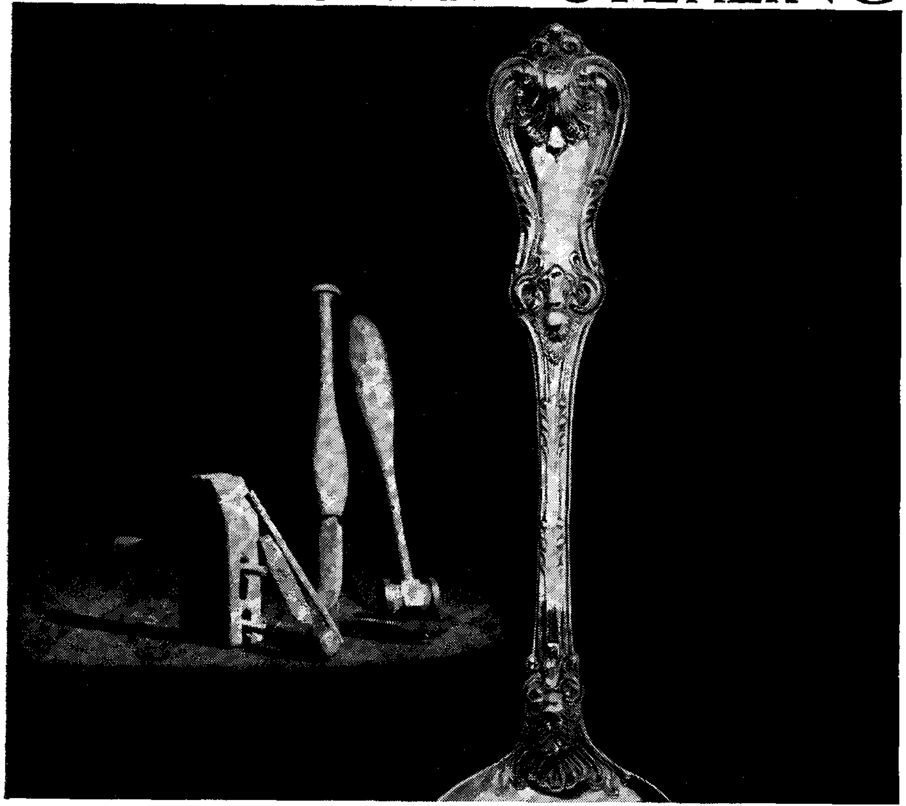
Oval diamond—one hundred and eighty dollars

These are some of the treasures in the Cooper Collection.

F·J·COOPER INC.
jewelers by birth . . . since 1883
1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania,
and F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England

Federal Tax included on all prices.

FRANK SMITH STERLING



For those families whose traditions have always included the quiet authority of unimpeachable possessions: Edward VII.

Service for 12, $477. At Shreve's, Boston; Plummer's, New York; Peacock's, Chicago; Linz, Dallas; Adler's, New Orleans; Caldwell's, Phila.; Gump's, San Francisco; Mermod-Jaccard-King, St. Louis. *Frank Smith Silver Co., Division of Webster Co., North Attleboro, Mass. Silversmiths since 1896.*

PORCELAINES LIMOGES
L. BERNARDAUD & CIE
EXQUISITE DINNERWARE FROM FRANCE

"Mennecy"
gold-rimmed, colorful.
5-piece place setting,
$17.50

WRITE FOR BROCHURE AND THE NAME OF NEAREST DEALER
exclusive U. S. distributor: JACQUES JUGEAT, inc., 225 5TH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

unbroken spread of window facing the park, the sun was flooding into the room. It had taken years, years of hard work and effort and giving of himself to his patients, to get that room. The room had a brand-new Old American look. Thick hooked rugs, a ladder-back maple rocking chair with a calico cotton cushion tied onto the seat, a black Boston rocker, and half a dozen Currier & Ives prints on the walls. A very low lowboy held stacks of modern, shiny magazines, including *Réalités*. The interior decorator had worked out every last little detail directly with him and Mrs. Blauberman until they had precisely what they wanted.

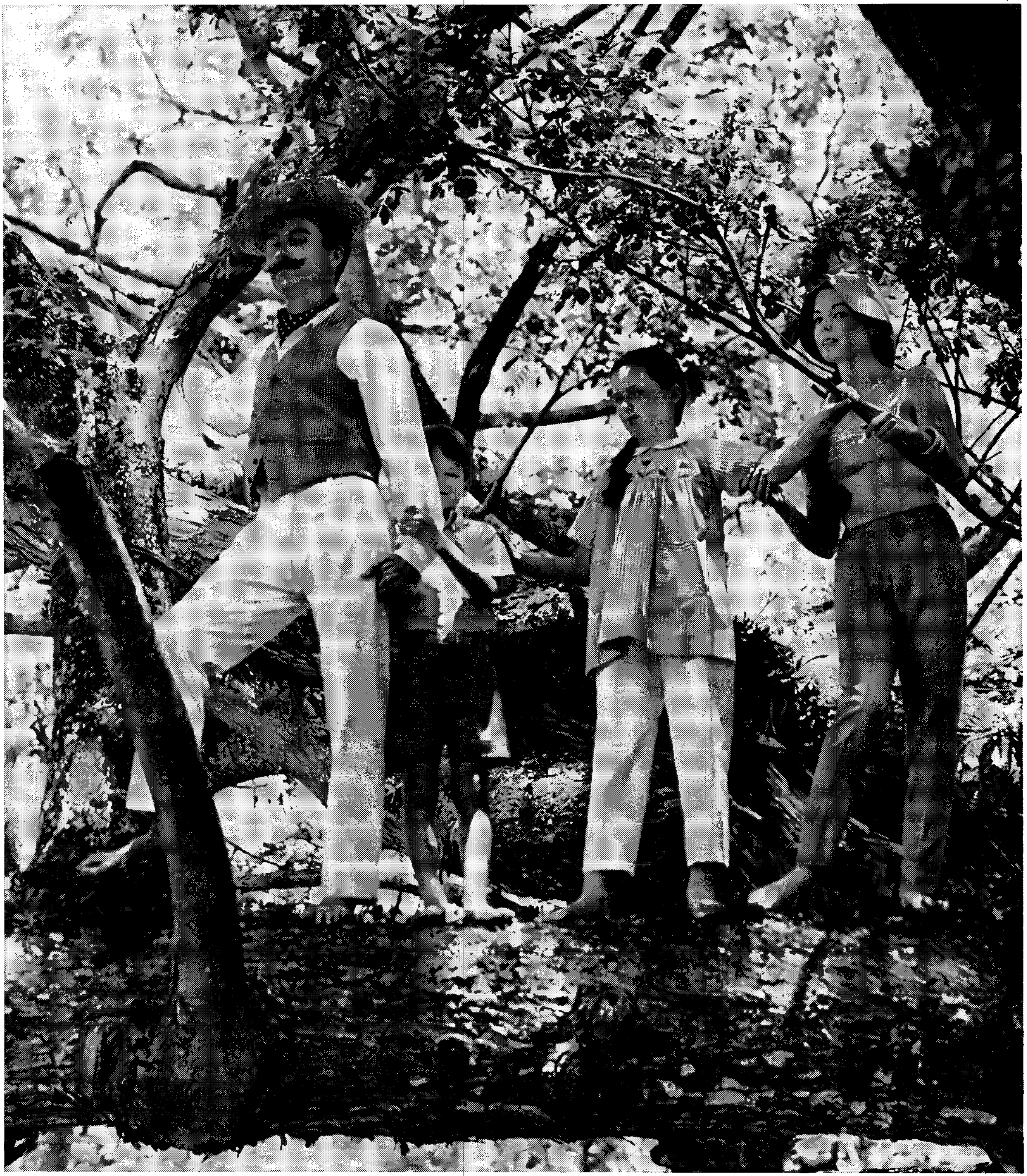
He pushed the magazines on the lowboy into two neat stacks. A vague sensation of fear touched at his stomach, as it always did when he looked around that room. Because he had such keen self-awareness, Dr. Blauberman was not surprised. He was, in fact, accustomed to this sensation. But someday that would be gone, too, and then he would be able to enjoy the room.

As he returned to the inner office and was about to close the door, he caught a glimpse of Mr. Samuels arriving, the soiled gray cap on his head. Exactly what Dr. Blauberman had expected! The dreariness of it all! Christ! And the whole damn family seemed to have come along—Leah the young woman must be; and her husband, Victor Fine; and the other son, Barney. Victor Fine wore a blue denim work shirt with a maroon knit tie. Nobody in the family knew how to dress! Barney, the good-natured one, who worked in the Washington produce market at night, had on brown corduroy slacks and a red-and-white checked gingham sports shirt open at the collar. The family neurosis in diagram! Dr. Blauberman left the door open a crack, and watched the father sit down in the Boston rocker, unrocking. The father took out a large steel pocket watch and nodded to the others; they had made it on time.

Opening the door all the way, his pipe between his teeth, Dr. Blauberman said, "Come in."

Mr. Samuels, his son, his daughter, and his son-in-law stood up.

"*All* of you?" Dr. Blauberman's smile was forgiving. He didn't move from the doorway as he looked the group over more closely—Leah, very serious and respectful, wearing a wrinkled wool dress with an unfashionable hemline; her husband's obvious belligerence; the brother's open, untroubled face; Mr. Samuels in his badly fitting suit and



Meet The Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay — Imaginary Island in the Sun

father Pepperell takes the family hunting for golden eggs

At the moment this picture was snapped, Vincent looks a little unsure of his footing. But Father has the situation well in hand. And he's reassuring everyone that if they don't find the golden eggs today, perhaps they will tomorrow.

But *civilized* beachcombing does require a good deal of planning. And that's why Mother wisely dresses everyone in sports clothes tagged Pepperell.

Her reasons are many. She knows these cottons live up to what the tag promises. They will machine-wash. Won't fade, shrink, wrinkle. Need a mere touch of the iron. And are 'Sanforized Plus.'

She knows, too, the lush colors and textures have just the right amount of sophisticated spice.

Most important, she has utter *confidence* in these wash-wear fabrics. For don't they come from the famed New England company that has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for over 100 years?

Pepperell
wash·wear
cottons
CHARTERED

an "ENGLISH WEEKEND" in MEXICO

Soak up the sun in Acapulco, cha-cha a little, play some golf (bring your shoes—rent clubs). Maybe swim, fish, sail or water ski—romance a little?

Fly Aeronaves' swift, smooth-as-silk Prop-Jet Britannias and make direct connections to Acapulco. Leave at 7 PM after work...spend a glorious 4 days and return Monday bright eyed and bushy tailed. Sound good?

Call your Travel Agent for reservations. He'll help you with your hotel too.

MEXICO CITY . . $94.00

ACAPULCO . . . $12.56

$188—60 Day Round Trip Excursion Fare $106.56

AERONAVES DE MEXICO

8 W. 51st St.—(Rockefeller Center)
New York 20, N. Y. • BR 9-9700

curling collar, with his rough hands and paint-stained fingernails.

"Ephraim?" Mr. Samuels asked. "Is Ephraim here?"

"Yes, he's here." Dr. Blauberman sighed. "In here." He led the way inside and, lowering the foot of his chair with a lever, sat down.

Ephraim looked embarrassed as his family trooped in. Mr. Samuels went over to him and put a hand on his son's shoulder. "Hello, Ephie," he said.

"Hello, Pop. What you want to come way over here for?"

Mr. Samuels shrugged.

"Well, sit down, be seated," Dr. Blauberman said, with a kind of cozy cordiality. "You"—he nodded at Victor Fine and, taking the pipe from his mouth, pointed the stem at one of his slat-back armchairs—"sit there."

Vic sat there. Mr. Samuels sat down on the couch next to Ephraim, and the two others squeezed in alongside.

"Where'd you leave Silky, anyway, Pop?" Ephraim asked.

"He's right outside, Eeph!" Vic said quickly and in an unnaturally loud voice.

"Here?" Ephraim shouted. "*Here*?"

Mr. Samuels blushed. He looked at Dr. Blauberman and smiled.

"Tied to the umbrella stand outside, Eephie," Leah said.

"Oh, my God!" Ephraim said, and started to laugh. His father gave him a proud look and then turned expectantly to the Doctor.

"Pop didn't want to leave the puppy alone in the car," Leah said to Dr. Blauberman.

"The puppy is like a little baby," Mr. Samuels said. "Would you leave a baby alone? Somebody might break into the car and take him."

"I hope it doesn't look as though we do things neurotically," Leah said.

"It's not neurotically," her husband said.

"I mean, dragging a collie like that all over the city," Leah said. "That puppy is going to grow up to be a big dog. Normally, he'd be on a farm, out in the fields, minding the sheep or something. It might look neurotically to some people. Not to me. But that's the way we might look to other people."

"Leah's the expert on all this psychological stuff," Barney said to Dr. Blauberman.

Dr. Blauberman felt like rapping a gavel for order. "This shouldn't take too long," he began crisply. "Actually, meeting with you is a highly unusual procedure, but I happened to have the free hour"—he nodded graciously to

Southwick

DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N. Y.	Paul Stuart
Albany, N. Y.	McManus & Riley
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Cincinnati, O.	Vonder Brink and Baron
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Dial-Treadaway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dayton, O.	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	The New Utica
East Orange, N. J.	Donald Bunce
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-Deboe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush-Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Hanover, N. H.	James Campion, Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Honolulu, Hawaii	Andrade & Co., Ltd.
Houston, Texas	Norton Ditto
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Silverstone's
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y.	Paul Stuart
Norfolk, Va.	Fishback & Lea, Ltd.
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Burks, Inc.
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Phoenix, Ariz.	Hanny's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass.	Rosenfeld's
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Miller and Rhoads
Rochester, N. Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Antonio, Tex.	Pincus Company
San Diego, Cal.	The Oxford Shop
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Gene Ronald
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Scranton, Pa.	C. Robert Casey
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Pierone's, Inc.
Springfield, Ill.	Arch Wilson, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Toledo, O.	Pym's
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Andy Anderson, Ltd.
Tulsa, Okla.	McDonnell & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
Waterbury, Conn.	Minicucci & Schofield
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Westwood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud Co.

For stores in other cities write Southwick, 200 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

TAILORED BY
Southwick

Ephraim—"and your father wanted to come in, so"—he nodded graciously to Mr. Samuels—"here we are. I didn't know I was getting a delegation. Safety in numbers, mmmm? Well, you're all here. I've heard a lot about you." He looked from Mr. Samuels to his sons, to his daughter, to his son-in-law, and then singled Leah out to direct his remarks to. "The fact is that Ephraim and I have reached an impasse." These people wouldn't know what an impasse was, but let it go. "Our relationship just hasn't worked out. Perhaps it's my fault"—Dr. Blauberman gave a small, self-disparaging laugh—"and perhaps it's because Ephraim refuses to do his part. He's wasting his time and mine. And he's wasting your money, Mr. Samuels."

Mr. Samuels half stood up from the couch and opened his mouth to say something. Ephraim pulled him down to the couch. Dr. Blauberman was still talking. "Frankly, Ephraim is lazy, yes? But that isn't what is our concern of the moment. That's neither here nor there." He paused and chewed on the stem of his pipe. "You must be aware," he went on, concentrating his attention on Leah, "that Ephraim is a disturbed young man. He has become—you might say—addicted to a powerful barbiturate. He takes tremendous quantities of Seconal every night. He has become stalemated. Unable to move in any direction." Dr. Blauberman looked straight into Mr. Samuels' face and pointed his pipestem at him. "After today, I cannot take any further responsibility in this case. I've tried and tried to help your son, Mr. Samuels. I've tried to get him to use his gifts to make something of himself in life, but I'm sorry to say he prefers to remain—a slob." He gave a kidding little laugh.

Mr. Samuels looked wildly at Ephraim, and then around at the members of his family. Ephraim smiled his self-conscious smile. Between great agitated gasps of breath, Mr. Samuels said, "He is an angel. Don't you know that this boy is an angel?"

"Take it easy, Pop," Ephraim said.

"Ephraim and I have been through all this over and over again," Dr. Blauberman said. "Isn't that right, Ephraim? So. We're not here for a *Kaffeeklatsch* now, are we? Who has time to sit around chatting? I have a lot of sick people to see. Hmmm? Much as I'm flattered by this family committee visit." He looked at his wristwatch. The faster he got these people out of his office, the better for everybody. He didn't go into medicine to be surrounded

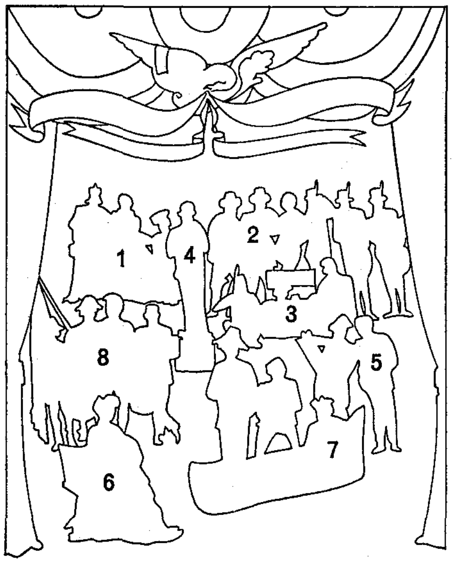
Southwick Clothes

The Notable Difference in our featherweight tropical suitings lies not only in their imaginative patterns and shades, but also in the soft, naturally tailored construction. Polyester and wool blends, about $80.00. Superb British imports, about $95.00.

For the ultimate in comfort and distinction

TAILORED BY Southwick

STAN FREBERG PRESENTS THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AN ORIGINAL MUSICAL REVUE FOR RECORDS
BROTHERHOOD WEEK
TEA
POPEYE



1. "Round, Round World" (Columbus Discovers America) 2. "Top Hat, White Feather, and Tails" (Sale of Manhattan) 3. "Take An Indian to Lunch This Week" (Pilgrim's Progress) 4. "Boston Tea Party" 5. "A Man Can't Be Too Careful What He Signs These Days" (Declaration of Independence) 6. "Everybody Wants to be an Art Director" (Betsy Ross and the Flag) 7. "Command Decision" (Washington Crossing the Delaware) 8. "Yankee Doodle Go Home" (Spirit of '76).

☆ STAN FREBERG PRESENTS ☆
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Vol. 1 • The Early Years

A satirical history of America in the most unique recording of our time, the first musical revue on a disc! You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll wave the flag! When you hear numbers like "Take An Indian to Lunch This Week," you may even cheer. For now, the young satirist who put humor on record, has outdone himself with the biggest production ever put on vinyl. With Billy May and his Orchestra...The Jud Conlon Singers...a tremendous cast ...even TAP DANCING! How's that for revolutionary? Well, don't just sit there ...rush out and get the album! It's your patriotic duty! (More or less.) (S)W-1573

newest hit from...

Capitol REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. RECORDS

Capitol
STAN FREBERG
PRESENTS
THE
UNITED
STATES
OF
AMERICA
WORDS AND MUSIC BY STAN FREBERG
BILLY MAY
Narrated by Paul Frees
Featuring Jesse White
with the
JUD CONLON SINGERS
AND
TAP DANCING

by Joseph Samuels & Co. What strength it took to maintain a casual, professional manner with them when all he wanted to do was to say please, just go away and don't bother me! He wanted air. Air! People of this kind always seemed to be asking for help or sympathy or something, and they never had anything to offer in return. They all sat there, the bunch of them, with their irritating innocence, accusing him of God knows what. "We won't consider this a regular hour," he said pleasantly. "You people have paid out enough in medical bills already. Yes?" He tried to smile at Mr. Samuels. The smile worked at the corners of his mouth and died. "So. Ephraim will go to a little hospital for a while and get a nice long rest. Yes?"

"Rest?" Mr. Samuels cried. "You say *rest*? In a *hospital*?"

Dr. Blauberman smiled at Leah and said calmly, "Eephie needs to get over taking Seconal—sleeping pills. He can do that best in a hospital. A rest home, if you will." He looked ostentatiously at his watch.

"Where do you want Eephie to go?" Leah asked. Her eyes filled with tears. She didn't even have a decent handkerchief, Dr. Blauberman noticed; she held a rolled-up ball of damp Kleenex to her face. If he let them, this family would eat him up. Oh, how Sailboat Seltzer, that bastard, would run!

"That I can't tell you," he said. "Eephie . . . Ephraim has his physical doctor, Dr. Fifield. Dr. Fifield will make arrangements for where Ephraim should go. . . . Well. That's it." Dr. Blauberman started to get out of his chair.

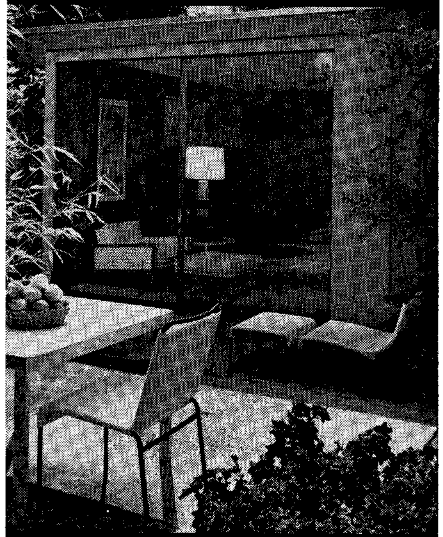
"No!" Mr. Samuels cried. "I say *no!* Eephie used to play the clarinet. The doctor tells him he needs to go to a psychoanalyst, and all the trouble starts." Mr. Samuels was shouting. With the windows open, he was noisy enough to be heard by the doorman downstairs, or quite possibly by Sailboat Seltzer a couple of blocks away. Christ! This emotional old man! What a mistake! He'd never make a mistake like this one again!

"Eephie used to play—it was beautiful," Mr. Samuels said. "The Mozart. The Concerto for Clarinet. He was playing parts of it for my wife and me when he was twelve."

"The trouble started when Eephie goes to Dr. Fifield for his hepatitis," Barney said. "Freddy—that concert pianist on the duo-piano team of Freddy and Eddy—sent him to Dr. Fifield."

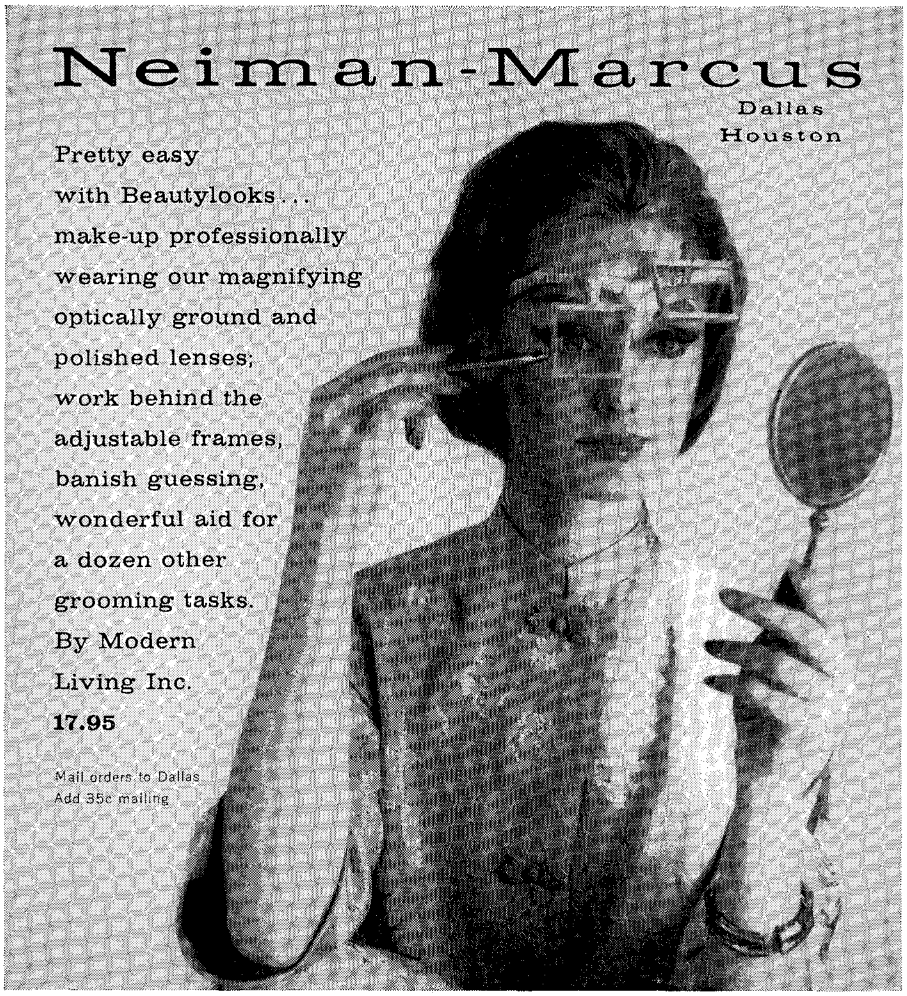
"*That* is when the trouble start-

OUTSIDE IN



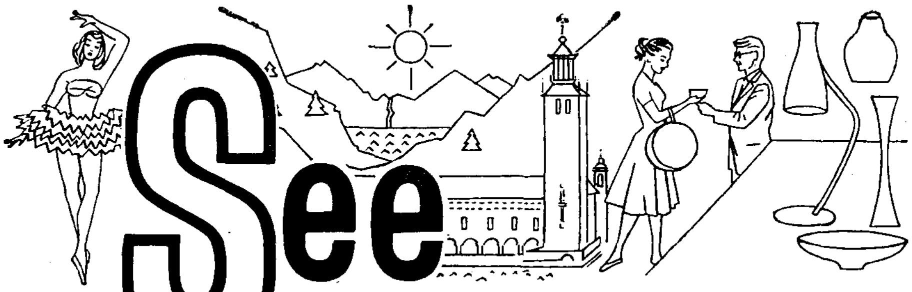
Your heirlooms of tomorrow are created today in fine contemporary furniture by Van Keppel-Green. It is architecturally designed for beauty as well as function...Van Keppel-Green Corporation, 2115 Colorado Ave., Santa Monica, Calif. Showrooms: Van Keppel-Green, Santa Monica; Van Keppel-Green of Chicago; Luten, Clarey, Stern, Inc., New York; Service-Knolle, San Francisco. Catalog available: Write Dept. TN-3.

VKG


Neiman-Marcus
Dallas
Houston

Pretty easy with Beautylooks . . . make-up professionally wearing our magnifying optically ground and polished lenses; work behind the adjustable frames, banish guessing, wonderful aid for a dozen other grooming tasks. By Modern Living Inc. 17.95

Mail orders to Dallas
Add 35c mailing


See
DENMARK • FINLAND • NORWAY • SWEDEN
. . . when two seasons blend into one exciting month. Enjoy summer sightseeing and amusements in ideal weather, coupled with the debut of new fall events.

Scandinavia

Enjoy opera, concerts, ballet and the Design Cavalcade, introducing daring new concepts of art and craftsmanship... perfect time to shop. Choice transatlantic space available for delightful September vacations.

in September

See a Travel Agent. Write:
SCANDINAVIAN TRAVEL COMMISSION
Dept. 26 Box 260, New York 17, N. Y.

ed?" Dr. Blauberman said, but his sarcasm escaped Barney.

"Yes," Barney said earnestly. "Dr. Fifield wanted to go to concerts with Eephie and stuff. And before we knew it, he was sending Eephie to a psychoanalyst—the same one he goes to himself."

"So," Dr. Blauberman said, and sniffed. This simple-minded brother was a real prize.

"Eephie used to play all the time!" Mr. Samuels shouted. "Now there's nothing!"

"He was terrific on all that chamber music," Barney said.

"Eephie sounds as good as Benny Goodman," Leah said.

"*Nobody* sounds as good as Benny Goodman," Vic said, "but if anybody sounds as good as Benny Goodman it's Eephie."

"Look—" Dr. Blauberman began.

"What happened?" Mr. Samuels shouted. "Tell me what happened!"

"Mr. Samuels," Dr. Blauberman said. "I would do anything I could to help your boy. But I've tried. He doesn't want to coöperate. I'm afraid there's nothing I *can* do. I'm really sorry."

"You told Eephie he had to be more aggressive. Why? Why does Eephie have to be more aggressive?" Mr. Samuels went on, still shouting. "Nobody ever thought he had to be more aggressive."

"Pop never pushed us to do anything we didn't want to do," Barney said. He, too, was speaking at the top of his voice. "Pop doesn't believe in that."

Dr. Blauberman tried to remember whether he had ever called his own father "Pop," even when he was a kid, but he couldn't remember.

"I know a patient sometimes has to be set back before he can move forward," Leah said. "But we don't care about those other things—about whether or not he should be more aggressive and all that. We just like Eephie the way he is. We just want him to be happy."

"Eeph was making out," Barney said. "He belonged to the musicians' union and played for union rates. He was playing jazz in some of those Village places. He put a lot of effort into his composing."

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Dr. Blauberman said. "I can't sit around with you, arguing this way. All I'm trying to tell you, Mr. Samuels, is that—"

"What will Eephie do in a hospital?" Barney asked. "What will happen to him there?"

"He will rest," Dr. Blauberman said edgily. "I know it must come as a sur-

DISCOVER FORTREL WITH JUSTIN McCARTY. This South Seas sheath reverses from a batik pattern to a sizzling solid color. And it's carefree new Fortrel that keeps both sides impeccably wrinkle-free. Triton's 65% Fortrel polyester and 35% cotton, like all the vivid new fabrics woven with Fortrel, is totally washable, child's play to iron. Hot turquoise or Haiti red with matching print; 8-18. About $25. Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; Dayton's, Minneapolis & Southdale; Marshall Field, Chicago; Meier & Frank, Portland & Salem; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas & Houston.

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®

Fortrel

the fiber
that keeps
its promise

Celanese
NEW POLYESTER FIBER

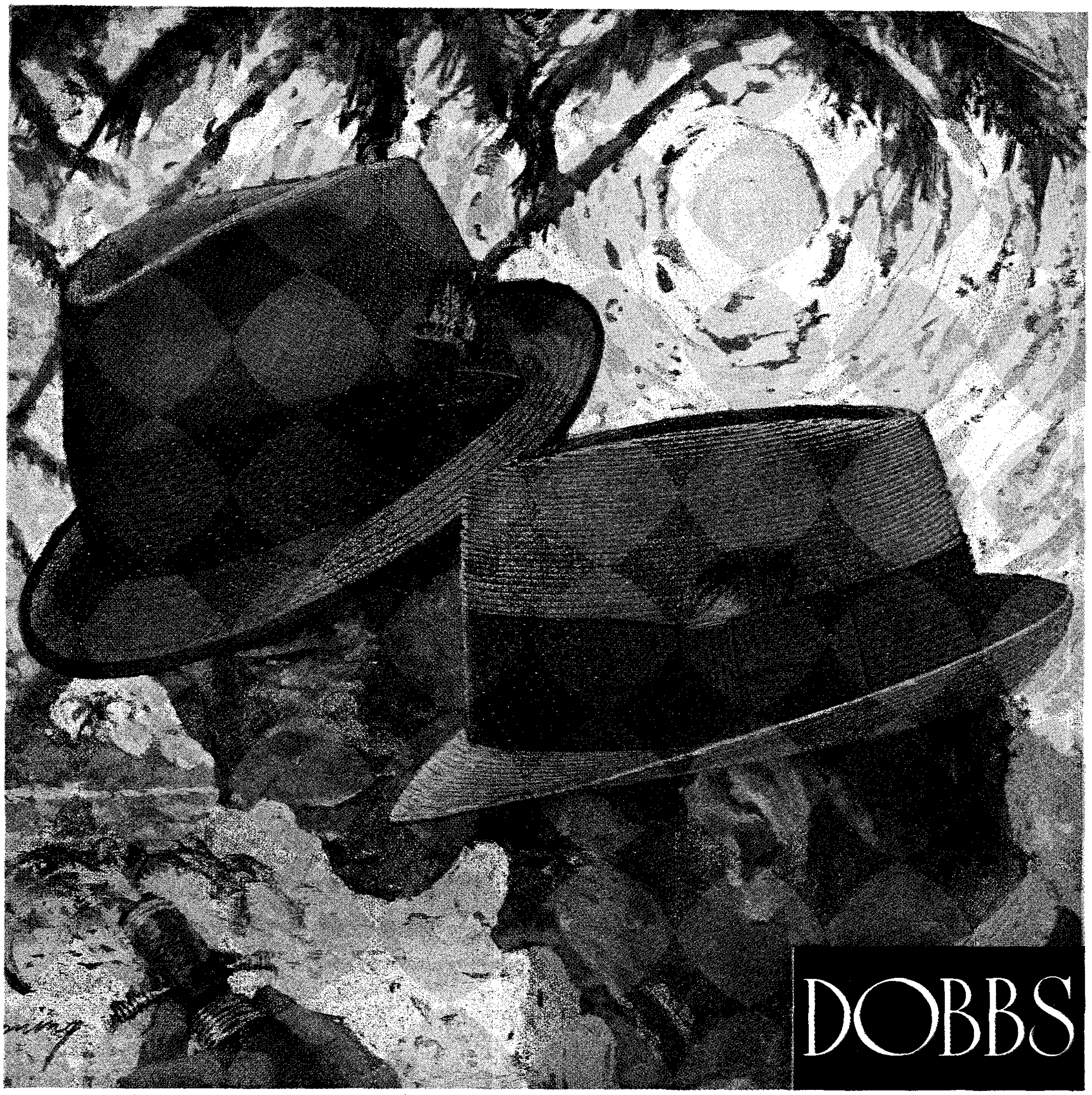
How to bring home the bacon, eggs, meat, cheese, chicken, fruit salad, sa

Try a Volkswagen Station Wagon. It's only 9 inches longer than the VW sedan, a good 4

© 1961 BY VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

ens, green trees, grass seed, lawn mower, dog house, dog food and dog.

rter than most conventional wagons, yet holds more and costs hundreds of dollars less.



DOBBS PANAIRE, $10.95, $15.95, $20.00;

DOBBS MILAN, $11.95, $16.50, $20.00;

On the tawny sands of Maracas Bay Dobbs discovers Sundust... newest color in summer straws!

Dobbs, who settles for nothing less than authenticity, recently toured the world and returned with this season's newest color in tropical straws . . . Sundust, inspired by the sun-drenched sands of Maracas Bay. The gentleman on the left wears a superbly lightweight Dobbs Panaire. This pinch-front Panama, unrivaled for coolness, will keep you remarkably comfortable, decidedly smart the summer long. Observe the brim, stitched and bound to match the band. His friend goes for the well-mannered look of a fine telescope-shaped Dobbs Milan, hand-crafted in Italy. Other Dobbs Straws, $5.95 to $50, at finer stores throughout the U. S. and Canada.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

CLASSIC, OPTIMO-SHAPED DOBBS PANAIRE, FROM $7.95

DOBBS, PARK AVENUE AT 49TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. DOBBS IS A DIVISION OF HAT CORPORATION OF AMERICA

prise," he said, turning to Leah. "But we must face facts. Mmmm? It will be like going to a good, comfortable, quiet hotel for a few weeks."

"I don't want any hospital!" Mr. Samuels shouted.

"Don't be so old-fashioned, mmmm?" Dr. Blauberman said.

"I don't like the word 'hospital,'" Mr. Samuels said stubbornly.

"There's no proof anywhere that psychoanalysis is scientific," Victor said.

"I know you're a qualified doctor," Leah said. "I looked you up in the medical directory."

Thanks. Dr. Blauberman let out a thick, impatient sigh. Thanks a lot. So what did she want him to do?

"And you belong to the most reliable analytic organization. You wouldn't belong if you weren't a good doctor." She stopped.

How many of these gratuitous progress reports on himself was he supposed to sit here and listen to?

"The doctor sees inside," Leah went on. "The doctor has scientific knowledge."

Thanks an *awful* lot.

"Leah is the expert on all this stuff," Barney said to Dr. Blauberman.

"You went to C.C.N.Y. and to N.Y.U. medical school," Leah said. "And you interned—"

"Yes, I know," Dr. Blauberman interrupted. This girl seemed to be hypnotizing herself with the recitation of his academic history. Who the hell asked her to bring all that up?

"I want to know about my son!" Mr. Samuels shouted. "I want him to be all right!"

"So you get him to fight society," Dr. Blauberman said quickly. It was all he could do not to give way to the temptation to argue with this ignorant man.

"You mean Pop is no pinochle player?" Vic said, with heavy sarcasm.

"I always liked to stay home and not run around," Mr. Samuels said, in slightly lower tones.

"I'm like that, too," Ephraim said.

"Maybe Dr. Blauberman thinks you act neurotically because who else is still a Socialist?" Leah said to her father.

"Are *you* a Socialist?" Mr. Samuels said to his daughter. "Or Barney? If Vic wants to be a Socialist, he has the right. Or me."

"You told me you voted Democratic," Victor said to his father-in-law.

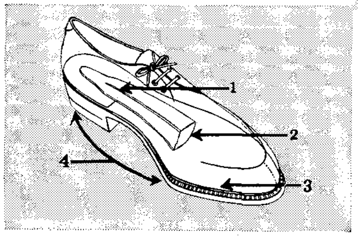
"So this year *you* are the only Socialist," Mr. Samuels said.

"I didn't mean that," Leah said. "I

let
your feet
feel the
wonderful
difference
wright
arch preserver shoes

Only Wright Arch Preserver Shoes have the famous Four Exclusive Features built into every pair. They provide the perfect comfort that helps busy, active men step lightly, step lively all through the day. From your very first pair, you'll appreciate the difference!

Style 211 — New Taut-Topper — slip-on oxford with special snug-fitting top line. Llama grain calfskin. Wing Tip. In mulberry brown or black.

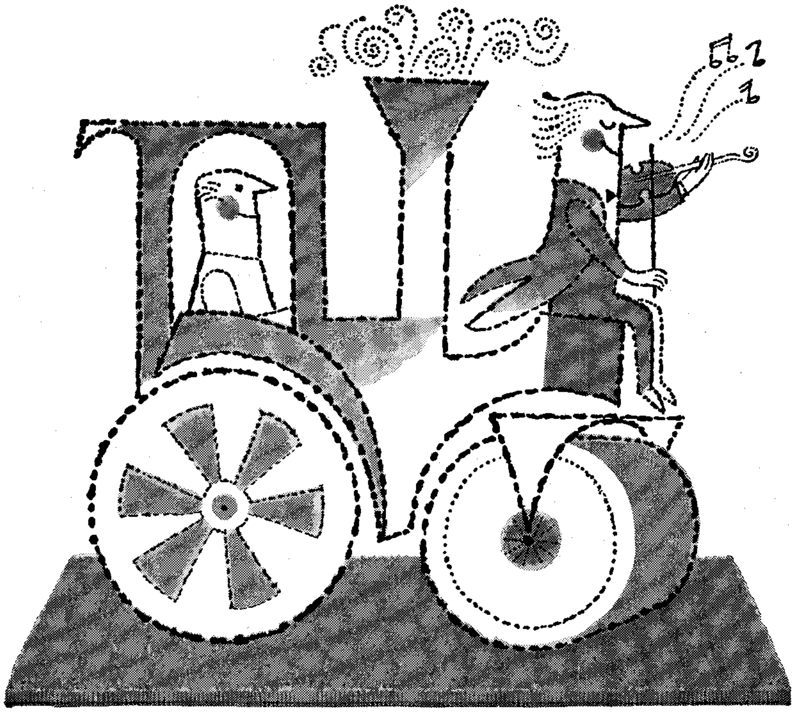


1 Famous Wright Arch Preserver Shank
2 Metatarsal raise — for weight distribution
3 Flat forepart — permits foot exercise
4 Heel-to-ballfitting — shoe fits to foot action

wright

arch preserver® shoes

For nearest dealer consult Classified Directory or write:
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC. ROCKLAND, MASS.

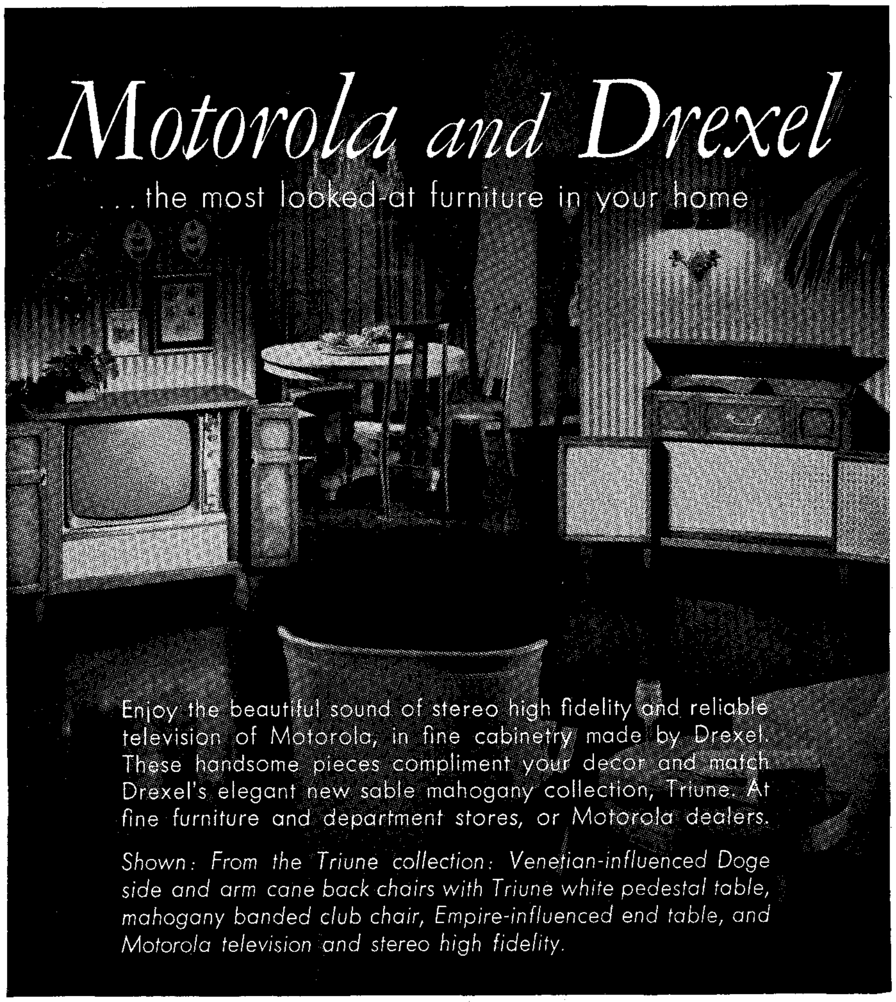


Natural beauty plus a bonus in wear
Carpets made with "ORLON"*

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better Things for Better Living
. . . through Chemistry

"Orlon"* acrylic—in fine carpets at popular prices by C. H. Masland & Sons and Alexander Smith

*"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not the carpets mentioned.



Motorola and Drexel

. . . the most looked-at furniture in your home

Enjoy the beautiful sound of stereo high fidelity and reliable television of Motorola, in fine cabinetry made by Drexel. These handsome pieces compliment your decor and match Drexel's elegant new sable mahogany collection, Triune. At fine furniture and department stores, or Motorola dealers.

Shown: From the Triune collection: Venetian-influenced Doge side and arm cane back chairs with Triune white pedestal table, mahogany banded club chair, Empire-influenced end table, and Motorola television and stereo high fidelity.

was trying to explain something that might give Dr. Blauberman the wrong idea about us. Sometimes this family doesn't communicate," she said to Dr. Blauberman.

Dr. Blauberman gave her a friendly "So."

"We communicate more than you think we communicate," Vic said. "We really communicate, so we don't have to waste time telling each other we're communicating."

"All I'm trying to tell Dr. Blauberman," Leah said, "is that nobody else waits forty years to name his son after Eugene Victor Debs. Things like that might give him the wrong idea about us. The point is, Dr. Blauberman, we really *like* the name. Or take how I sit in the playground with the other mothers and listen to them tell about going out. They go to theatre parties. They go to affairs. We don't even attend the P.-T.A. But that doesn't mean—"

"I always say if she wants to go to the P.-T.A., let *her* go to the P.-T.A.," Victor said.

"*I* don't want to go to the P.-T.A.," Leah said.

"I hate the idea of sending my son Jimmy to school at all," Barney said.

"He doesn't mean it," Leah said. "He'll send Jimmy to school."

"I mean, school can kill the spirit of a kid, the way they run most schools. Pop always said it, and it's true," Barney said.

"It's true," Mr. Samuels said, and the rest of the family gave strong signs of being with him all the way.

"If I may be allowed to say something—" Dr. Blauberman began.

"I want Jimmy to be free!" Barney said as an afterthought, and again the whole family nodded with him.

And Vic had an afterthought, too, which he immediately passed along to Dr. Blauberman. "Those playground mothers!" he said, "*They* communicate. Yakkety-yakkety-yak. My-husband-made-a-million-dollars-yesterday-afternoon. Yakkety-yak."

"Who's fighting society?" Mr. Samuels said. "Because I don't push Eephie to be aggressive?"

"What for?" Vic said with a scornful laugh. "For what?"

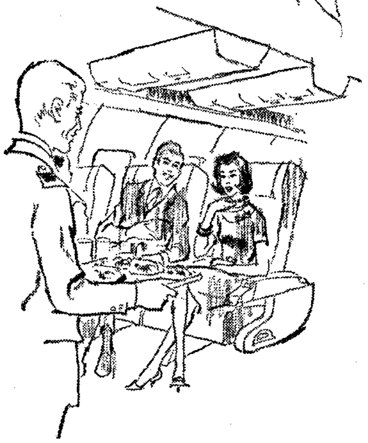
"Dr. Blauberman wants Eephie to be more successful with the clarinet," Leah said. "And Dr. Fifield, too. Dr. Fifield told him he should be getting more out of it."

"Well, my idea of what to get out of it isn't the same as Dr. Blauberman's idea," Ephraim said.

"So maybe you're supposed to have

BOAC
BOAC
PARIS
LONDON
ROME

Plan to save on BOAC's Fall "Economy Run" to Europe



Right from the start you're way ahead. On cost and service. Round-trip jet fare is $136.00 *less** than regular fare.

And Europe in September, October and November is a "clear track"... easy reservations, choice accommodations, uncrowded restaurants—uncrowded *everything!* Festivals, museums, theatres, concerts—they're all there for you to enjoy with ease!

And the sheer joy of getting there! BOAC sumptuous Cabin Service, there's nothing like it in the air anywhere. You've never been so well attended.

Enter BOAC's Fall "Economy Run" to Europe now. Rolls-Royce 707 jets to London, gateway to all Europe. Your Travel Agent will do everything for you, even to telling you about the wonderful selection of BOAC's Escorted and Independent Tours (starting as low as $445.00). If you can't wait for Fall, you have a choice, right now, of hundreds of BOAC 707 jet flights to Europe.

**17-Day Jet Economy Fare to Europe starts October 1st through March 31st.*

B·O·A·C

takes good care of you...on the ground...in the air...everywhere

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Flights from New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Honolulu, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington/Baltimore, Montreal, and Toronto. Offices in all principal cities.

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

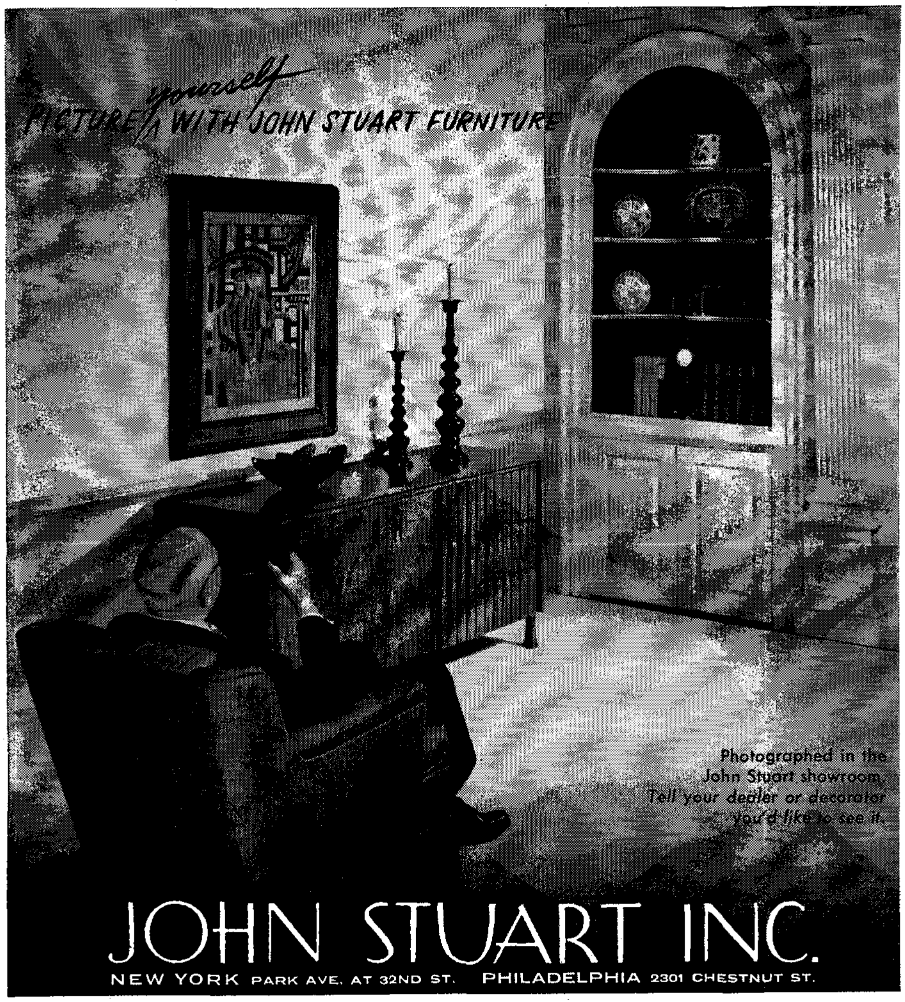
Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Rare Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality
JUSTERINI
J&B
RARE

J&B RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

"World's Finest" 86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Imported by THE PADDINGTON CORP., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20



Photographed in the John Stuart showroom. Tell your dealer or decorator you'd like to see it.

JOHN STUART INC.

NEW YORK PARK AVE. AT 32ND ST. PHILADELPHIA 2301 CHESTNUT ST.

big ambitions, like going on television," Victor said.

"And is that such an unhealthy ambition?" Dr. Blauberman found himself saying, and was surprised that he had actually got a word in.

"Aha! The cat is out of the bag!" Victor said, raising his voice.

"What about having a consultation?" Barney asked. "With Dr. Radelsheim?"

"He's the European doctor Eephie heard about?" Leah said eagerly, and blew her nose.

"European doctor?" Mr. Samuels asked, turning to Ephraim.

"That bassoonist, Charlie," Barney said to Ephraim. "You know, he told you you and Dr. Blauberman ought to have a real consultation with this Dr. Hans Radelsheim?"

"I saw Dr. Radelsheim this morning," Ephraim said. "He's a nice guy."

"Nobody told me about any Dr. Radelsheim!" Mr. Samuels said. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Eephie just happened to mention it once," Barney said.

"Charlie was begging Eephie to go to see him," Vic said.

The family discussion was off again. Dr. Blauberman felt himself sinking under Samuelses. Air! Air!

"Charlie is the good-natured, fat one, always making jokes!" Mr. Samuels was saying, with enthusiasm, with excitement.

"The one with the fat wife with freckles on her arms, like Terry's!" Barney said. "Terry is my wife," he said to Dr. Blauberman.

"I am happy to hear that," Dr. Blauberman said.

"Is Charlie the one who played with you at the Y, the Schoenberg?" Leah asked Ephraim.

"Wasn't that wild?" Ephraim said. "And the Mozart Divertimenti?"

"You were going to get him started playing jazz," Barney said. "Isn't Charlie the one you were going to make one of the first jazz bassoonists in history?" He laughed.

The whole damn family laughed. Killing themselves laughing on the Doctor's time. Christ!

"Charlie is a wild bassoonist!" Ephraim said. "He plays chamber music with Dr. Radelsheim. Dr. Radelsheim plays the oboe."

"So," Dr. Blauberman said. "The oboe plays with the bassoon. Mmmm?"

The family didn't seem to notice him. "Dr. Radelsheim plays the oboe?" Mr. Samuels was saying with delight.

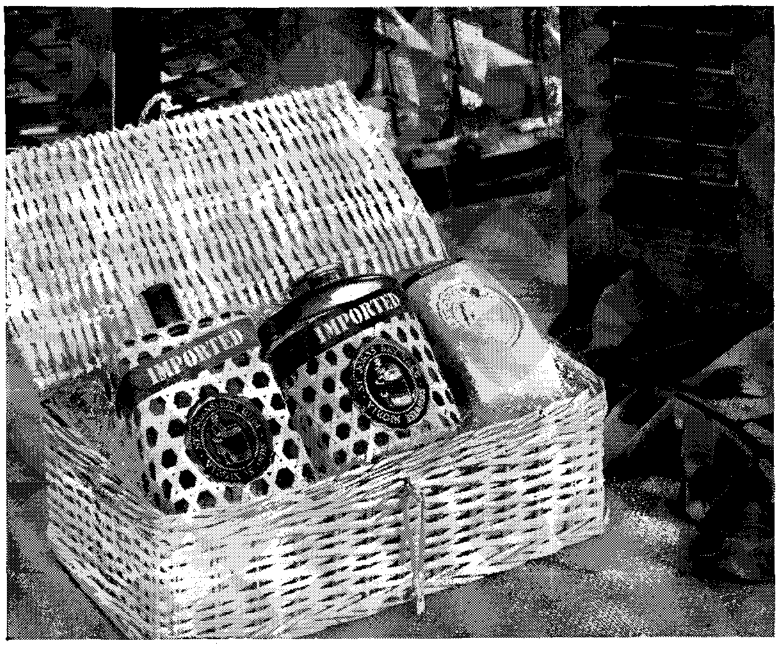
"He knows a lot about music and

Feign on Crane's

"Dear Mrs. Hutchings-Hagen,
Dick and I are simply delirious over your perfect
wedding present—a Baroque chafing dish!
How did you ever guess we needed one so desperately....."

Vhen it comes to the one time when polite deception is paramount, a letter on Crane's paper impresses as it satisfies. his thank you note to Mrs. Hutchings-Hagen was written on Crane's Kid Finish Ecruwhite paper with the bride's new onogram engraved in blue. Crane's Fine Papers are made in Dalton, Massachusetts, and have been since 1801.

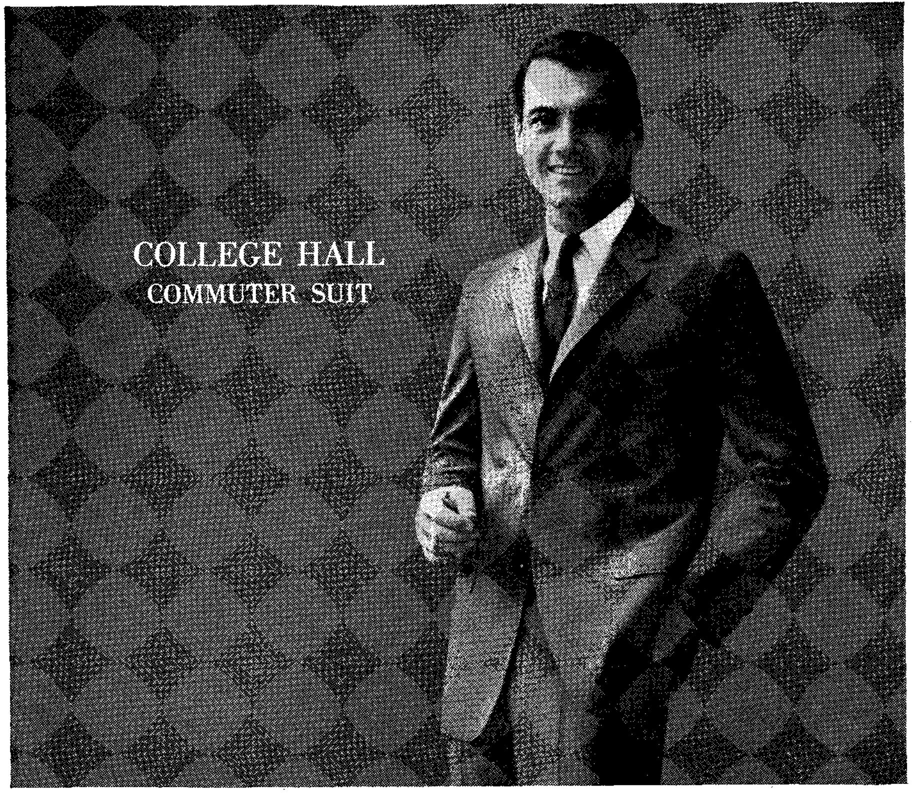
rane's MAKES ONLY 100% RAG EXTRA NO. 1 QUALITY PAPERS FOR CURRENCY, SECURITIES, CARBONS, STATIONERY, SCIENTIFIC AND ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.



Luxury or necessity, which?

Luxuries become necessities—when they pamper one's ego as artfully as this St. Johns Gift Set from the Virgin Islands. The handwoven hamper contains an eight ounce bottle of aged St. Johns Bay Rum, six ounces of St. Johns Bay Talc, gently deodorant, and a man-sized bar of St. Johns Bay Soap. Bay Rum and Talc are jacketed in palm frond, handwoven. And the set is in a handwoven hamper. Seven dollars and fifty cents plus tax.

West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write our U.S. Agent, Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Avenue, New York.



Well schooled in cooling and calendar...a wash and wear suit of impeccable Reeves poplin—a fine blend of 65% Dacron polyester and 35% combed cotton. In navy, black, light olive, black olive and tan. R, 35 to 48; S, 35 to 44; L, 37 to 48. At the Quadley Shop, Finchley's, Fifth Avenue, New York or write to College Hall Fashions, Inc., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

REEVES fabrics

about musicians," Ephraim said. "Charlie is crazy about him."

"Charlie!" Dr. Blauberman said. "Is Charlie a bassoonist or a doctor?"

"Thank God he's a bassoonist," Victor said.

"Be quiet!" Mr. Samuels said to Victor. "I want to know—" He turned to Dr. Blauberman. "Could you arrange for a consultation with Dr. Radelsheim?" He asked the question in a quiet, confident tone.

"There's no need for a consultation," Dr. Blauberman said. "Dr. Radelsheim called me, and I discussed Ephraim's case over the telephone. You must realize that doctors talk to each other in a way that they can't possibly discuss the case with the family of a patient. *You* understand, mmmm?" he said specifically to Leah. She nodded.

"You mean you want Eephie to be shoved into a hospital just like that?" Victor said.

"Not shoved," Dr. Blauberman said. "He signs himself in, and he signs himself out. Now, you people don't have so much money you want to throw it away running from one doctor to another, do you? I advise, for Ephraim, rest in a hospital."

"I'm not signing myself into any hospital," Ephraim said to Dr. Blauberman. "You know that. Why you making such a big issue of it with my family?"

"No hospital," Mr. Samuels said with determination. "He doesn't need a hospital."

"What the hell is the matter with you people?" Dr. Blauberman said.

"Is that how you talk to an older man?" Vic said.

Mr. Samuels blushed. "It doesn't matter," he said. "I am Eephie's father, and I know what he needs."

His pronunciation of "father" grated on Dr. Blauberman's nerves.

"I don't know about psychoanalysis but I know about my family, and I know about Eephie," Mr. Samuels was saying. "Eephie doesn't need a hospital."

The other members of the family nodded in agreement and looked at him with respect. They seemed to relax in unison.

"This is all theoretical, because I'm not *going* to any hospital," Ephraim said.

Dr. Blauberman dropped his pipe on the floor. He felt a surge of rage coming up in him. "I've been Ephraim's doctor for a year," he said. Now *he* was raising his voice. But maybe that was just what these thickskulled people needed. Maybe that was something they could understand. "I know Ephraim! I've sat here patiently with you people, trying to give you some professional advice. If you want to disregard it, that is up to you." He paused. "All I can do is warn you."

Ephraim looked scared. "Dr. Radelsheim told me it's important for me to get back to my music," he said.

Dr. Blauberman made impatient noises. Oh, that big-mouth Radelsheim!

"Did you ask Dr. Radelsheim about the sleeping pills?" Mr. Samuels said to Ephraim.

"No, Pop," Ephraim said. "All he said was it's a shame I couldn't sleep, because musicians have to get their sleep."

Leah put her wet wad of Kleenex into her purse and smiled, first at Ephraim and then at Dr. Blauberman.

"Eephie will cut down gradually the way he takes the pills," Mr. Samuels said. "He should never have started with the pills." He no longer sounded angry. He said the last almost apologetically.

"I'll stick with Pop," Ephraim said.

"Pop," Dr. Blauberman found himself saying aloud, as if he was trying the word out. "Pop. Pop." He gave a nervous giggle. So. He wants Pop. Let Pop have him. But Dr. Blauberman felt a curious pang. The father's straw-colored, kinky eyebrows *were*, he noticed, the original model for the boy's. The way his own deep, perpendicular lines alongside his mouth were like the lines his own father had.

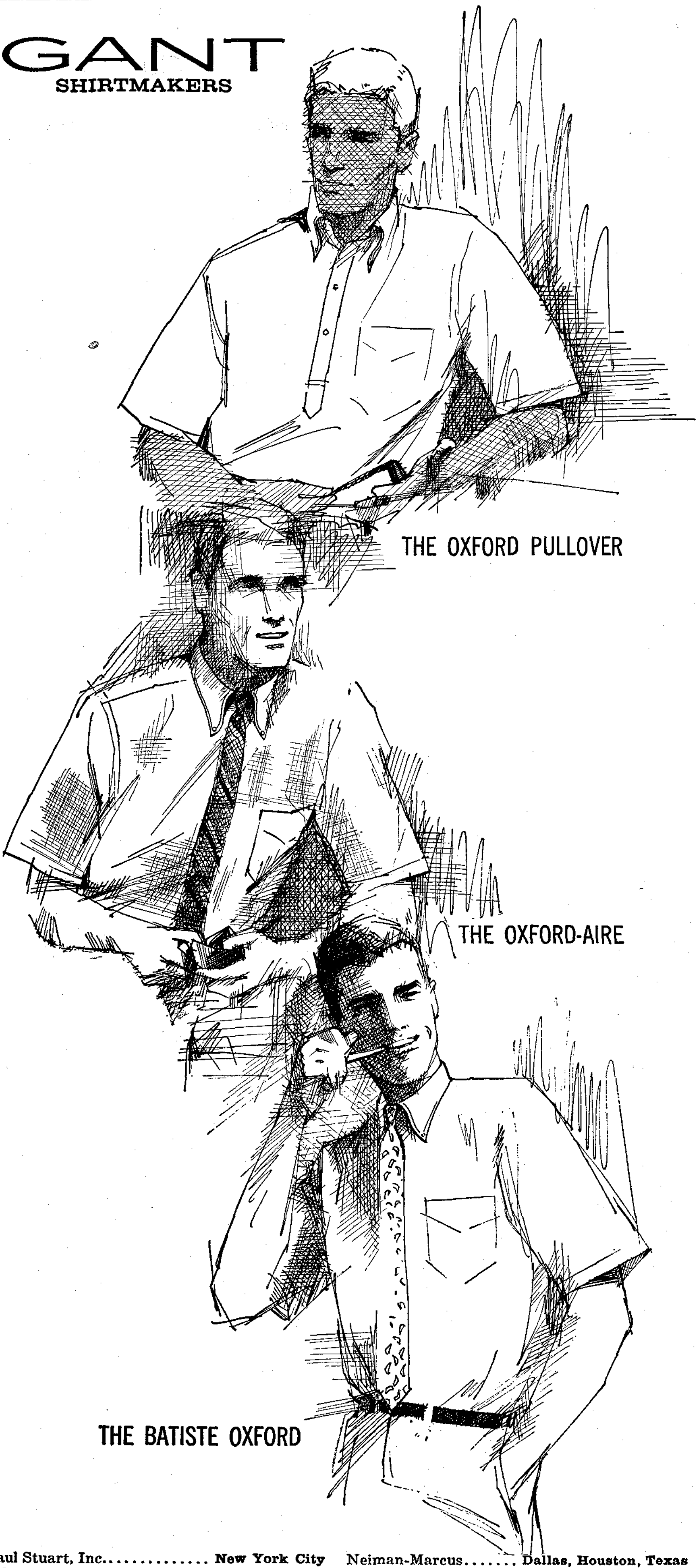
"We'll make out at home," Mr. Samuels said. "What would Eephie do in a hospital?"

"People live in hospitals and die in hospitals, same as anywhere else," Dr. Blauberman said wearily. He saw them all start and look toward their father. Again Dr. Blauberman felt the pang.

"I know what I am doing," Mr. Samuels said. He stood up. Everybody else in the family stood up, too. At last. They were going.

They stood quietly for a moment, looking at him in silence. Then they started out of the office. Dr. Blauberman had meant to stay in his chair, but instead he got up and trailed the family out to the waiting room, expecting them to stop, to say they would do what he had advised. He wanted them to get out of his sight, but he wanted, also, to hold on to them a little longer. "Mr. Samuels—" he said. They all stopped. They all looked around at him. He saw how like old Abe Letkin Ephraim's father was. The same posture. The

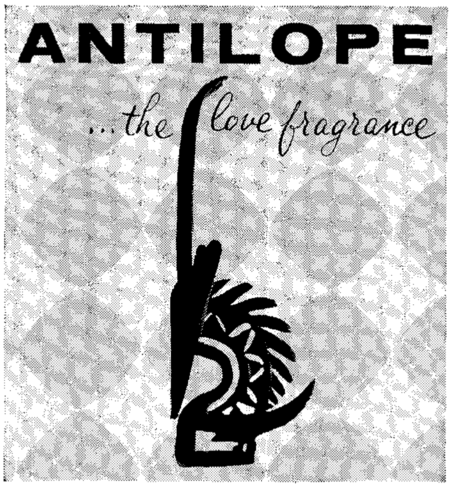
GANT
SHIRTMAKERS



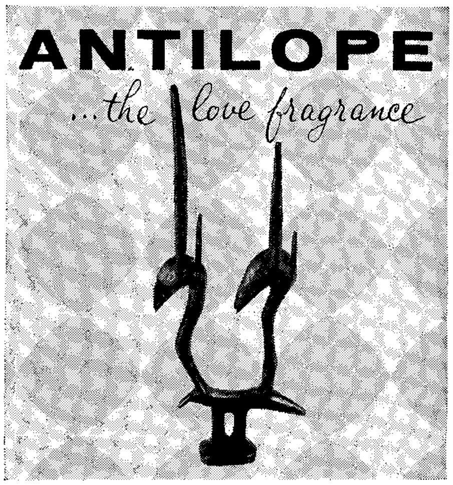
Paul Stuart, Inc. .... New York City
John Wanamaker .... Philadelphia, Pa.
Neiman-Marcus .... Dallas, Houston, Texas
Boyd's .... St. Louis, Missouri

At these fine stores or write:

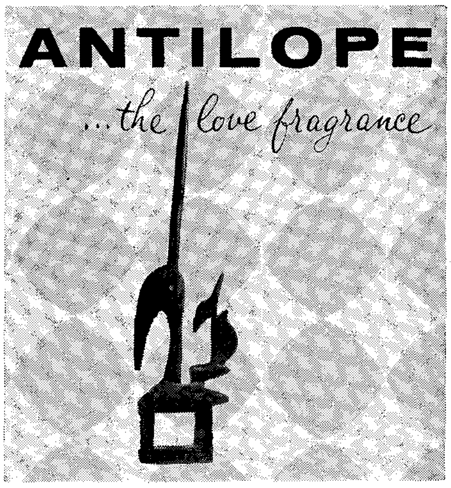
GANT SHIRTMAKERS, 162 JAMES STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.



once there was a Prince



... who loved a Princess



... and this is the happily-ever-after ...

PARFUMS WEIL PARIS
at fine stores

same inflection. The same. His own father had the inflection, too. But his father was not the same. His father was a cold-blooded son of a bitch. Dr. Blauberman sniffed. "I've given you some serious advice about how to help your son," he said. But he was aware that all the authority had gone out of his voice.

"I know, Doctor," Mr. Samuels said. "You did what you thought was right." He headed for the door and opened it. Dr. Blauberman followed him, and looked at the collie puppy tied to his umbrella stand on the thick salmon-pink carpet. Probably shedding.

Ephraim went over to the puppy and untied him. The puppy began licking his hand.

"Freud loved dogs," Leah said to Dr. Blauberman. "Freud had several chows. He really loved dogs."

"Our old dog, Blackie, who died—you should have seen him, Dr. Blauberman," Mr. Samuels said. "When he died, it broke our hearts. It takes some people a long time to get over a thing like that."

"This collie is a terrific puppy," Ephraim said.

"Touch his head, Doctor," Mr. Samuels said. "Feel how silky he is."

Dr. Blauberman stared at Mr. Samuels, and then at Ephraim, and then at the dog. For a moment, he thought of giving them a real sendoff—of saying "Lotsa luck!" But he didn't. As he swung the door shut on the family, he heard Mr. Samuels say, "Come, children. Let's go home." —LILLIAN ROSS

•

"The Greatest Story Ever Told" is being written by Carl Sandburg for George Stevens to direct, but the script is a carefully guarded secret. "Already Max von Sydow has been signed to play Christ, and John Wayne and Spencer Tracy will also be in the cast," Einfeld said.

"Stevens wants all the apostles to be well-known actors, so that the Last Supper will look familiar." Other sources have hinted that Liz Taylor, or more likely, Marilyn Monroe may take the role of Mary Magdalene.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

And the Last Supper could be a cook-out.

•

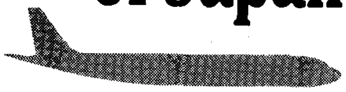
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Handbill distributed in New Orleans not long ago*]

ATTENTION
PEOPLE OF 14TH WARD

Boss Morrison has Never Attended a Citizen Council Meeting. While He Talks Segregation Out of One Corner of His Mouth—He Integrates the Police Department and Public Library Out of the Other.

the calm beauty of Japan



at almost the speed of sound

The calm beauty of Japan is all around you on the DC-8C Jet Couriers of Japan Air Lines. In the pattern of a fabric, the texture of a carpet, the cool symmetry of a shoji screen, you get glimpses of the beauty of Japan, an understanding of her visual discipline.

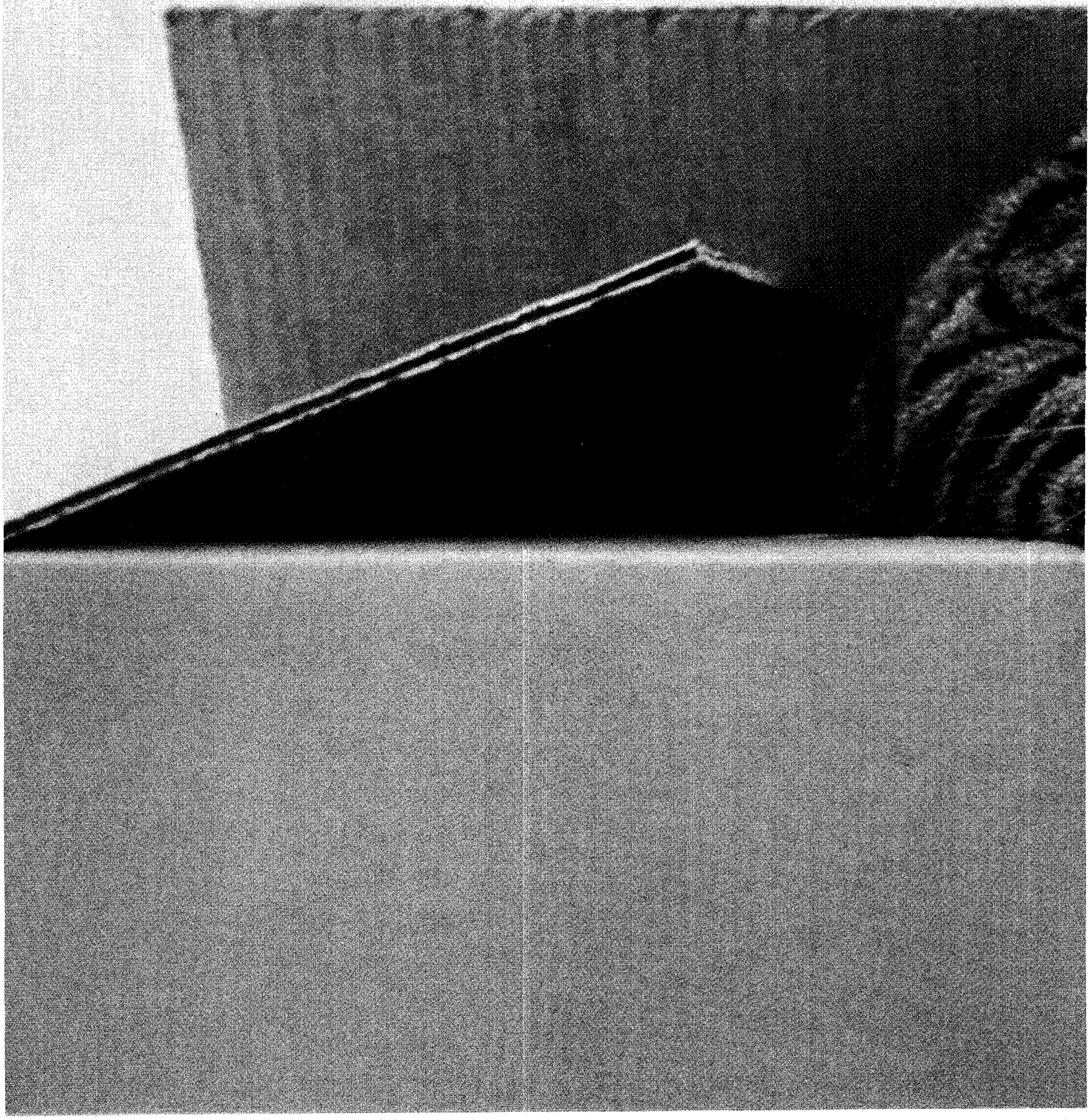
But the beauty of Japan is more than visual. The Japanese idea of service is a thing of beauty, too. And while its perfection is the result of intense discipline, you, as a traveler on the Jet Couriers of Japan Air Lines, will feel only its warmth and graciousness. On no other airline will you be looked after so well, by kimono-clad hostesses whose real desire is to serve . . . to make you feel so relaxed and comfortable that they can take just pride in your happiness.

Enjoy this wonderful sense of well-being as you fly high over the Pacific on the DC-8C Jet Couriers of Japan Air Lines. See your travel agent for reservations from San Francisco, Los Angeles and Seattle to Japan and the Orient—and, soon, on from Tokyo over the Pole to Europe. Fly amid *the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.*

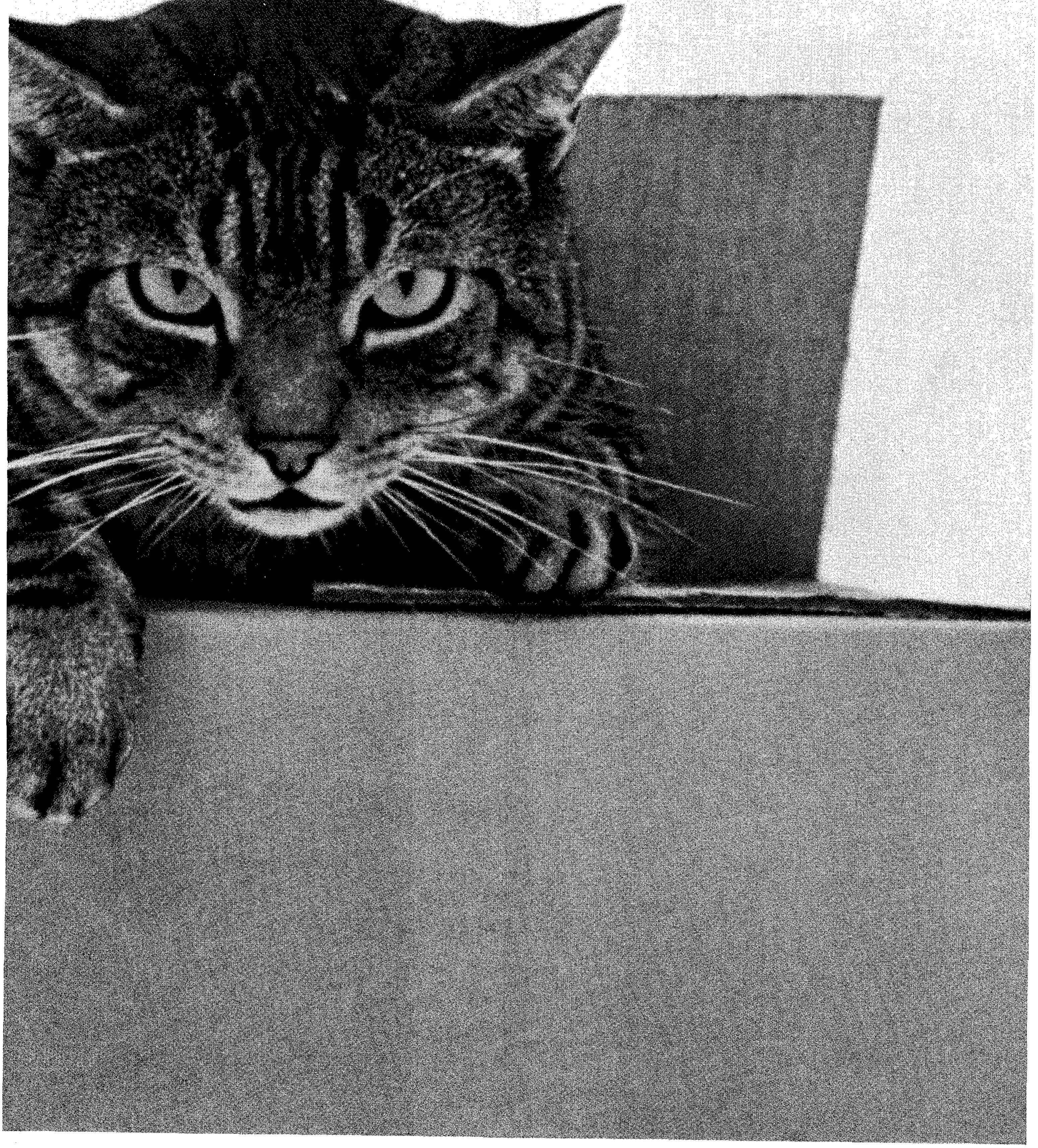
JAL

JAL Hostess Biwako Nakamura

JAPAN AIR LINES DC-8C JET COURIER



Who let the cat out of the box?

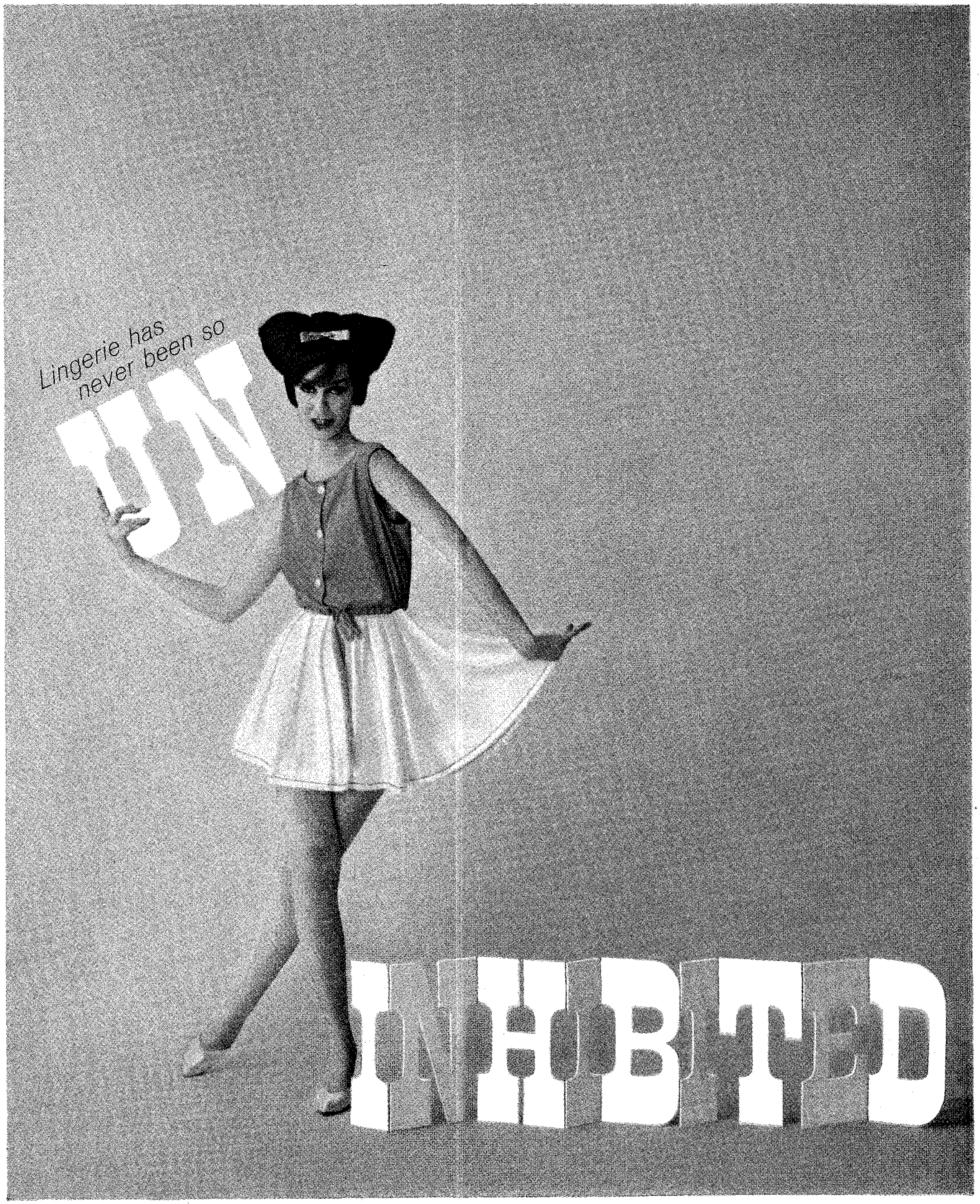


The inside of an ordinary corrugated box is actually abrasive. Millions of tiny claws scratch away at the contents. Refrigerators often arrive scarred, furniture marred, and customers don't like it. ▪ Olin has developed a container that doesn't scratch. Not even when thumped, bumped and joggled in transit. With "Scuffmaster," as it's called, the paint stays on refrigerators. Furniture keeps its finish. Hub caps arrive with their dazzle intact. At last the cat is out of the box. *This* box, anyway. ▪ Another creative solution to a problem... from the Packaging Division of Olin.

Olin

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 460 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. • CHEMICALS • ENERGY • INTERNATIONAL • METALS • PACKAGING • SQUIBB • WINCHESTER-WESTERN

The uninhibited here: Drawstring top, always at ease over the culotte in brief. White with bachelor blue, very cherry, mint julep or mocha. Misses' or Junior sizes. About $9. At fine stores everywhere.


Lingerie has never been so
UN
INHIBITED

Oh, ah, golly gee—only Nylon Tricot makes lingerie so sigh, so soft, so melody. It's supple, smooth and terribly shrewd about little care and long, long wear. Oh, never a fabric with the spriteness, delightness and everlovin' rightness to make you feel so never before . . .

'til Traditional Tricot of DU PONT NYLON

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE LINGERIE SHOWN HERE.

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

JEAN GENÊT's new house of mirrors, "The Blacks," which is at the St. Marks Playhouse, sets out to dazzle, shock, ridicule, bewilder, exhaust, and move us. And it does, with varying degrees of success. Moreover, Genêt accomplishes these things not by being new but by resorting to the near primeval. (More often than not, the avant-garde, despite its opinion of itself, rediscovers rather than invents.) Indeed, "The Blacks" marks still another step in the advance, or retreat, to the sources of the theatre, in which rituals, magic, symbols, masks, horror, satire, and, most important, the audience itself once played equal parts—to the kind of sociological, intuitive, non-representational drama, in short, that is being restored, piece by piece, by the likes of Brecht, Ionesco, Jack Gelber, and N. F. Simpson.

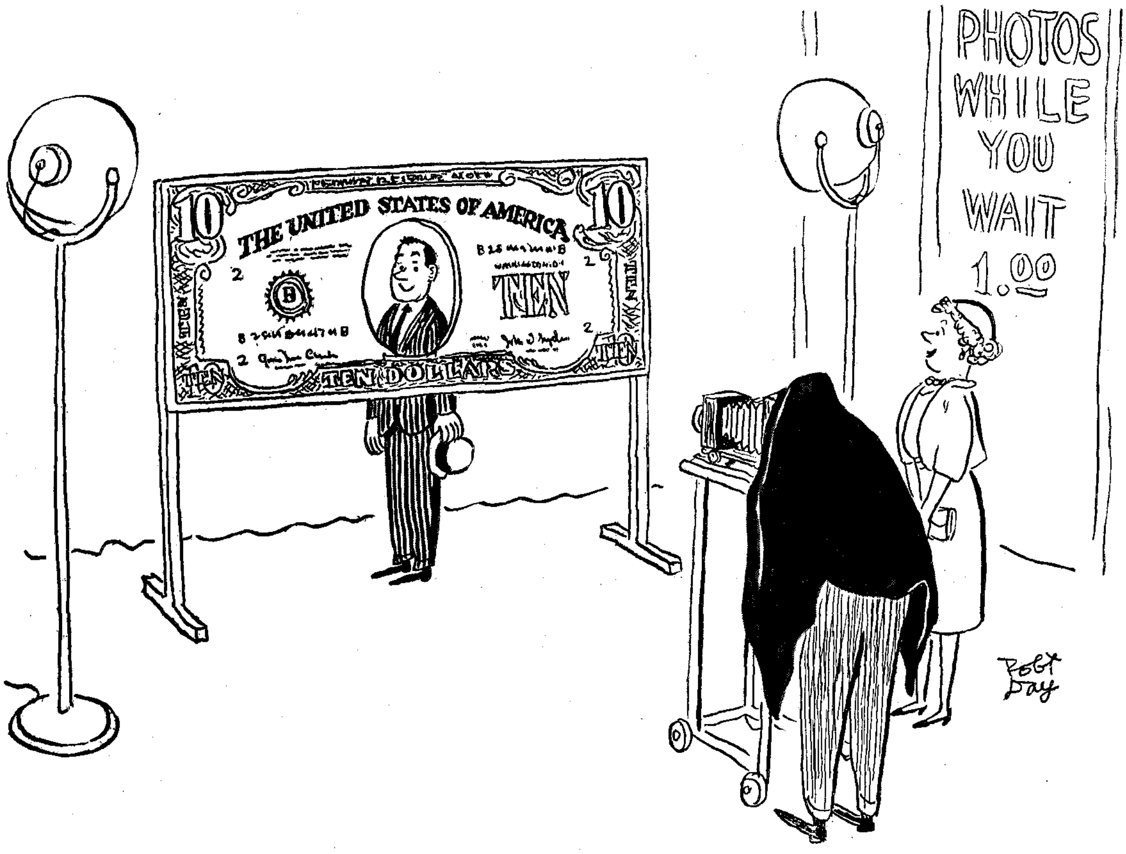
Genêt's play, in the manner of all nocturnal dreams, does not bear retelling. Nor, as a one-man's-meat kind of work, will it bear much explication or analysis. The play's subtitle is "A Clown Show," but near its end one of the principal characters remarks, "Perhaps they [the audience] suspect what lies behind this architecture of emptiness and words. We are what they want us to be." This is not true, for if the play *is* a clown show, and if clowns *are* rigidly fixed in that twilight between tragedy and comedy, then the characters cannot be wholly what we want them to be. Neither, as the play unfolds, are they what *they* want to be. All thirteen figures in the play are Negroes. But eight of them (henceforth, Group A) are Negroes only playing Negroes, and they continually slip in and out of identity. Sometimes they are murderers and sometimes they are merely actors who are acting at not acting but only discussing acting. Sometimes they are symbols of angry Negroes who glare accusingly at the audience. Sometimes they are angry Negroes. They are never, however, Genêt's spokesmen; he remains, like Br'er Rabbit, deep in the briar patch. The five remaining Negroes, or Group B, are Negroes posing as whites. They wear grotesque (and ingenious) white masks and costumes that caricature those of a missionary, a judge, a governor, a queen, and a valet. The costumes of Group A are equally effective caricatures, arranged in a sliding scale that moves from a tribal outfit, through a black turtleneck sweater and black pants, to full white tie and tails. Most of the play is taken up with the conflict between these never static groups. (Now and then, this friction is relieved by a marvellous fretwork of owlish, mocking dances—minuets, jazz dances, bumps and grinds, and so on.) In the first half of the play, Group A ritualistically enacts and/or proposes a series of murders of whites in front of Group B, which sits in judgment. In the second half, Group B descends from the top of the curved ramp where it has been assembled, momentarily takes off its masks, dons them again, and is tried by Group A, which condemns Group B to death, executing it with cap pistols. At the very end, we are suddenly told that a third and apparently far more important group, which is never seen, has been holding a third trial, and that its defendant (a *real* Caucasian?) is dead.

Genêt's language, in Bernard Frechtman's model translation, is as important as his use of ritual and masks. It is spattered with four-letter words, which are employed with surprising comic effect. It contains high lyricism and pounding incantations:

> I order you to be black to your very veins. Pump black blood through them. Let Africa circulate in them. Let Negroes negrify themselves. Let them persist to the point of madness in what they're condemned to be, in their ebony, in their odor, in their yellow eyes, in their cannibal tastes. Let them not be content with eating whites, but let them cook each other as well. Let them invent recipes for shinbones, kneecaps, calves, thick lips, everything. . . . Let them invent hiccoughs, belches and —— that'll give out a deleterious jazz.

It is savage, relentless, humdrum, and even whining. In fact, it is almost a palpable instrument with which Genêt belabors the audience, a very special ingredient in his play, which he discusses in a note:

> This play . . . is intended for a white audience, but if, which is unlikely, it is ever



performed before a black audience, then a white person . . . should be invited every evening. The organizer of the show should welcome him formally, dress him in ceremonial costume, and lead him to his seat, preferably in the front row of the orchestra. The actors will play for him. A spotlight should be focussed upon this symbolic white throughout the performance.

But what if no white person accepted? Then let white masks be distributed to the black spectators as they enter the theatre. And if the blacks refuse the masks, then let a dummy be used.

But Genêt is also belaboring his cast, lest they, as actors or private persons, assume the very evils which, in the play or in life, they are seeking to erase.

Gene Frankel's direction is not always successful. Genêt suggests in his text that Group A become, after the first third of the play, increasingly frenzied. Instead, Frankel has introduced a series of climaxes, which do not necessarily deepen in intensity. As a result, the play peters out rather than explodes. His method also emphasizes the play's chief fault—its lengthiness. Cut by a quarter or a third, and presented without an intermission, the play would be thunderous. Nonetheless, the cast is just about faultless, ascending and descending Frankel's superimposed peaks effortlessly. Roscoe Lee Brown possesses one of those arched, smiling, mellifluous faces and a voice to match. James Earl Jones is tall, graceful, and weightless, and spins magically through shouting anger, fear, and sweet talk. Ethel Ayler, composed of astonishing ever-shifting curves, represents sedateness and logic, while Cicely Tyson, as a prostitute, is all eyes and genuflections. Best of all is Godfrey M. Cambridge, who resembles a harried James P. Johnson, and plays both an Uncle Tom and, in a white mask with blond curls, a sickening Turkish-delight white. The only time the cast display the slightest weakness is in the brief sections where they confront and are meant to stare down the audience. These potentially frightening moments simply don't come off. Perhaps it was because the audience was an integrated, maskless one, in which blacks and whites laughed equally hard or were equally solemn. Genêt hadn't thought of that.

—Whitney Balliett

•

In New Hope they have restored the canal, barges, and adjoining lands as a summer recreation area. Mules tow barges of tourists over the old route on a quaint and restful trip just as our forefathers did.—*Syracuse Herald-Journal.*

One thing about our ancestors—they were sure-footed.

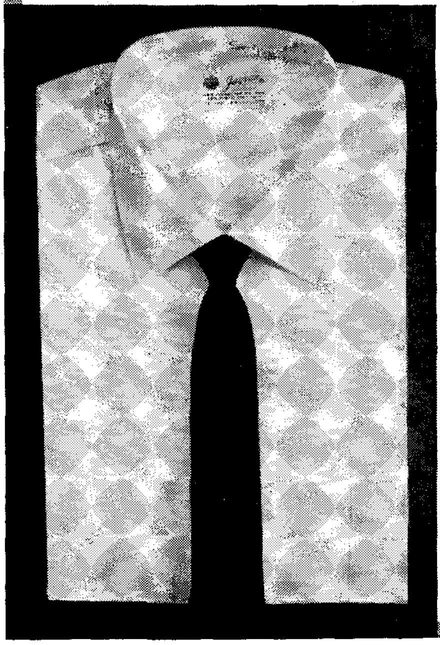
Brilliantly Timed For Two

Man's 14k gold slender case. $150.
Diamonds and 14k gold bracelet. $395.
For the groom, bride, graduate or Father.
17-jewel Movado movements.

Federal tax included
Write or Telephone Jean Tree, PL 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

Voltaire said:
"tres necessaire!"
(in Le Mondain: Chapter 6)



French, of course, for "very necessary!" And a foolproof wash and wear shirt is more than "tres necessaire". It's downright *essential!* Especially at a value like this... Jayson Depima broadcloth: 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% Pima cotton...long sleeves $5.95; short sleeves $5.00.

*Du Pont trade mark

JAYSON SHIRTS
"Quoted for Quality"
390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

GGG
CLOTHES

PHOTOGRAPHED AT LA FONDA DEL SOL

RESORT EASE! They're Caribe Tints by GGG—the most exciting sport coats of the new season. The luxury fabrics are cool as a trade wind—as softly tinted as a Caribbean sunrise. What richness. What patterns. What lustre. What life. GGG genius has tailored a new lean look into every inch of them, adding sophisticated Continental accents for true resort ease! GGG

For free style booklet and name of nearest franchised store, write to Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. Y3, 12 E. 14th St., New York 3, N.Y. In Chicago: 14 E. Jackson Blvd. In Los Angeles: 608 S. Hill St.

PUNT e MES
PRODUCED and BOTTLED in ITALY
1786
VERMUTH AMARO
PUNT e MES
CARPANO
TORINO
PALAZZO CARPANO
ITALIAN APERITIF VERMOUTH
SERVE ICE COLD
McKESSON & ROBBINS INCORPORATED, NEW YORK
The favorite
Continental aperitif

PUNT e MES

(pronounced Punt e Mes)

Delightfully different. Try it, for a change, before meals. A bittersweet aperitif, to whet the appetite. Favorite of statesmen and royalty. Italy's greatest vermouth aperitif.

THE VERMOUTH OF KINGS FROM THE KING OF VERMOUTHS...

CARPANO

World's oldest vermouth...since 1786

PUNT E MES VERMOUTH IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y., N.Y. ©McK & R, 1961

Classic theme in a contemporary mood. Distinctive elegance for traditional and contemporary tables. Handles, spoon bowls and fork tines subtly tapered for balance and beauty. Fine 18/8 chrome-nickel stainless steel, graded, and hand-finished to a soft satin lustre. 5 pc. place setting, $8.75 at fine stores. H. E. Lauffer Co., Inc. 230 Fifth Ave., N.Y. For booklet Y, "Today's Table," send 25c

LAUFFER® STAINLESS STEEL

THE RACE TRACK

Out of Nowhere

I VENTURE to say that it's the rapturous opinion of almost everybody who watched Carry Back win the Kentucky Derby at Louisville last Saturday that he is at least the Horse of the Year. Personally, I wouldn't go quite as far out on a limb as that, but I must say that his was a very gallant performance in as thrilling a race as I've seen in many a day. For more than half of the mile and a quarter, he looked hopelessly out of it. Even when he was only a furlong from home I wouldn't have taken 20–1 against him, yet he beat Crozier by three-quarters of a length. Bass Clef was third, a couple of lengths behind Crozier, and Dr. Miller was fourth.

Looking over the fifteen three-year-olds as they were led to the saddling shed, I thought Globemaster was as eye-filling as he'd been when he won the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct a fortnight before, but Ambiopoise seemed lighter in flesh than he had for the Wood. While neither Flutterby nor Four-and-Twenty impressed me, I liked the make and shape of Sherluck; though rather light-bodied, he's a smooth individual. Dr. Miller, a rangy type, had a nice sheen to his coat, and Crozier, whose hind ankles were heavily bandaged to protect them from the rough going, appeared hard, fit, and well turned out. (It happened to be his birthday.) Carry Back was the last to arrive in the paddock, not because his stable wanted him to make a grand entrance but because he had been delayed by a last-minute change of shoes. On Friday, it had rained so hard that he was shod with calks, to give him a better grip in the mud, but when the track began to dry out rapidly on Saturday afternoon, the calks—a hindrance in good going—were removed. When he finally showed up in the paddock, he was certainly the friskiest of the runners. That shoe boil on his left foreleg was much smaller, too. When he ran in the Wood, it was the size of a small grapefruit; last Saturday it was no bigger than a lime.

At the start, Globemaster was quickest away, just as he had been in the Wood, and as the runners passed the

Pogo Poole has arrived...via Lufthansa Jet

Greet Pogo Poole, inveterate gay sophisticated voyager . . . who desires nothing but the best and flies First Class in Lufthansa Senator Service. You should too, if you like the pleasure of good company and Continental charm.

You start your flight with vintage champagne, Beluga caviar, pâté with truffles, lobster or whatever you wish as you enjoy a most memorable cocktail hour. Then delight in an exemplary dinner elegantly served on Rosenthal and Arzberg china accompanied by wines of great virtue, carefully selected from the lists of France and Germany. Finally, enjoy the muted pleasure and contentment of the coffee service with brandy or liqueurs of your choice. All this in the placid calm of your Lufthansa Jet flight almost eight miles above the ocean with service that knows no peer. Fly Lufthansa to Europe and on across the Middle East to Tokyo. Jet all the way. Rapid connections to virtually all the world. Economy Class too, on all flights. See your Travel Agent.

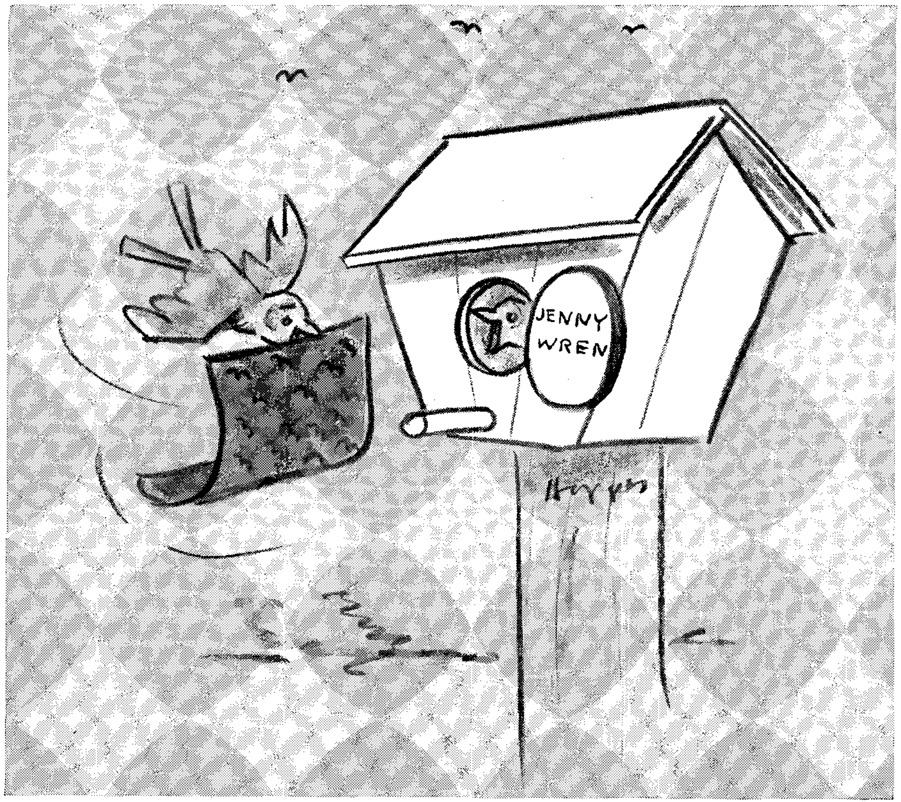
- *Nonstop daily New York to Frankfurt and on to Hamburg**
- *Nonstop daily New York to Cologne and on to Munich**
- *Only nonstop flight—Chicago to Germany*
- *Direct twice weekly San Francisco to Paris and Frankfurt*
- *Direct twice weekly Montreal to Frankfurt*
- *Via Rolls-Royce-Powered Boeing 707 Jet Intercontinentals*
- *Delicious Hot Meals in Economy Class*

*EFF. MAY 20TH

Recognize Pogo Poole, principal character in the Perlberg-Seaton production, "The Pleasure of His Company"? A Paramount release.

LUFTHANSA
GERMAN AIRLINES

(*Advertisement*)



A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Top chick on the totem pole? Then you know bare floors are for the lesser birds. Time to feather your nest with the quiet, comfort and distinction of beautiful Bigelow Carpets. Bigelow Carpets are available in special designs, colors and textures. Call any Bigelow district office or our Contract Dept., 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.

Comfort comes in twos — Two deep, handsome chairs to go with either contemporary or traditional rooms. Arrange them singly, or in pairs — dacron filled pillows. Choose your upholstery material from Henredon's collection of lovely fabrics—to suit every taste.

Henredon
fine furniture

For booklets showing living room, dining room and bedroom collections, send 50¢ to Henredon, Dept. NY 5-13, Morganton, N. C.

stand the first time, he led by open daylight, with Four-and-Twenty closest, followed by Crozier, Dearborn, and Light Talk. As the file began to string out, Carry Back was a dozen lengths behind the leader, and Dr. Miller and Bass Clef were even farther back. This order was unchanged until they reached the turn off the backstretch, where Globemaster tired and Four-and-Twenty moved up to take command, with Crozier on his heels. Straightened out in the homestretch, Crozier disposed of Four-and-Twenty and looked the winner all over, even though Carry Back was looming up behind Bass Clef, both of them having seemed to pop up out of nowhere. Then, in the last sixteenth, Carry Back caught Crozier and the two went stride for stride for fifty yards. All of a sudden, Crozier swerved and shortened his stride, and Carry Back drew away.

Last Saturday was the third time Carry Back had beaten Crozier in a hundred-thousand-dollar race. In the Flamingo and the Florida Derby, it was by a matter of a head; this time the margin was wider. It will be remembered, too, that in the Everglades Stakes at Hialeah last winter, Crozier swerved so badly after racing with Carry Back that he slammed a couple of other colts and was disqualified. Do you suppose Crozier felt that Carry Back put a hex on him that day, and has never forgotten it? Any trainer will tell you that horses know when they are beaten and what horses beat them. Be that as it may, Carry Back was much the best in the Derby; he had to be to come from sixteen lengths out of it and mow down all opposition. No doubt the fast early pace set by Globemaster, which was followed closely by Four-and-Twenty and Crozier, helped. The fractional time by quarters was 0:23⅘, 0:47⅗, 1:11⅖, 1:36⅕, and 2:04. As you can see, the leaders began running out of speed after they had gone six furlongs, and were bushed at the mile mark. The last quarter was run in 0:27⅘, which is slow going indeed.

As you probably know, Carry Back was bred and is owned and trained by Jack Price, a retired businessman from Cleveland, who went into racing half a dozen years ago and has done rather well at it. Carry Back, whose groom calls him Daddy, and who runs in the name and colors of Mrs. Price, is a small but sturdy dark-brown, almost black colt, with a tail as long as Whirlaway's. In eight starts this year, he has won $326,569, of which the Derby accounted for $120,500, and

Epluchage: an almost-forgotten art!

An old-world technique...the meticulous selection of individual grapes...is used in producing Taittinger Champagne "Cuvée des Comtes de Champagne" Brut, Blanc de Blancs.

Only white pinot chardonnay grapes, selected by "epluchage," produce this very special champagne of extraordinary delicacy and finesse.

Imported from Reims, France by Kobrand Corporation, N.Y.

CHAMPAGNE TAITTINGER

Taittinger
Cuvée des Comtes de Champagne
BLANC DE BLANCS
1953
REIMS
CHAMPAGNE
BRUT
ALCOHOL 12% BY VOLUME - 13/16 QUART
Imported by KOBRAND CORPORATION NEW-YORK
SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS
Produced and bottled by : CHAMPAGNE TAITTINGER

The nation's
leaders
prefer
"The Antiquary"
DE LUXE SCOTCH WHISKY
SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS: CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 86.8 PROOF

Whether dining by the sea, or dancing under the stars. . . . Whether swimming in the surf or pool, or strolling the miles of secluded, private beach. . . . Whether golf is your game, or tennis, skeet, riding, fishing or boating your sport. . . . You'll glory in the comfort of your rooms in the Hotel, Apartments or Beach Houses. Completely air-conditioned. American Plan.

THE CLOISTER SEA ISLAND, GEORGIA
(Also fully furnished rental homes available)

This is the life for you in a setting you'll love at any season— Sea Island

Write direct for Booklet, see Travel Agent or New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. CIrcle 5-8055

his earnings for two seasons total $612,868. His next try for the high dollar will be in the Preakness at Pimlico a week from Saturday. His pedigree is hardly what you'd call fashionable, his father being a horse named Saggy, whose only previous claim to fame was that he once beat Citation, and his mother, who died last month, being a nobody named Joppy. She cost Mr. Price $300, half of which was for her board bill.

Not the least of the surprises of the Derby was the disappointing showing of Sherluck. Arcaro, who rode him, said the colt shied at a piece of paper that blew across the track, and after that wouldn't try a yard. The only other item at Churchill Downs last weekend worth making note of was the Debutante Stakes, which brought out eleven two-year-old fillies and was won by a 9–1 chance called Helfersartin. (She was named after a creek in eastern Kentucky.) Following Friday's deluge, the Downs was hot and humid, despite a stiff breeze that dried out the track. The Derby crowd seemed smaller than usual, though there was the traditional Derby hoopla—people wearing funny hats and dropping broken julep glasses and whiskey bottles all over the place. And the betting wasn't as big as in the past, either, with only $3,915,567 passing through the tote. At Aqueduct last Saturday, the betting was $4,433,439.

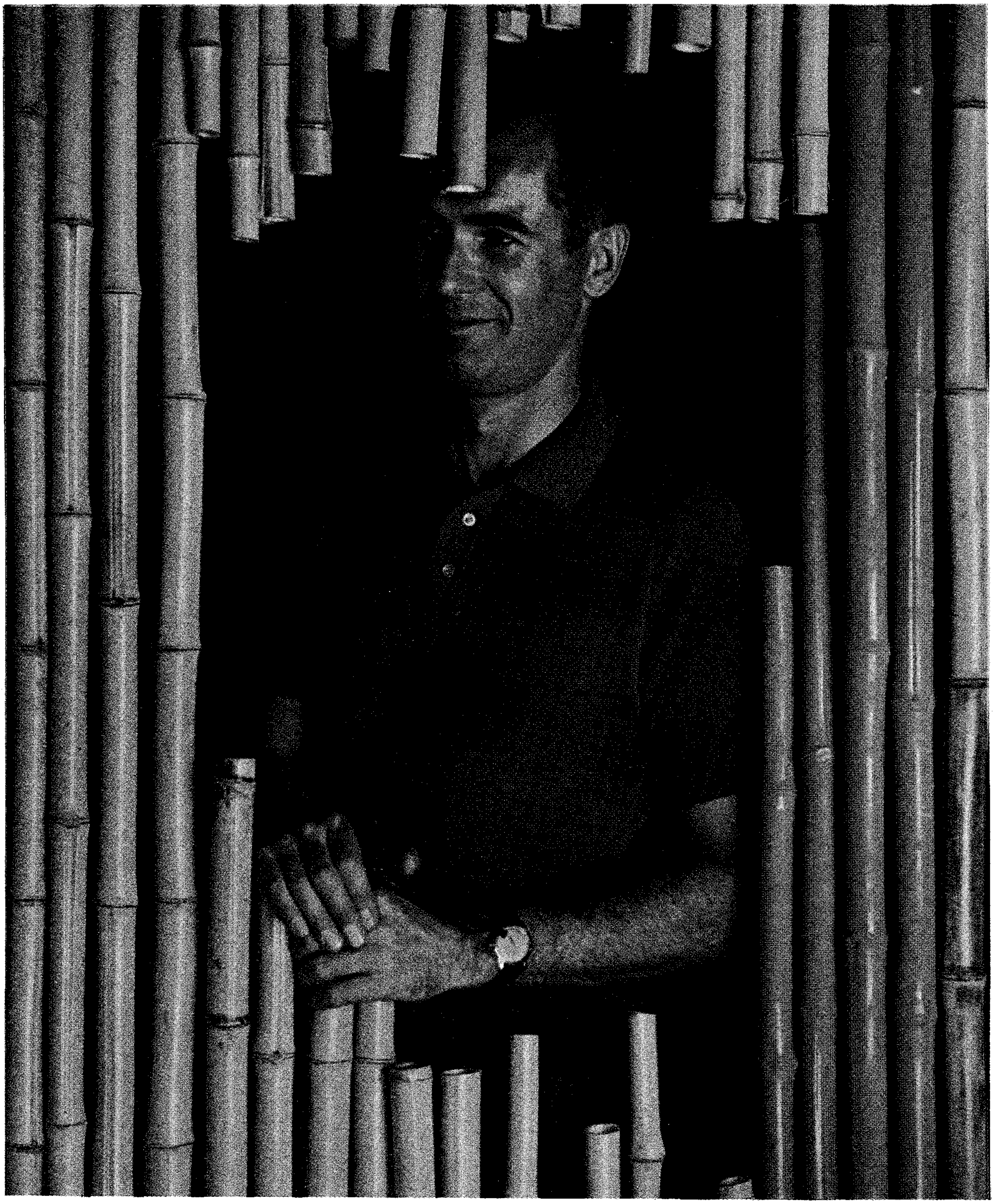
THE most notable event at Aqueduct last week in my book was the first appearance this season of Bowl of Flowers, who, it is generally agreed, is our best three-year-old filly. From all accounts, it was an impressive début. Giving big weight to the other starters—four seasoned colts—she toyed with her opposition and took the lead when she pleased. Her next start will be in the Acorn Stakes at Aqueduct a week from Saturday, the same afternoon as the Preakness. . . . Well, Chief of Chiefs, the winner of the Toboggan Handicap earlier in the meeting at the Big A, came right back in the Carter last Saturday. April Skies, second in the Toboggan, was second again. So it goes. And Colonel Martingale never believed it could happen, but after Churchill Downs he's overjoyed to get back to Aqueduct. —AUDAX MINOR

◆

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, reported a 59 per cent reduction in 7 year old children after 6 years of fluoridated water. —*Fluoridation News, Maine Department of Health and Welfare.*

Well worth the little extra trouble.

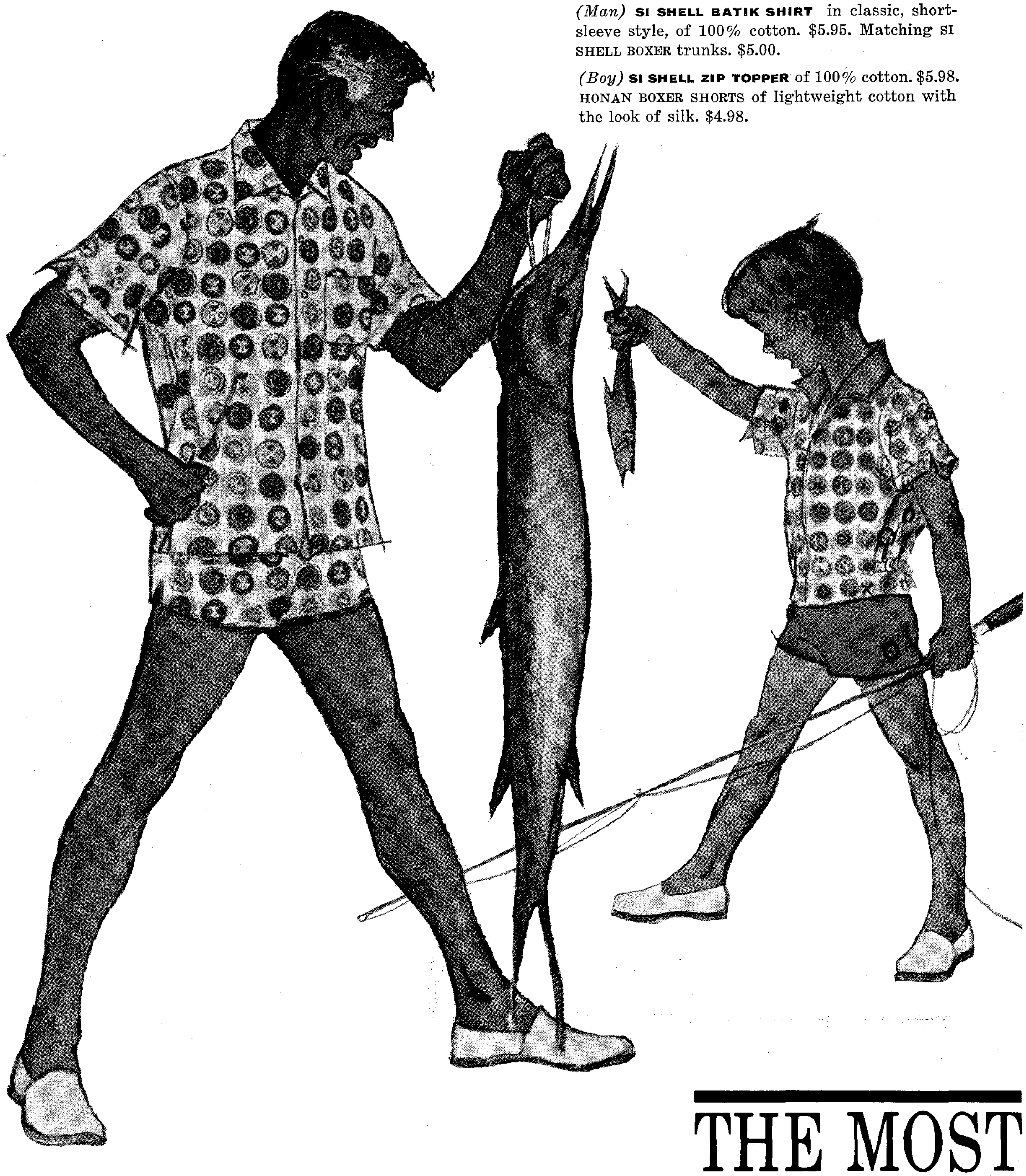
®"AGILON" IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE DEERING MILLIKEN RESEARCH CORPORATION. *DU PONT TRADEMARK



AGILON® yarn by Milliken

Great looking McGregor shirt, isn't it? And yet the big story here is more than good looks. It's the story of Agilon yarn of "Antron"* nylon and what it does for knit sport shirts. Agilon yarn makes for more wearing comfort because it is more absorbent. Agilon insists on perfect shape-keeping, washes smoothly by hand or machine and needs no blocking. Other benefits—shrink resistance, snag resistance, moth and mildew proof. Once you wear sport shirts of Agilon yarn of "Antron" nylon you'll never be satisfied with anything else!

McGREGOR® Power Shoulder Sweater Shirt comes in dark green (as shown) or light green (as shown on the painted bamboo) and eleven other handsome shades. About $8.95 at finer stores everywhere.



(Man) **SI SHELL BATIK SHIRT** in classic, short-sleeve style, of 100% cotton. $5.95. Matching SI SHELL BOXER trunks. $5.00.

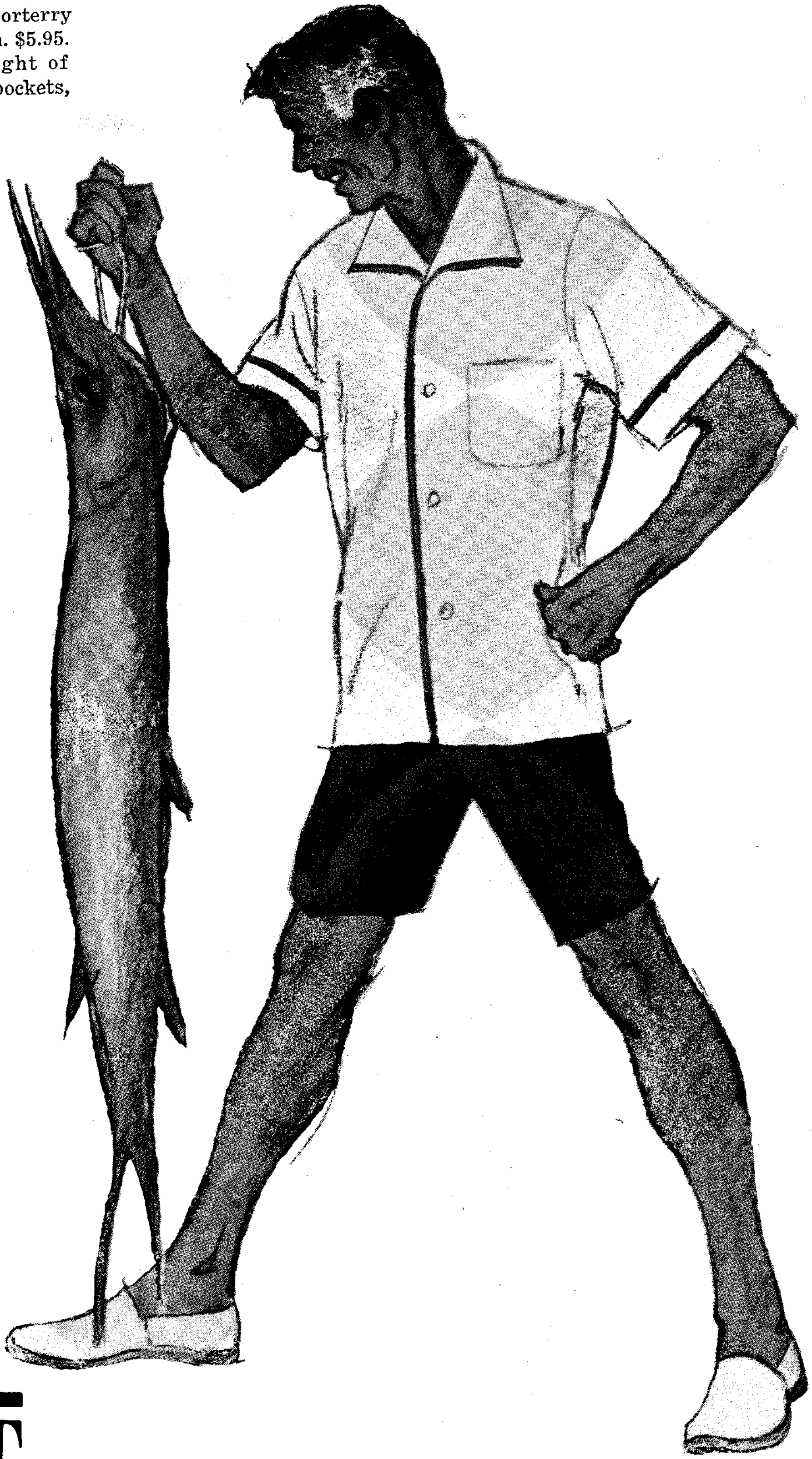
(Boy) **SI SHELL ZIP TOPPER** of 100% cotton. $5.98. HONAN BOXER SHORTS of lightweight cotton with the look of silk. $4.98.

THE MOST
MALE LOOK
ON THE BEACH

COLOUR WAVE TRIMWEAR BY McGREGOR®

Also boy-sized, boy-priced. Made in Canada, too. For store nearest you, write McGregor-Doniger Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. or in N.Y.C. call Circle 5-0800

CRYSTAL TERRY TONER of deep, soft Sporterry by Cone, with knit waistband, colored trim. $5.95. **CRYSTAL COOL BEACH SHORTS** lightweight of Crystal Cool Cotton by Cone, with patch pockets, rope belt. $5.95.

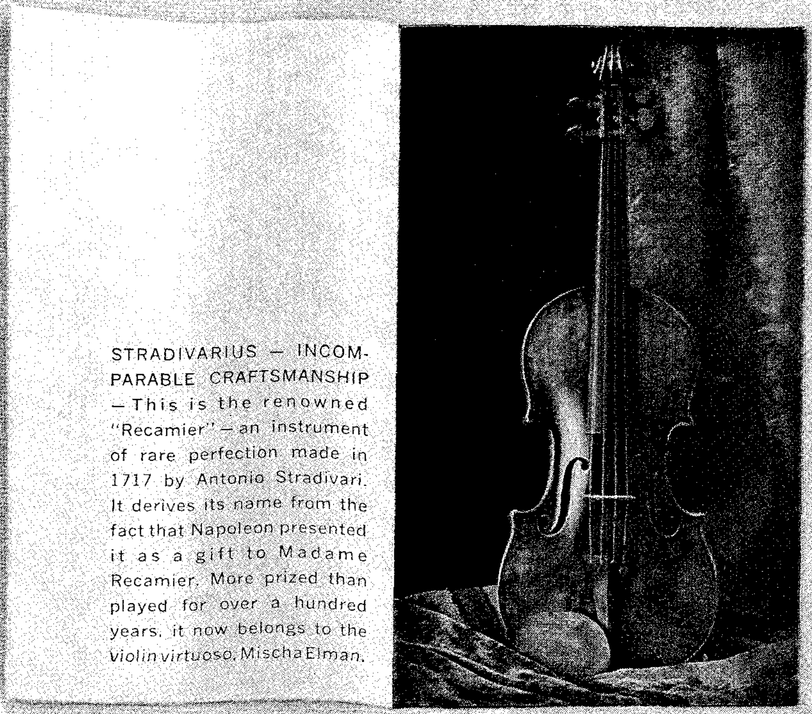


THE MOST MALE FABRICS ON THE BEACH

Rich solid hues, brilliant multi-toned prints...this is McGregor's smart new Colour Wave of dyed-to-match beachwear. Making a big fashion splash, too, are these new beach fabrics...including Crystal Cool Cotton and Sporterry woven by Cone exclusively for McGregor!

...IN CRYSTAL COOL FABRICS BY CONE

Cone Mills Inc., 1440 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

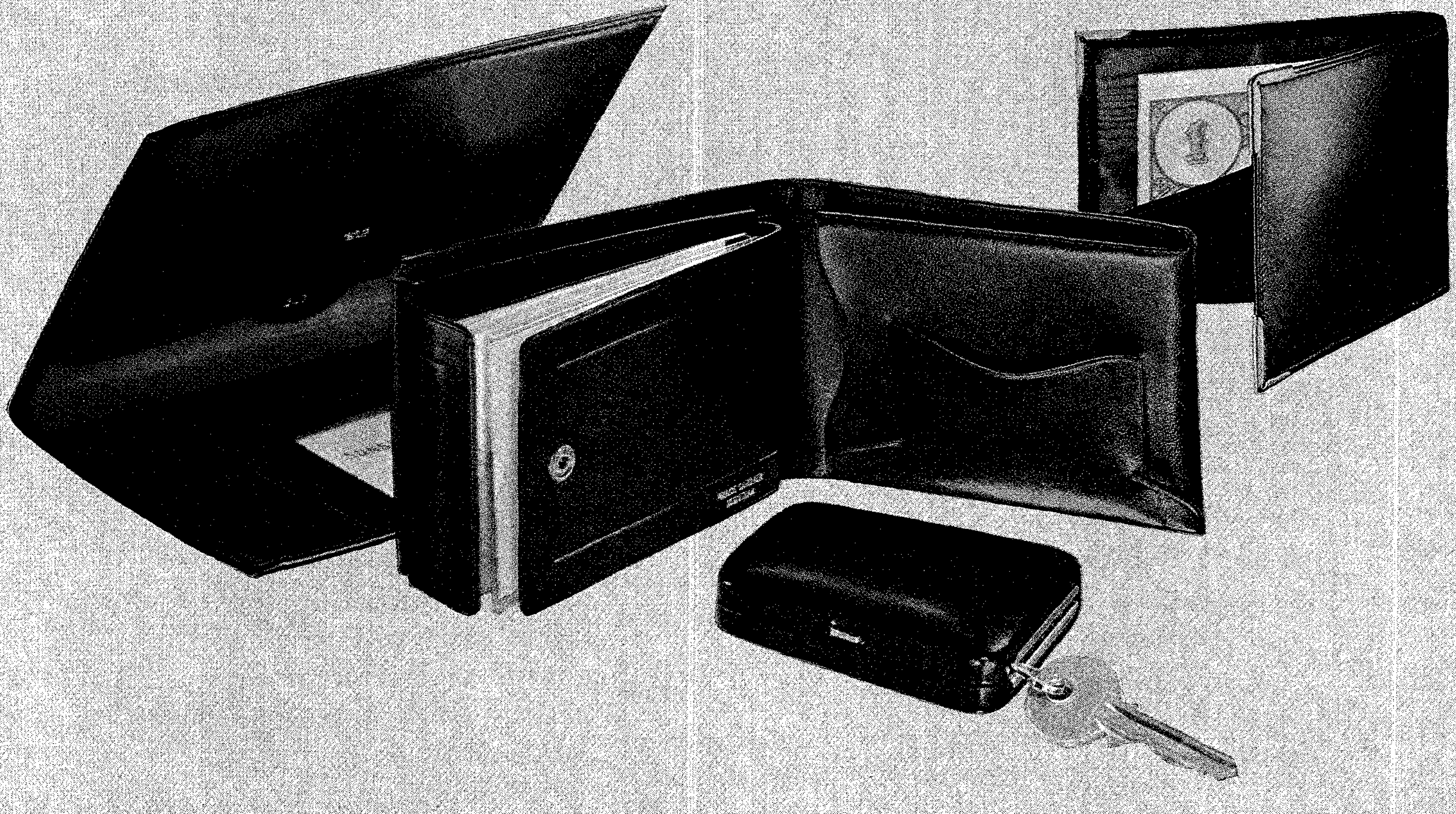


STRADIVARIUS — INCOMPARABLE CRAFTSMANSHIP — This is the renowned "Recamier" — an instrument of rare perfection made in 1717 by Antonio Stradivari. It derives its name from the fact that Napoleon presented it as a gift to Madame Recamier. More prized than played for over a hundred years, it now belongs to the violin virtuoso, Mischa Elman.

COURTESY OF MISCHA ELMAN

Incomparable Craftsmanship — the same dedication to perfection that creates priceless musical instruments went into "Burnished Mahogany." This crescendo of bold good looks . . . this virility of line and lustrous tone mark the work of a master. An elegant rendition in leather. The Fine Art of Leathercraft by **PRINCE GARDNER®**

Set in polished cowhide: $15.90. Individually: *Registrar® Billfold, new "show-a-card" clip* $5, *Key Gard* $2.95, *Bill Gard* $2.95, *Pocket Secretary* $5. All plus tax.



PRINCE GARDNER COMPANY • 1234 S. KINGSHIGHWAY • ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI • AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

BACK TO AFRICA

IT fell to me last summer to travel across West Africa to observe, among other things, some of the interaction between world politics and race relations, a matter on which I have been making a special inquiry for M.I.T.'s Center for International Studies. This interaction is a pretty lively affair in West Africa just now, and since my travels took me from Nigeria to Ghana and then to Guinea and Liberia, I saw and heard quite a bit of it taking place. One aspect of it in particular acquired new dimensions for me as, on my travels, I began to meet American Negroes and to talk with them about their experiences in Africa. The matters of which we talked were impersonal, in the large, but were also intensely personal, and, for that reason, in my account of these conversations I will use no names and will blur places while I try not to blur what these individuals had to say.

ONE of the first American Negroes I met was a young but highly qualified professional who had come out on a three-year contract to teach in his special field. I asked him why he had taken this job, and he said, "I came to Africa because I was looking for a place to be comfortable. I thought I might feel easier here, feel more free, just settle down and do a job and be myself." He shook his head at my unasked question. "No," he said. "I haven't."

Practically all the American Negroes I met in West Africa had come to the ancestral continent with some form of the same idea in their minds. They had come looking for freedom from racism and prejudice, or at least for a racial situation that counted them in instead of out—that provided solace and a sense of identity in a world where everyone was black. They had also looked for a chance to share in the new pride of achievement stemming from the black man's reassertion of himself and his "African personality." In West Africa, in a small way and for a short time, the Negro pilgrim can find some of this. But it does not last long—hardly past the first flush of the sensation of being in a place where the white man is not master. Almost invariably, the Negro pilgrim in Africa soon finds himself not free at all, more than ever without solace and a sense of identity, fighting new patterns of prejudice, and suffering the pangs of a new kind of outsiderness. He had thought that he was alien in America, but he discovers that he is much more alien in Africa. Whether he likes it or not, he is American, and in Africa he becomes an American-in-exile.

The outburst by some Negroes in the gallery of the United Nations Security Council, in New York, during the Lumumba demonstrations in February at least served to make more people aware that American Negroes are experiencing their own kind of confusion over the events in emergent Africa. It is a peculiar and painful confusion, cutting to the core of what Negroes think about themselves and about their place in American society and in the world. Everything is changing in their universe, too—those winds blow not only across Africa—forcing upon them all kinds of new conceptions and self-conceptions, and among these are new ideas and emotions about Africa itself, the hitherto remote and rejected ancestral homeland. The gallery demonstrators were merely an extremist handful, but at some point these new stirrings touch all kinds of people in every part of the American Negro community.

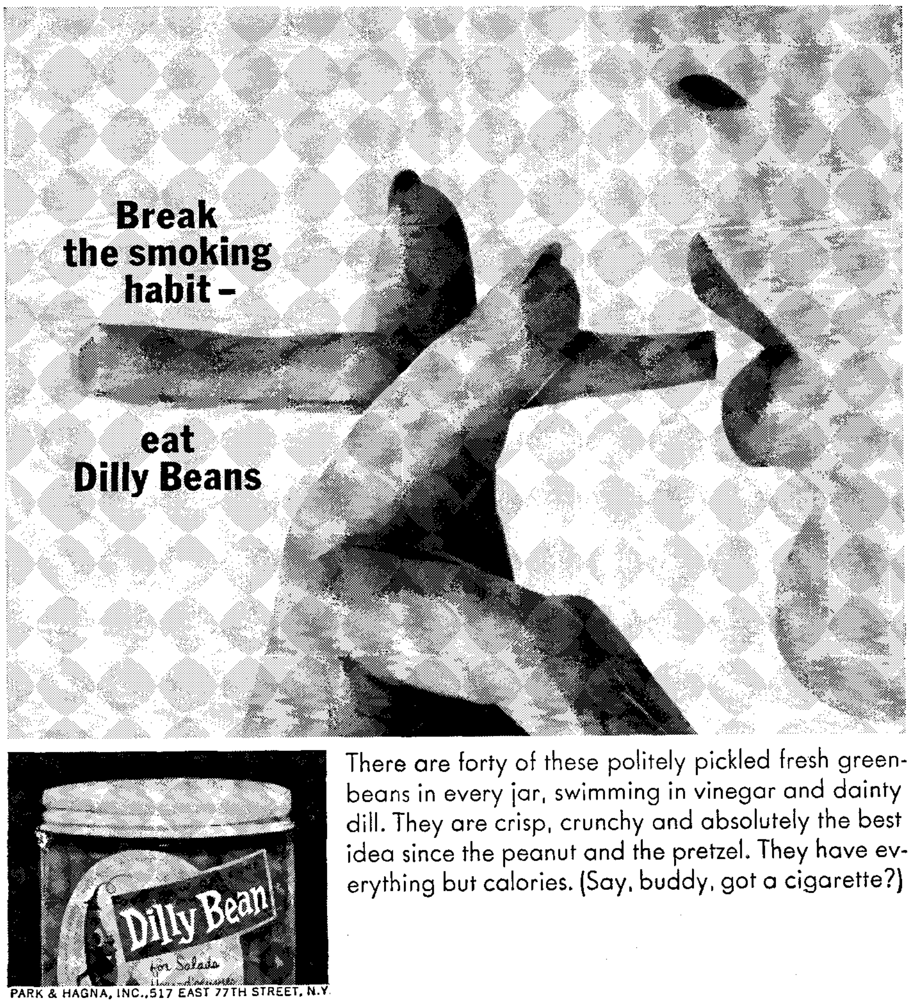
The idea of going "back to Africa" has a long history among American Negroes. It has always been one ultimate option for those who felt despair over the prospect of achieving their full rights as human beings in the life of America. Such was the despair that in the years after the First World War led hundreds of thousands to line up with their money for Marcus Garvey's Black Star Line. Today there is a certain despair among many Negroes over the slow pace of change in America; the faster some changes come, the more intolerable become the persisting survivals of the past. But despairing Negroes now can feel what Negroes could not feel in Garvey's time—astonishment and exhilaration over the swift

"You're in very good shape for a man in the eighty-per-cent bracket."

Established in the XVII Century
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
BERRY BROS & RUDD Ltd

SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE CUTTY SARK THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF



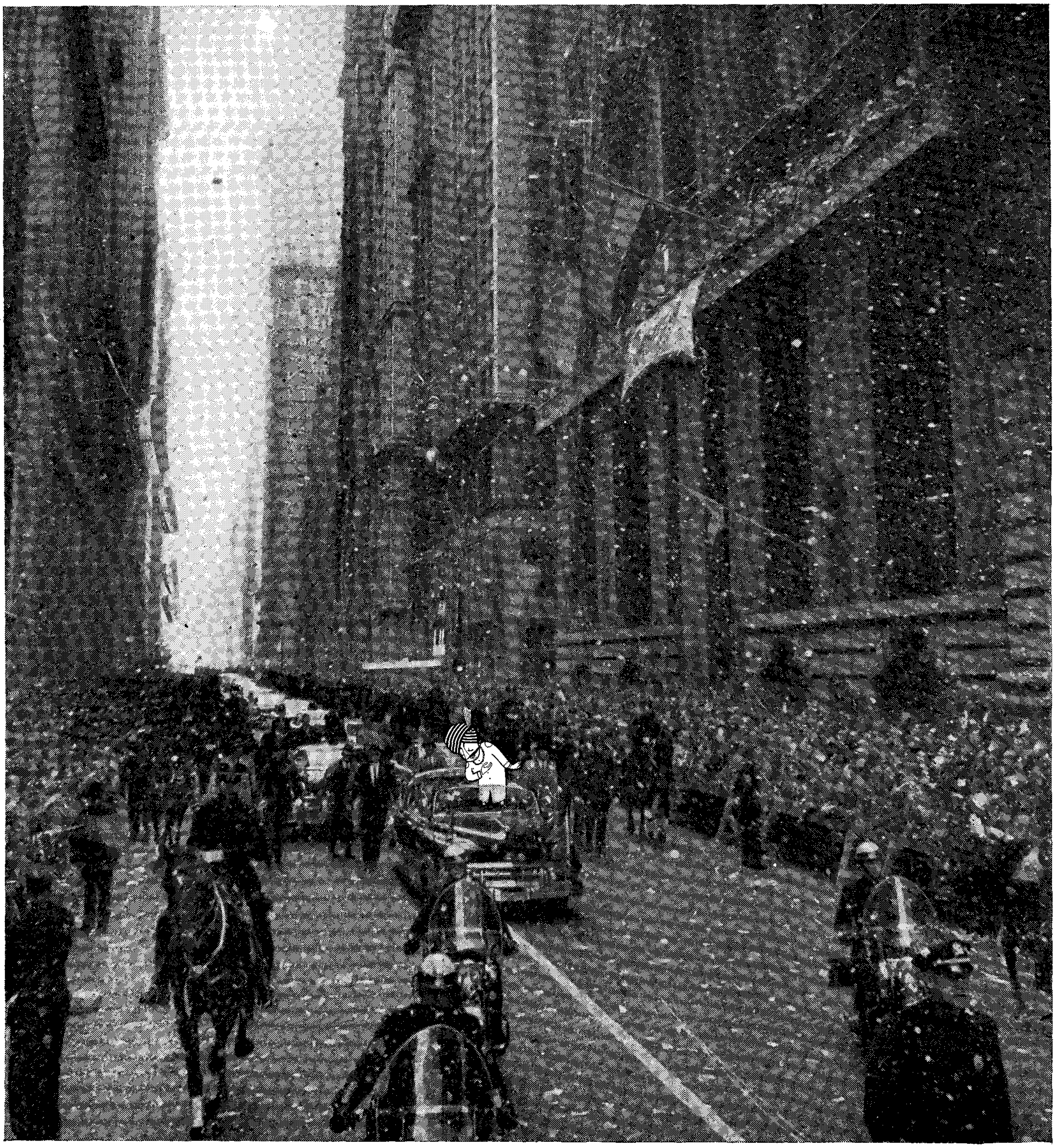
Break the smoking habit – eat Dilly Beans

There are forty of these politely pickled fresh green-beans in every jar, swimming in vinegar and dainty dill. They are crisp, crunchy and absolutely the best idea since the peanut and the pretzel. They have everything but calories. (Say, buddy, got a cigarette?)

PARK & HAGNA, INC., 517 EAST 77TH STREET, N.Y.

pace of change in Africa, offering them for the first time the basis for a proud association with the continent of their remote origins. Hence the whole new stir of impulses among American Negroes. Hence the fact that if you go to Africa now, you meet American Negroes, working, travelling, and questing.

Most of the Negroes you meet in West Africa nowadays are travellers, come, like everyone else, to have a look at the boiling and bubbling turmoil of the African emergence. Some of these are notables—guests at the frequent celebrations, delegates to the innumerable conferences, members of advisory commissions—and others are more ordinary folk, such as a fast-moving, exuberant Chicago schoolteacher I met at various places last summer who was spending her savings on a swift tour of the continent, all by herself, just to have a look, "so I can tell the children in my classes what it is really like." A much smaller number of the Negroes have come out on particular jobs—scholars, teachers, technical specialists on contract for one, three, or five years to various African institutions. Then, there are the Negroes scattered through the official American establishments; one, last summer, was an ambassador (he has since been replaced), and others are regular embassy staff members, cultural attachés, information officers, members of technical-aid missions—perhaps a dozen in all. Besides these short-term expatriates, there is a smaller group of longer-term, or even permanent, expatriates, who have come to try to make new lives for themselves in Africa. Leaving aside the Negroes who live in Liberia, with its history of special links with America and American Negroes, this is now a small number of individuals, varying greatly in activity and outlook. A few of the expatriates are businessmen who have come, scored, and stayed. These are people who live as American and European expatriate businessmen have usually lived abroad, sending their children home to school and getting back themselves once in a while for a visit. But there are at least two kinds of expatriates who have made rather more permanent commitments. The first consists of young women who have married Africans, usually as a result of campus romances in America, and have come to Africa to live. These may number up to several dozen in West Africa now. Finally, in the smallest numbers of all—I met only two and heard of only two or three others—there are migrants who left America because they were no longer willing or able to bear life here as Ne-



12 months and 355 million passenger-miles ago

Here you see a few of the discerning travelers who turned out to welcome the inauguration of AIR-INDIA's transatlantic jet service just one year ago. Since then, we have transformed more than 16,000 transatlantic travelers into enthusiastic maharajahs . . . to an extent that we're now compelled to expand our schedule to five flights a week. Wednesday through Sunday, our Boeing 707 Rolls-Royce Jets leave New York for London, Paris, Geneva, Frankfurt, Prague, Rome and all the East. Enroute, you enjoy the lavish arts of Eastern hospitality . . . opulent atmosphere . . . and the knowledgeable surety of pilots who are veterans of AIR-INDIA's 14 years of world-wide service. To discover the delights of flight via AIR-INDIA . . . *join the potentate parade to your travel agent.*

AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah

AIR-INDIA, 565 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK – CHICAGO – CLEVELAND – DALLAS – LOS ANGELES – PHILADELPHIA – WASHINGTON, D. C.

J. PRESS INC.

POLYESTER/FLAX LINENS

THE SEASONED acceptance well earned by this J. PRESS Linen blend is reproven in our new Hopsack and Tweed-Check weaves. Seemingly weightless and completely comfortable, they possess a dry 'hand' and an all-purpose appearance unmatched for Summer Wear.

In our 'natural' tailored style, three-button with hook vent, raised seams, and 3/8" double stitched edge trim.

HOPSACKS

Unbleached Natural, Deep Indigo-Blue, Olive Mixture and Lovat Crash. Washable, and drip-dry-fast.

Jackets $42.50

Suits, with plain front trousers....$62.50

TWEED-CHECKS

Olive, Gray and Black Shooting Check Jackets. Dry-clean only $45

Olive and Tan Glen Check Jackets. Wash and drip-dry-fast $45

CURRENT EXHIBITS

Birmingham...........	Dinkler-Tutwiler Hotel May 15th & 16th
Chicago....................	LaSalle Hotel May 17th, 18th & 19th
Los Angeles...........	Biltmore Hotel May 18th, 19th & 20th
Memphis..................	Peabody Hotel May 17th & 18th
Minneapolis...........	Radisson Hotel May 15th & 16th
Nashville.................	Dinkler-Andrew Jackson May 19th & 20th
San Francisco........	St. Francis Hotel May 22nd, 23rd & 24th

Exhibit Dates For 31 Other Cities On Request.

Mail Orders Filled. Submit height, weight, chest & waist measures. Include 75c mailing cost. Sample swatches and brochure upon request.

Since 1902

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK

J. PRESS INC.

262 York St. New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. New York
Coast to Coast Travel Exhibits

groes and who are committed to seeking some kind of new life for themselves in their new setting. One of the two I met was a young woman who had become a Liberian through naturalization and then a Ghanaian by marriage. She was, incidentally, the only American Negro I met in West Africa who had given up her American citizenship.

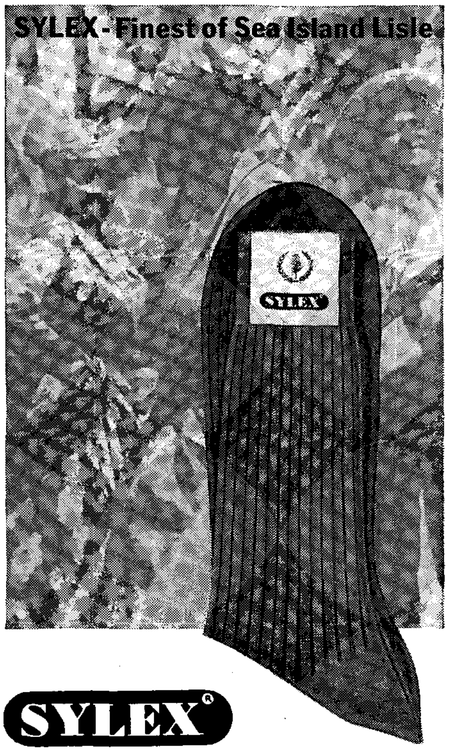
Here and there in the several countries I visited, I met individuals in each of these situations, and I listened long and hard to some of them. The forms of their experience and the details varied greatly, but with only one or two exceptions they were all moving toward the same conclusion. It was perhaps best put by a young man who had come to Africa to see if there was any relief there from the anger he carried in his heart against America and the whole world of white men: "I came to Africa feeling like a brother, but there I was, I was not a brother. I was not Senegalese or Nigerian or Ghanaian, I was *American*, an *American* Negro from an Anglo-Saxon culture, or as much of it as filtered down to me, determining what I am, what I think, what I feel. I could come back, and color might not be a problem, but I would always be an outsider coming in. It would be true of any outsider, and true of me. It's the way anybody looks at a stranger."

THE young professional who had come out to teach because he was "looking for a place to be comfortable" had been very successful at home, a man who was among the first in his field and in his particular job. But he was weary of "being special," weary of always fighting, always being vigilant. In his college days, he had met some Nigerian students who impressed him by their air of dedication to *something larger than themselves*. So when the chance came to him to teach in his field in Africa for a few years, he took it up. "I was greeted with 'Welcome, brother, you've been through a hard time'—that sort of feeling," he told me. "I did not like being patronized this way. I also found that the air of dedication was deceiving. It is the same old rat race here that it is everywhere else." He also found that being an American did not mean, if you were a Negro, only that you were a victim of discrimination. It also meant that you were used to telephones that worked and to telephone conversations that worked, too; that is, appointments that were kept, promises that were carried out, or decisions that were remem-

exclusive at S.F.A.— the McAfee Monk Strap Moc

From our collection of imported British McAfees—this handsome shoe of selected quality calfskin to strap down and stride forth in. A supple moccasin, constructed for lightweight flexibility, in black or dark brown; 6 to 13 sizes, 30.00. Men's Shoes, Street Floor. Mail and phone orders filled.

THE MEN'S SHOPS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • White Plains • Springfield
Chicago • Detroit • Beverly Hills



SYLEX-Finest of Sea Island Lisle

SYLEX®

West Indies cotton, spun in England, crafted into the finest six-ply hose!

Anklets $1.50, Half Hose $1.75, Kneelength $2.50

Lewis & Thos. Saltz WASHINGTON, D.C.

AND OTHER FINE SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

ROYCE HOSE, 350 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.1

PADDY CHAYEFSKY'S
the tenth man
OCTOROON
the Miracle Worker
PATTY DUKE
ACKEY'S
INC.
ATRE TICKET SERVICE
PE 6-6400
ETHEL MERMAN
BELASCO THEATRE
CHITA RIVERA DICK VAN DYKE
GOWER CHAMPION
SHUBERT THEATRE
BEST MUSICAL OF THE YEAR
Fiorello!
BYE BYE BIRDIE
SEAL MITCHELL
MADISON SQ. GARDEN
MON. MAR. 13
World Heavyweight Ch
Under the Yum-Yum Tree
GIG YOUNG SANDRA CHURCH
NAN MARTIN DEAN JONES
LAURENCE OLIVIER ANTHONY QUINN
PETER GLENVILLE'S PRODUCTION
BECKET
CAROL CHANNING
SHOW GIRL

ALFRED BESTER, PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HOLIDAY BY BURT GLINN

PERHAPS YOU REMEMBER HIM FROM THE PHANTOM?

Superman? Or Mandrake the gician? Alfred Bester broke into e entertainment world as a uinka writer," the fellow who ts the words into the mouths of nic strip characters. Today as tic Arts columnist for Holiday gazine, he deftly takes the words t of the mouths of celebrities. Along the way Bester has been a novelist, screen and television writer, TV director and creator of TV spectaculars. If there is anything in the entertainment business he hasn't done, he certainly knows someone who has. And being a show business insider adds a third dimension to his Holiday writing. Sample Bester at his best in the May Holiday as he probes the private lives of two of New York's highest-paid fashion models. Holiday's ability to bring the right writer and the right subject together has helped win a most actively loyal following: over 900,000 affluent families and thousands of successful advertisers. HOLIDAY MAGAZINE

CAPTAIN

Our course is set for casual wear. Soft combed cotton chambray in our pullover dinghy model—short sleeves and button-down collar. Our colors, blue, gold, olive, burgundy and ivory. **$6.50**

In long sleeves, olive, blue or gold. **$6.50**

Sizes 14½ to 16½
Please add 45¢ postage for mail order.

FIRST MATE

A captain's favorite in a charming Bermuda collar of fine combed cotton chambray with ¾ roll up sleeves. Colors, blue, gold, or olive. **$6.50**

Sizes 10-16

Paul Stuart
18 East 45th Street, New York
Murray Hill 2-0320

bered the next day. "It's ridiculous, but I had never before realized how much of my life had nothing to do with the race problem at all," he said. "I mean just the way you do everything you do, what you mean when you say something, and how you understand what the other fellow means. I simply cannot function the way they do here. I like things put straight and got out of the way. Nothing is done that way here. Nothing is fixed. Do you realize what it means to have to bargain about the price of the bread you buy every day?" But there was a sharper and deeper edge to his feelings than mere impatience with slow or inefficient African ways. When he invited me to his home that evening to take potluck with him and his wife, I discovered that they were servantless, having fired their "steward" only the day before. In their long recital of their experience with him, it became clear that they had fired him not only because he was incompetent, dishonest, and unresponsive, and not because the unfamiliar sensation of having a servant made them uncomfortable or uncertain. The breaking point came when, after one of their final expostulations with him, he argued back that he was held in contempt by his friends and fellow-stewards because he was working for them and they were not white. This was the real reason they threw him out.

The subject of relations with servants came up quite often in these encounters. Indeed, one of the more ironic experiences that an old Shanghai resident, which I happen to be, can have in West Africa these days is to listen to members of a new generation of American expatriates talking about their servants—the humor and irritations of dealing with them, and what there was to learn from them about African mores, habits, and character. There was also an echo of old China days when I dined one evening in the home of a white American who had been raised in China. "There is just no comparison," my hostess sighed. "No comparison at all between these African servants and those wonderful Chinese servants we had!" Thus the ironies in all the talk about servants cut several ways and made a crisscrossing design of their own among the swiftly changing relationships of our time. It was not only that these were Americans, white or Negro, who would probably not have servants at home; this was largely true in the old days, too. Nor was it that they were likely to have ideas of equality and dignity that did not fit with the master-

OH!
it's great to be in
NEW YORK
. . . ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU
LIVE AT THE BARBIZON
for Women

If you're coming to New York City to work or attend school—stay at a hotel that's just right for *you*. You'll meet the nicest people, young career women, *many of your own classmates, more* than likely. And the Barbizon has everything—swimming pool, solarium, music studios, library, all hotel services. All rooms have radio, TV available.

On the Smart East Side . . . New York's Most Exclusive Hotel for Young Women
Daily from $4.75. Weekly rates on request

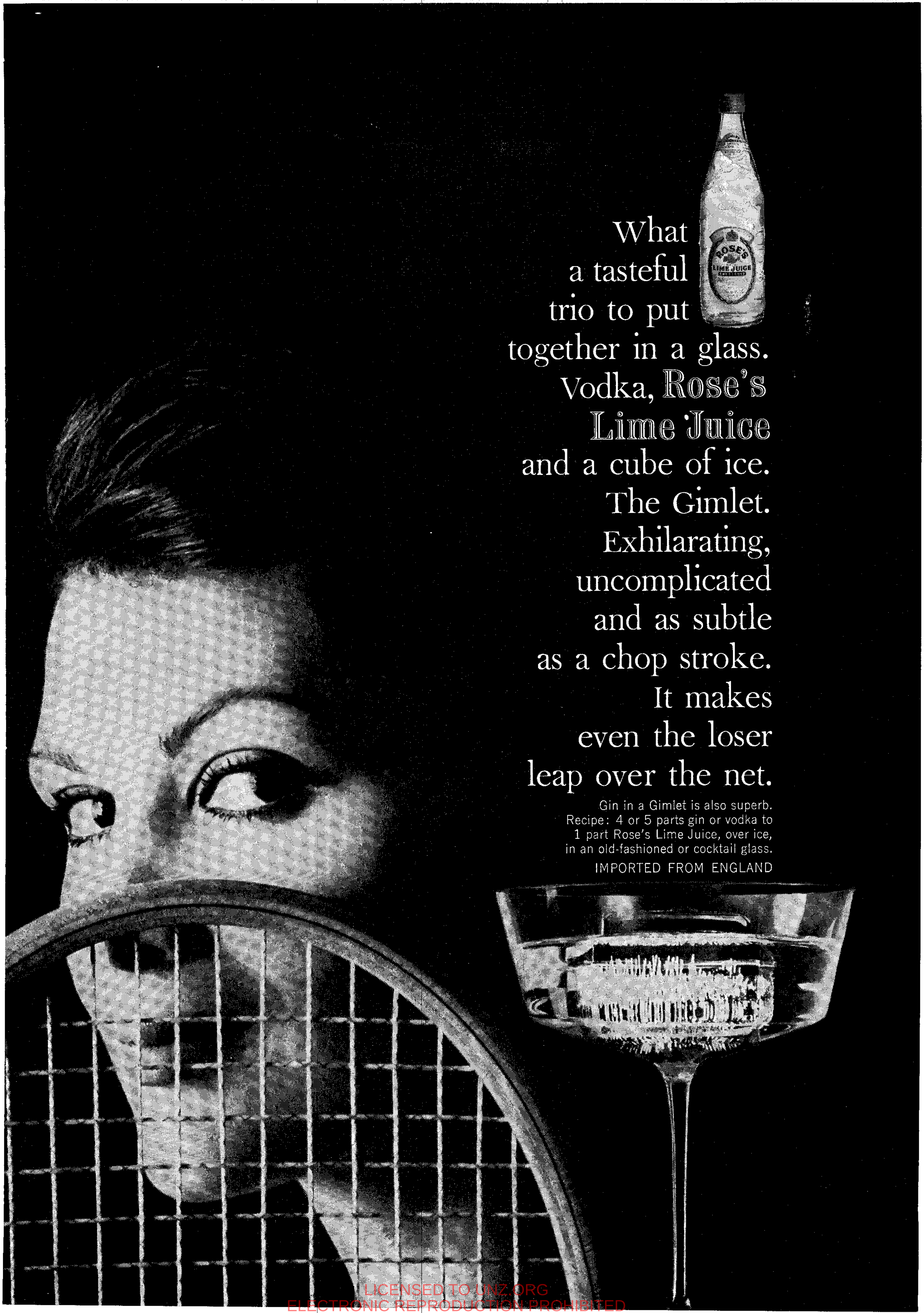
The Barbizon

Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., N. Y. C. • Write for Booklet A-5

"LILY OF THE VALLEY"
Short-stemmed flower vase of heavy lead crystal from Sweden.
Delicately engraved. 4" high. **$12.50.**

Mail orders invited. Add 75c for postage.
Please write for our Gift Catalog.

667 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 22, N.Y.
WILMOT RIDGE, SCARSDALE, N.Y.
GEORG JENSEN INC



What
a tasteful
trio to put
together in a glass.
Vodka, **Rose's
Lime Juice**
and a cube of ice.
The Gimlet.
Exhilarating,
uncomplicated
and as subtle
as a chop stroke.
It makes
even the loser
leap over the net.

Gin in a Gimlet is also superb.
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka to
1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice,
in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

mort schrader

In summer's most relaxed fabric:
Dacron® polyester and cotton by EARL-LOOM.
Putty and black, sizes 6 to 16.
About $40. At Lord & Taylor.
For other fine stores write Mort Schrader,
530 Seventh Ave., New York 18.

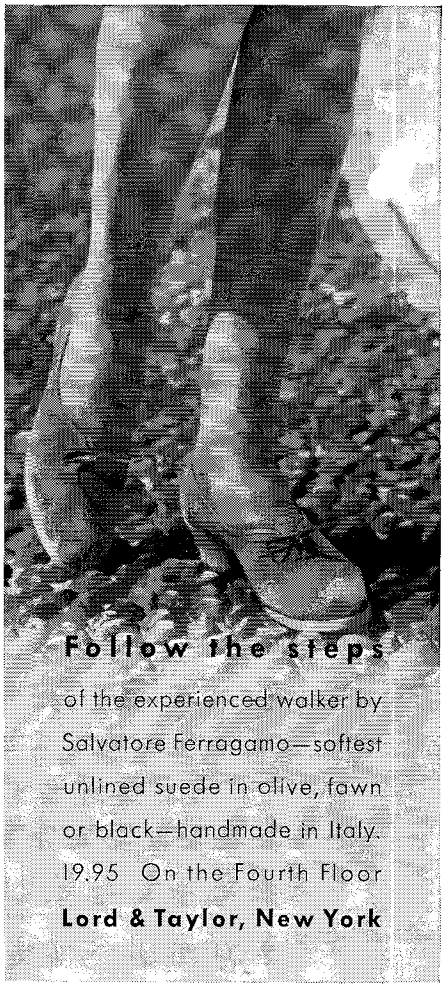
servant relationship; this was also true of some in the past. But in the past it was possible for many expatriates to be drawn quite easily into conformity with the established order of things—the colonial system was one big master-servant relationship, after all—and even to begin taking to the habit of mastery with increasing relish. Today, as everyone now knows except the Portuguese, colonialism is dead or dying. Some of its behavior patterns survive among the older expatriate hands and are still seized upon by a few of the uglier newcomers. But, generally speaking, everyone nowadays is called upon to be as democratic and equal as possible, and Americans are more self-conscious about this than any other people, including the Russians. Hence it comes as an embarrassing shock—especially to the American determined not to be ugly—that the "new" democracy is for him to practice, while his hosts, the upper crust of the newly emancipated people, treat their own servants, and all other inferior orders, with remarkable contempt. In West Africa, as in most of Asia, there are few things uglier than an upper bureaucrat's bearing toward a middle bureaucrat, or a middle bureaucrat's bearing toward a lower, or the bearing of any of them toward any menials in their service. "They treat them horribly!" exclaimed a dismayed young woman, a Negro traveller who had enjoyed all of her journey until she stayed for a few days in the home of some African friends. "The servants need force, they tell you, and even say they are not human and you don't have to worry about them. They feed them scraps from the table, they yell at them and call them names. I would try to be nice to the servants, but my hosts never liked this." This behavior on the part of Africans is peculiarly shocking to anyone who has idealized the African struggle for freedom, or who has thought that only whites treated blacks with disrespect, and it is especially painful to Negroes, for until just the day before yesterday almost the only place open to them in society was that of menial or servant. "I run into this quite a bit," observed an American Negro who is now a permanent resident in Africa. "In the attitude of the policemen toward the people, for example, and the customs officers at the border. There is the attitude toward servants and also the attitude among the servants—the attitude of the steward toward the 'small boy,' of the cook toward the steward. The same in the government bureaucracy—obsequious to the higher, nasty

MEMORIAL DAY
holiday by the sea

HOTEL Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY

Four wonderful days! Sounds inviting, doesn't it, for lazing on our private beach and breathing the salty air? Life is marvelous at the Hotel Dennis with the blissful comfort, fine food, cocktails on the terrace, dancing and a round of continuous enjoyment.

On the Boardwalk at Michigan Avenue
Phone: (Area Code 609) 344-8111
OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE BUZBY FAMILY


Follow the steps of the experienced walker by Salvatore Ferragamo—softest unlined suede in olive, fawn or black—handmade in Italy. 19.95 On the Fourth Floor

Lord & Taylor, New York

Report on Sheer Genius,® most dramatic change in make-up (and in women's looks) in 24 years:

From Max Factor comes the new make-up that has changed the face of fashion. Sheer Genius combines the radiant glow of liquid make-up with the soft flattery of powder to create a perfect matte finish. Never shiny, never powdery—it's the "Sheer Genius Look" that you get only with Max Factor's new Sheer Genius—first complete make-up in a tube.

MAX FACTOR
Sheer Genius
MF
COMPLETE MAKE-UP

©1961, MAX FACTOR & CO.

For centuries, women have sought the perfect make-up—a make-up complete in itself, that would bless a face with a perfect, beautiful finish in a single step.

With the creation of Sheer Genius, Max Factor has made this dream come true. In just one step, his new Sheer Genius make-up gives your complexion the perfect balance of lustre and softness. Cosmeticians call it a "matte finish." Never shiny, never dull—this is the new "Sheer Genius Look" that Max Factor has brought to the face of fashion.

THE BEAUTIFUL DIFFERENCE YOU FEEL

Sheer Genius not only makes a beautiful difference in the way you look—it's the first make-up that actually *feels beautiful* on your skin. Most other make-ups in tubes are heavy-weights compared to Sheer Genius. Only light-as-a-whisper Sheer Genius gives your complexion a young, lovely feeling—like floating on air—a feeling of freshness you've never experienced before. And only Sheer Genius stays fresh and lovely all the hours you wear it.

THE BEAUTIFUL DIFFERENCE YOU SEE

Max Factor now offers Sheer Genius in a range of 10 complexion-balanced shades. One is perfect for you! As you smooth on Sheer Genius you'll feel the incredible sheerness, you'll see a beautiful difference in your complexion. At once there's a brightness to your face—but it's not the least bit shiny. There's a flattering softness to your skin—but it's not powdery-dull. Only Sheer Genius in complexion-balanced shades gives you a beautiful, flawless finish—yet is so sheer that all you can see is the beautiful difference.

WHY SHEER GENIUS IS UNIQUE

Sheer Genius is a totally new kind of make-up; soft liquid drops in a tube. It is the only make-up that combines all the radiance of liquid make-up with the soft flattery of powder. Sheer Genius smooths on in one easy step. It's so easy you absolutely can't make a mistake. It blends completely, covers beautifully. Powder isn't needed. Sheer Genius actually "sets" itself!

SHEER GENIUS GOES EVERYWHERE

The pretty Sheer Genius tube is so modern and convenient! Much easier to use—you can always measure out just the few drops of make-up you need. The plastic tube is unbreakable, non-collapsible, safe for your purse or luggage, ideal for everyday use and travel.

Discover for yourself the beautiful difference of Sheer Genius—now available at better cosmetic counters everywhere. Only $1.50 a tube.

MAX FACTOR
HOLLYWOOD • LONDON • PARIS

sophisticated

HASPEL

proves it's smart to be comfortable

Haspel wash and wear clothing puts you at ease in the smartest company...and in the hottest temperature. No price can buy a smarter summer suit...no search can find such sophisticated good taste for less. Truly, Haspel makes you the very "Image" of sophistication.

At the most respected stores everywhere.

$39.95 and up. Slightly higher in the West.

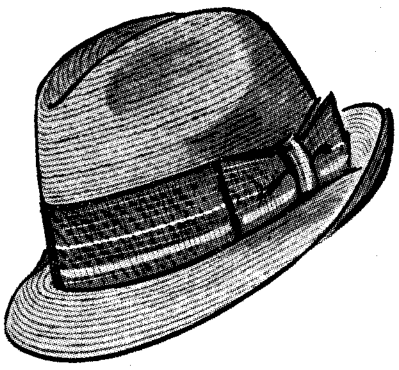
HASPEL BROTHERS, INC., NEW ORLEANS 11, LA.
New York: 200 Fifth Avenue

to the lower. This does not exist among us. My mother, at home in America, is a domestic—she still is, because she likes to work. But she likes the people she works for. She is never made to feel anything like this; she is an individual. But here, unfortunately, it is very common; you get it right through the society."

There is an even more mordant aspect to the matter as well. Hardly any scorn is more justified than that felt by Negroes for whites in America who say they "know" Negroes because they have had them for servants or workhands all their lives. Yet I met Negroes in West Africa who "knew" all sorts of things about Africans—things they had gleaned almost exclusively from their servants.

THE experience of American girls who have married Africans and gone to Africa to live is a subject impatiently awaiting its author. It is hard to know just how many such marriages there are now; I was told last summer that in the city of Accra alone there were then about a dozen. As more and more African students come to the United States, there will be more and more of them. In the eyes of the African, the educated American Negro girl is a great prize. By marrying such a girl he is often making a major bid to complete his passage from his own traditional culture to the new world of modernism and change. American girls are attracted to these romances for different reasons—Lorraine Hansberry showed us one of them in "A Raisin in the Sun"—but one of the most poignant is the groping of the dark Negro girl for the regard and acceptance that are still so largely withheld from her in American Negro society. Wherever these marriages begin, however, they soon run into rough going, or so I was told. The American wives of Ghanaians in Accra were described to me by other Negro residents and by two of their own number as a group of unhappy and frustrated women who spend much of their time sharing their complaints and trying to console each other.

The complaints vary, but living conditions are large among them. While some of the husbands manage to do well with the professions they acquired abroad, most of them have to be satisfied with jobs that give them a standard of living miles above that of the lowly African laborer but still not so high for a girl raised in modest, or even poor, circumstances in Harlem or on Chicago's South Side. Even where there is not



Making headlines —
our straw hat collection

S.F.A. leads-in with this Milan straw, shaped anew with a handsome center pinched crown — and defined here as the coolest look for summer. We show it as only one from our distinctive collection. 1¾" snap brim; in slate blue or walnut. 6⅞-7½ sizes, 11.95. Street Floor. Mail and telephone orders filled, no c.o.d's.

THE MEN'S SHOPS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • Chicago • Detroit

TREASURE
from
SCOTLAND

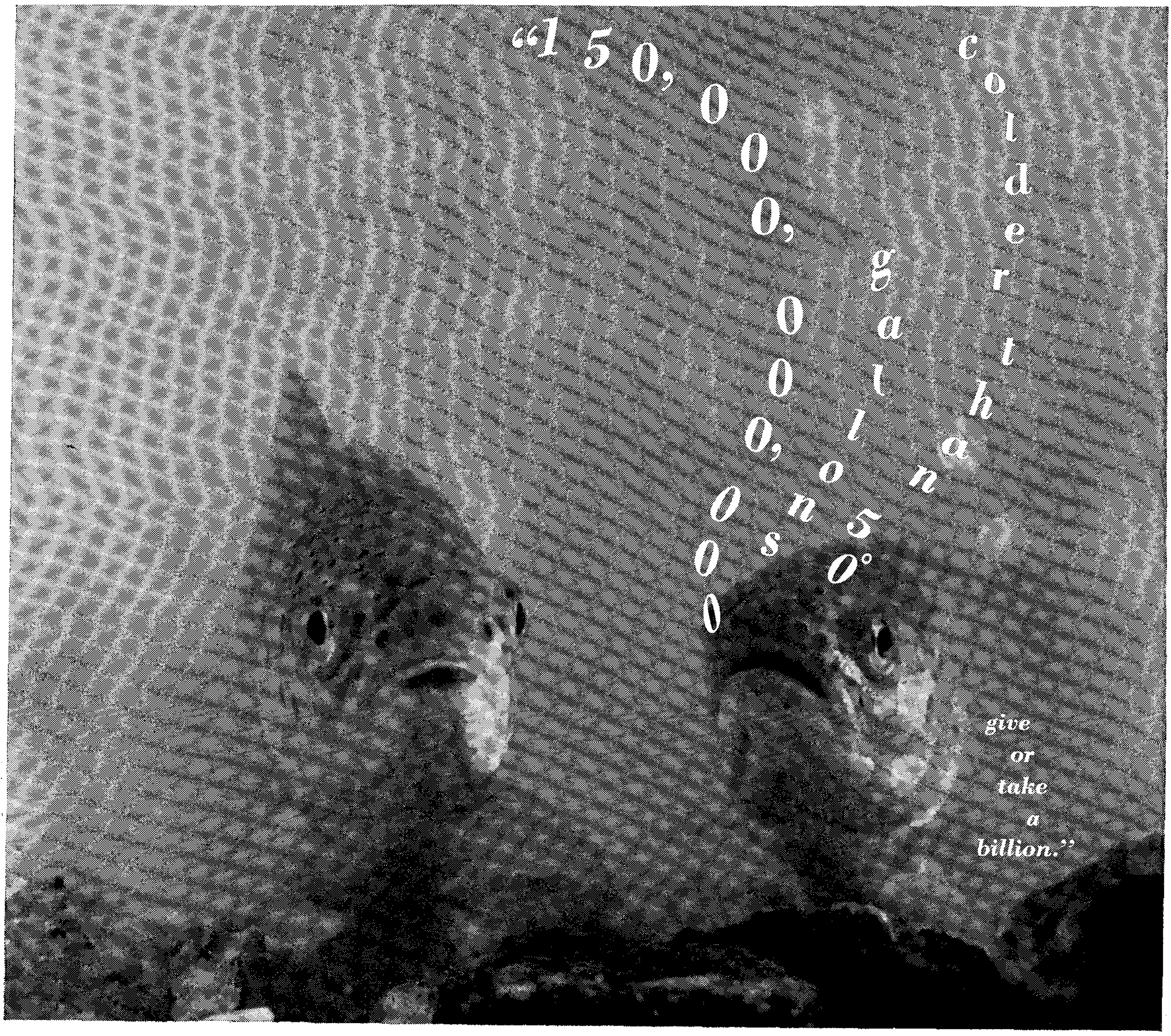
The Famous Grouse Brand
Blended Scotch Whisky
Matthew Gloag & Son Ltd
Perth Scotland

SCOTCH
for the
TRUE
CONNOISSEUR

The Famous Grouse Brand Scotch Whisky represents the cumulative blending experience of five generations of the Gloag family since 1800. To test the superb quality of this treasure from Scotland, try it straight.

FAMOUS
GROUSE
Brand Scotch Whisky
SEGGERMAN SLOCUM INC., N. Y. C.
Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 proof

“Is
there
really
enough
cold water
for us
here?”


“150,000,000,000 gallons
colder than 50°
give or take a billion.”

That’s the year ’round supply of cold water that rainbow trout and industry can count on in Arkansas. For fishing or cooling, cold water in Arkansas is being managed so there will be plenty for both. Trout and industry locating season now open. For information on either, write the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, State Capitol, Little Rock.

THIS IS ARKANSAS

Vandervoorts

Van Crest Flipover

Made for our exclusive Van Crest label by Serbin, Irish linen sheath with elasticized waist, gentle tie sash. Oatmeal, yellow, blue, orange, emerald, hot pink; 8-18, **14.95**
Dress with your three-letter monogram in white, black, gray, brown, blue or navy, **16.95**

Order by mail, write Vandervoorts,
Saint Louis 1, Missouri.
Please add 35¢ for postage.

SCRUGGS VANDERVOORT BARNEY
Saint Louis, Clayton, Crestwood

actual poverty, or what seems to be poverty, there are the hurdles of differences in habit, taste, and diet, there are the complexities of marketing and bargaining, and there are the deeply engrossing problems of ordinary sanitation. Although these are not necessarily great things, they are not easy to adjust to, either. But much more painful, it appears, are the problems of American girls married to husbands who often have rather un-American ideas about the status of women. "In Africa," one of these wives told me, "even when they are Christians, they do not understand that a wife can talk up to her husband and that she has a right to be heard by her husband. They just don't understand this!" There was also some discussion of the peculiarly nettling combination of male jealousy, resulting in strict control of the behavior of the wife, and a freewheeling view of the permissible behavior of the husband. This is not uniquely African, but in the African setting it is often bound up with some profoundly different customs and attitudes. In certain groups, for example, child-spacing is achieved by an imposed continence until well after the child is weaned—sometimes a matter of two years, or even more. In this period, the wife is restricted and the husband definitely is not. This may lead, as anyone can readily see, to serious problems in an American girl's marriage.

What these girls have to cope with is the familiar but always difficult pattern of contradictions and ambivalences in the ways of a human being in motion between two cultures. Only very rarely does such a person succeed in shedding all the old ways and adopting all the new. However far he does go in one direction, he is still tied by a thousand bonds of upbringing, habit, and family to the customs and practices of the culture in which he was raised. These conflicts can sometimes be gracefully reconciled, but usually they are not—especially not in an intercultural marriage involving an American girl, with her ideas of her own rights and dignity. African cultures have not assigned many rights or much dignity to women. They are the hewers and the drawers of the society; in fact, to put it quite bluntly, they appear to do all the great volume of work that the men have been able to avoid doing. African traditional culture is also still quite largely polygamous, and this is an issue about which emergent African men are going to hear more and more from emergent African women. I was not told of any American girl who was confronted with another wife to

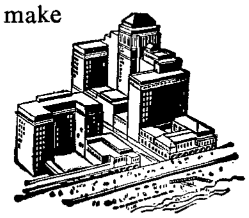
It's shocking if you don't give her

Shocking de Schiaparelli

PARFUMS SCHIAPARELLI, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

B-Z-Z-Z-Z

If you'd like to enjoy a honey of a vacation, make a beeline for this seashore resort.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co. . . . Progressive Innkeepers for 71 Years
Write for illustrated folder

SUNDAY DINNER IN THE Clouds
TOWER SUITE
ATOP THE TIME-LIFE BUILDING
ROCKEFELLER CENTER • JU 6-2100

The unique Tower Suite Dinner is served by your personal butler and table maid. Sunday service starts at 1:00; daily at 4:00. Even the view is delicious!

To your
very
fingertips
perfectly
natural
beauty

Brittle nails need not mar it—to restore them, just drink one envelope of Knox Gelatine once a day —proved effective by published medical research

Why put up with splitting, breaking nails?— when clinical studies have shown 7 out of 10 women can expect relief within 60 to 90 days. Simply drink Knox in fruit or vegetable juice, bouillon or water. But remember, only Knox Gelatine in envelopes can claim authentic evidence of effectiveness. No other gelatine can make this claim. So start your daily Knox Drink habit with tomorrow's breakfast juice— and very soon, have nice nails again!

KNOX
32 ENVELOPE ECONOMY SIZE
Unflavored
GELATINE
OPEN
HERE

ALL PROTEIN—NO SUGAR

KNOX GELATINE, INC., JOHNSTOWN, N.Y.

Self-service market, Bahamian style, along Nassau's bustling water fro

Sunlight and laughter set the mood . . .

Nassau
and the
Bahamas

Impromptu strolling along Nassau's water-front market is a joy. The laughter infectious, the politeness refreshing. Happy "Good Mawnins" by these seagoir tradesmen start any day right. Then pick up the pace of pleasure with sea-view go and tennis. For swimmers there's the clearest water this side of a South Sea lagoo And by night . . . hotels and clubs swing till dawn.

Vacation-wise travelers sample the Outer Resort Islands, *too. There are more tha* 700, liberally dotted with virgin beaches, posh inns and idyllic harbour settlement And it's worth remembering that rates are especially tempting from now to December 1 Your Travel Agent knows. See him for all arrangements. For additional informatio you can write Dept. FX, Bahamas Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 2 The telephone number is PLaza 7-1611.

BY SEA: From New York on the **M.S. ITALIA** every Saturday at 4 P.M. Seven-day cruises (two days and a night in Nassau) from $170. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York 4.
From Miami on the **S.S. BAHAMA STAR** every Monday and Friday. Round trip $39 up; three-day, all-expense cruises from $54. Eastern Shipping Corp., Miami 1.
BY AIR: Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (50 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montre

share her husband and her home. One assumes—or hopes—that this is one issue that is settled before marriage, and that an African taking an American wife knows he is committing himself to a one-and-only. In any case, there are other problems, and they are quite formidable enough. Often much worse than the matter of the husband's relations with other women is the matter of the wife's relations with her husband's family. Even in modern and Christian families, the girl's problem of adjustment can be overwhelming. Here is part of the story of a woman of great beauty and great force of character who had accompanied her husband to Ghana strongly determined to make a success of her new life. In the beginning, it was simply wonderful.

"It was even better than I had thought it would be," she told me. "The people were so warm and welcoming. It was almost a little too much, both from the family and from strangers. First, they liked me because I was dark. I was almost as black as my husband, and my mother-in-law thought I was scrumptious. I was *real* black. 'You brought one of our own back!' she cried to her son that first day. 'Not like the others, who brought back such light girls.' And my hair was bushy and kinky. My mother had always kept telling me that it was *good* to be black, but all my life I heard so many ugly things. . . . When I came here, it was so different! Here my blackness was my greatest asset. 'She's one of us,' everybody said.

"Then, about three months after we came, a brother and a cousin of my husband's came to live in our house. They have been in the house more than a year now. They burn out the lights, they never keep clean, they mess up the kitchen and the toilets. They have dirty habits. One goes to college and one works, and the brother got married and brought his wife to the house. They are rude. They don't respect me. They feel that they are entitled to a share of whatever my husband has. My husband sees their point of view and he sees mine, but he protects them against me. He wants me to be patient. I mustn't expect them to have my attitudes, he says.

"I finally asked them to leave. They went to my husband, and he put the whole thing off. They insisted, and he agreed they could stay, but he did not tell me that this was what he had agreed. Then, one night, he said to me, 'Put locks on the door and then they'll see you mean it.' So I put locks on the door, but his brother just pulled them off. We

Time Present...
And Time To Come!

MOVADO
Kingmatic
24

28 Jewel movement Movado Kingmatics . . . the most advanced timepieces that this age of technical achievement has produced . . . self-winding, automatically trouble-free, amazingly accurate, and withal, slim, sleek and fashionably handsome.

The coming years of our century are certain to give birth to many new marvels. But the performance and styling of these Movado Kingmatics will be difficult to surpass.

Kingmatic Calendar (square): with patented instantaneous date-setting mechanism, 14K gold $240, without Calendar feature $220. Kingmatic (round): Subsea (water resistant), 14K Gold $210. Other Kingmatics from $100. 28 Jewel movements, Fed. Tax Incl.

for those whose moments are precious

MOVADO

Sold and serviced by leading jewelers all over the world.
For jeweler nearest you write: MOVADO, 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
In Canada: 44 King St. West, Toronto

©1960, Movado Watch Agency Inc.

CHARLES DICKENS

taxes

"It was as true," said Dickens' Mr. Barkis, "as taxes is. And nothing's truer than them."

And true as taxes themselves is the fact that nobody likes paying them. That's why we're happy we can tell you about one way to make money and avoid—quite legitimately—paying taxes on it.

The way, of course, is through investment in Municipal Bonds—the obligations of state and municipal governments and other governmental authorities. The income of such securities is not subject to Federal income tax . . . and is usually exempt from state income tax, in the state of issuance.

What's more, municipal bonds are, by and large, an investment second in *soundness* only to securities of the Federal Government itself.

If you're interested in the possibility of increasing your income without increasing your income tax . . . our Municipal Bond Department is at your service. Its staff is able, informed, and — again like Barkis—willing. And "when a man says he's willin'," said Mr. Barkis, "it's as much as to say, that a man's waiting for a answer."

May we hear from you?

Smith, Barney & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange
and other leading exchanges

20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO
Albany • Allentown • Cleveland • Dallas
Hartford • Milwaukee • Minneapolis

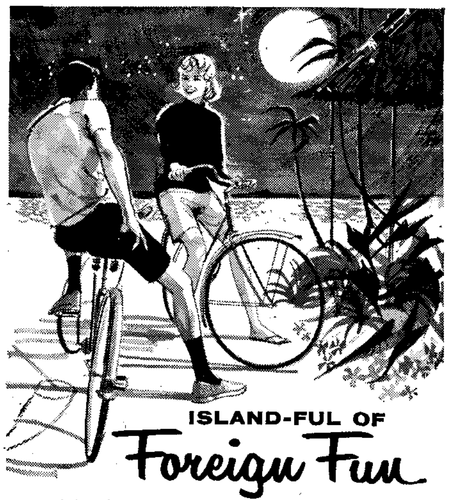
had a big scene. My husband began to speak in Twi to my sister-in-law. I demanded that he speak English, so I could understand what was going on. But he didn't. He just left the room. My sister-in-law smiled, and her husband said, 'We'll show you how we treat *strangers!*' That's what I really was, a *stranger*. I went after my husband and tried to get it straight with him. 'You've left me to fight them,' I said. 'You've let your sister-in-law feel triumphant over me, you don't know where to stand, you don't know where your loyalties are!' My sister-in-law had gone to her room and locked herself in. I wanted my husband to face her. But she wouldn't come out. I was really wild. I tried to break down the door. I demanded a showdown. I wanted to force him to tell them that he stood on my side. 'You must have known I wouldn't stand for this!' I said. 'If you wanted someone to take this sort of thing, then you should have picked someone else, not me!' I really went way up and began to throw dishes. Then I began to pack. I told him I could go, I could get out and make my way by myself, and right here in Ghana, too, if I wanted to."

"Would you?" I asked.

She smiled and shook her head. "No," she said. "I don't want to break this marriage. I love him intensely. I can't believe he will fall back into the old pattern. Why should he have picked someone like me and then just fallen back? No, it will work, you'll see, just the way I want it."

ON first arriving almost anywhere in West Africa now, an American Negro visitor feels a tingling thrill to see black men everywhere, black men doing all the jobs, lowly *and* high, right up to the black men who now sit in the seats of power, occupy the palaces, and whiz through town in their limousines. It is like a dream he never thought could come true except up in the sky where that pie is. He feels a great relieving pleasure wash over him at the loss of conspicuousness in a black crowd. "It gave me a sort of joy," said a young man from the Midwest. "On the streets, the billboards with black faces, and, most of all, that great sea of black faces the day I went to the stadium." Yet almost at once this young man's sensation became mixed. He did not want to get that lost, and, more particularly, he did not want anybody to mistake him for an African.

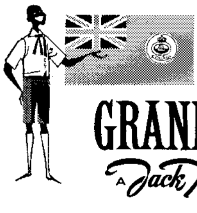
"I will confess that sometimes I resented the fact that I was mistaken for



...20 air minutes from Palm Beach
The largest and finest hotel in the Bahamas — a complete 2,000 acre resort on this lovely "British Isle," with 9 miles of private beach, golf course, boating, fishing, huge pool, native sightseeing, night life, duty-free bargain shopping, planned vacation activities for your whole family's glorious Bahamian holiday.

Only $7 daily per pers. two in a room.
In New York City, phone PLaza 5-2087

See your Travel Agent or for FREE INFORMATION PACKET write U.S. Information Office Dept. CC, 1522 Fulton National Bank Bldg., Atlanta 3, Georgia.



GRAND BAHAMA
A Jack Tar® RESORT HOTEL
WEST END, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND, BAHAMAS

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Bachrach photographs America's Top Men

Bachrach

Fabian Bachrach, Photographer of Men
New York: 48 East 50th Street
PLaza 5-6233
Third Generation of a Famous Family of Portrait Photographers

an African," he told me. "Like going into a bank and not getting received there like an American—I mean sometimes getting special attention. This would just come as a flash in the mind. When you were mistaken for an African, you did not get that kind of service, even from Africans. Walking the street as a black man, I was just part of the crowd. But never once did I want to be an African. Why was this? I would ask myself. It was a pleasure to me not to stand out in a place, the way you do whenever you walk into a room full of white people. You don't want that kind of special attention drawn to you. In Africa I enjoyed not having this special place. But I didn't want to be mistaken for an African. When I walked into that bank, I wanted special service as an American. I put on a robe once, and sandals, but I really wanted to be seen not as an African but as an American wearing this apparel. I wanted to be understood to be an American. I can't explain this contradiction. As a Negro, you are always pushing so many things away. Maybe I have never really faced up to it. In Africa, I wanted to get lost in that black sea as a black man, but I did not want to get lost as an American in an African culture. In America the Negro is conspicuous but also is not seen as an individual. I am not *me*, I'm some kind of 'Negro.' In Africa I was not conspicuous, and could be taken more as an individual, but I wanted to be taken as an American individual, not an African."

There was another reaction some of the Negro visitors had as they moved among these busy masses of black men so newly free of their white masters. It was a certain stab: Here were these Africans, who one had always thought were so far behind, now running so far ahead. Thereafter, the reactions would divide; some of the visitors would go on feeling left behind by the Africans, and would bow their heads lower and lower as they ran into African views on this subject; others would begin to discover virtues in their own American identity that they had never suspected were there. After a while, some actually would come to the point of saying, as one man said to me, "Please don't misunderstand, but I find myself thinking: Thank God for slavery! It got me out of this and made me what I am instead!"

In most places, the Negro visitor is still likely to get a hearty first greeting: "Welcome, brother! When will *all* our brothers come home?" There is a lot of this, but the subject of that original

DEVILISHLY HANDSOME

Rae-Bien 2/80's T.M.

The phantom-light fabric with the luxury mohair look!

In airy lightness, this fabric is a mate of *Raeford 2/80's*, lightest 2-ply tropical you can buy. In appearance, this new blend — Dacron* polyester, fine wool, lustrous mohair — is a delight in itself! Screens out the heat. Shakes off wrinkles. Keeps you looking smart as the devil. Suits of *Rae-Bien 2/80's* cost anywhere from $69.50 to $145 depending on tailoring; slacks about $25. *Screen out substitutes; get Rae-Bien 2/80's !*

Burlington QUALITY ®

RAEFORD WORSTED COMPANY, 261 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 16. A DIVISION OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES

*DU PONT T.M.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

All Cognac is brandy, but not all brandy is Cognac . . . and only *some* Cognac is V. S. O. P.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Rare, indeed, is the superb quality that distinguishes Remy Martin V.S.O.P.—Very Superior Old Pale.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

No Cognac of lesser quality than V. S. O. P. is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

In 110 countries, all over the world, this is the Cognac of connoisseurs.

PRIDE OF COGNAC
REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
V.S.O.P.
E. REMY MARTIN & CO.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
E. Remy Martin
COGNAC
REMY MARTIN

80 PROOF · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

departure remains oddly guarded. I was told that Africans do not much like to talk about it. Few Negroes seem to have given much thought to the fact that black Africans had a good deal to do with the capture and sale of the slaves. Eight years ago, when the late Richard Wright first came to that coast, he bridled at the first African he met, seeing him as the great-great-great-grandson of that so-and-so who sold his great-great-great-grandfather into slavery. The Negro pilgrim today can visit some of the places where such sales were made. Until recently, Kwame Nkrumah occupied one of them as his official residence—Christiansborg Castle, right on the sea at Accra. But the old slave dungeons and passages here have long since been sealed off. When I visited it—Nkrumah having just moved out to take over the Governor-General's residence in town—I came by accident on a room, now a workshop, through whose walls some workmen were tunnelling in an effort to find those dark corners of the past. Ninety miles up the Ghanaian coast, at Elmina Castle, there is more to see. To be sure, the descriptive leaflet they hand you there studiously omits any mention of the castle's role as an entrepôt in the slave trade. You are given its dates, an account of its successive Portuguese, Dutch, and British occupants, and a description of its present use as a police-training barracks. But here you can walk into the dungeons and crouch your way through the passages, look through the slits where the chiefs watched their "catch" being sold to the white traders, and follow the stone path to the slithering rocks from which the slaves were run out to the ships beyond the breakers. The pilgrim looks out over the water and into the dimness of that past and thinks his thoughts. The African policeman who acts as guide gives no sign of appreciating the emotions involved. He even seems to think the visitor has come to see the police barracks, and not a place that his ancestors may have passed through as naked slaves so long ago. I must confess that when I stood at that spot, bleakly pondering the problem of faith in the spirit of man, I had the small but faintly consoling thought that *my* ancestors, whatever other sins they might have been committing at the time, were sequestered in some Eastern European ghetto, and could not have been among the slavers who waited out there on those ships. The Negro pilgrim who stands here, on the other hand, can think with pride and wonder of the strength and

". . . . ALL THINGS ELSE ABOUT
HER DRAWN
FROM MAYTIME. . . ."

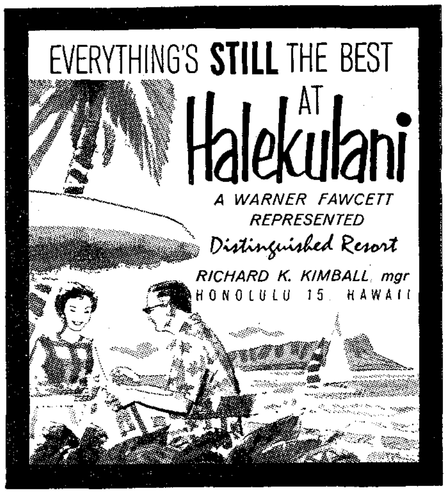
On into summer time the two piece suit, new in line is ever popular with the fashion conscious. Blend of colors in silk and rayon, beige, gold, turquoise, green, black and white.

Sizes 8-20

$89.95

Kathleen Inc.

1060 Third Ave., New York 21, N. Y.
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.


EVERYTHING'S **STILL** THE BEST
AT
Halekulani
A WARNER FAWCETT REPRESENTED
Distinguished Resort
RICHARD K. KIMBALL mgr
HONOLULU 15 HAWAII

Eartha Kitt
will be at the
Persian Room
until May 16.
You should
not miss her.

The Plaza

She's playing at The Plaza...while Rome burns.

The Italians are smoldering and who can blame them? We've stolen their best-loved singer. Katyna Ranieri is her name, and she sings all the sweet and sultry songs that are the rage right now in Rome. The Persian Room is the place. Performances at 9:00 and 12:15. Engagement, May 17 to June 17. Dancing to Ted Straeter, his songs, piano and orchestra, and Mark Monte's Continentals. For reservations call PLaza 9-3000. The Persian Room at The Plaza.

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Mr. Lemon Hart says: "Have a GOOD RUM for your money

and enjoy it in a Demerara Swizzle"

½ oz. lime juice
½ oz. simple syrup
3 dashes Angostura Bitters,
shake of nutmeg
1½ oz. Lemon Hart Demerara Rum

Mix with cracked ice and strain into 10 oz. silver mug filled with crushed ice. Decorate with cinnamon stick and serve with malt straw.

LEMON HART

151
Lemon Hart & Sons
LEMON HART
DEMERARA RUM

JAMAICA RUM—superior dark or golden, both 8 years old... 86 Proof.
DEMERARA RUM—smooth in taste and not pungent. 86 and 151 Proof.

Send for free recipe booklet charmingly illustrated by Ronald Searle.

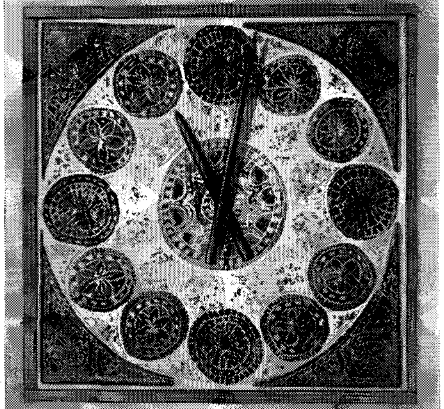
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

resilience that his ancestors must have had to survive their ordeal, and the great power to endure, to sorrow, and to win that has been handed on down to him. I have one friend who stood here and felt the great burden of shame for her slave past finally lift from her shoulders. She realized that it was to her black ancestors that she owed her powerful instinct to fight for life against all adversities, and with this she at last put to rest the obscure shame she had felt all her life in the belief that as a descendant of slaves she was somehow less than other people.

Now, in any case, the returning Negro pilgrim is greeted like a long-lost brother. Sometimes—usually in the remoter areas or among the less sophisticated people—this is a genuine, openhearted welcome, full of admiring wonderment at the strange brother who has been far away and has become something remarkable, different, educated, successful, and, like all Americans, rich. Among the more sophisticated Africans and in the main centers, the Negro pilgrim also finds a welcome, up to a certain point. A good part of his feeling of welcome has simply to do with the fact that he finds himself at last in a place where he can go anywhere, anywhere at all, and feel blessedly free of that everlasting fear of humiliation, restriction, and exclusion. This is no small thing, and the enjoyment of the sensation can last a long, long time. Some visitors never get beyond it, and they cherish the experience. ("Two whole months," said one. "For the first time in my life, two whole months without incidents or insults.") On occasion, the welcome is more active. Kwame Nkrumah and other African politicians are willing to exploit whatever capital there may be in the link with a politically important American minority, and both in Accra and in the United States, whenever he has come here, Nkrumah has made much of the relationship. On his first return to the United States as Ghana's Prime Minister, Nkrumah shook a crowd at the armory in Harlem with a passionate appeal to race brotherhood and kinship. He hails successful Negro athletes and performers. Negro notables who come to Accra can be sure of high-level hospitality on the cocktail-and-dinner-party circuit.

But it does not take long for the Negro pilgrim who stays on for a little and gets past the first friendly greetings to discover that he is much more of a stranger than he is a brother. As Richard Wright learned on his journey in 1953, the stranger among Africans

A new collection of unique clocks designed exclusively for America House.



Above: $165, federal tax included. Others from $30 to $300
(Add $4.50 for shipping and insurance)

AMERICA HOUSE
The finest in American crafts
44 West 53rd St., New York City
PL 7-9494 CATALOG ON REQUEST

Regency Room

. . . for gracious dining

An atmosphere of charming English gardens, impeccable service, French, Continental, American gourmet cuisine. Vintage wines. A la carte. Luncheon entrees from $2.50. Dinner entrees from $2.60.

HOTEL CARLYLE

RHinelander 4-1600
Madison Avenue and 76th Street

The Captain's Table

CANARD BIGARADE
Whole roast registered duck, garnished with orange sections, served with wild rice and bigarade sauce.
LA CIENEGA AT 3RD
LOS ANGELES

Possibly the World's Finest Seafood Restaurant

RAY BRADBURY—"It is rare to find a film critic who tempers his criticism with love. I prefer reading Stanley Kauffmann's motion picture writings in **The New Republic** because I believe he has a great and firm affection for the medium that has too often been attacked by snobs and cynics. In America, there is no other like him."

▶

ERIC BENTLEY—"At any one time, there are a few people who write entertainingly about the theater. Robert Brustein in **The New Republic** is one of these. The number of people in America who also write *thoughtfully* about the theater is seldom higher than three. Robert Brustein is one of these today."

▶

GILBERT SELDES—"Robert Brustein is the best man now writing dramatic criticism."

▶

THOMAS HART BENTON—"The function of an art critic is not, in my view, to set up definitive judgments about art, but to stimulate thinking about it. Frank Getlein in **The New Republic** has done just that for me."

▶

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—"I always look for what Frank Getlein writes on art. He states clearly and simply what he thinks about what he has looked at and I find it a pleasure to read what he has to say. I looked over a stack of old **New Republics** a few days ago and was amused and surprised to see how many I found opened to the Getlein page."

▶

WILLIAM S. WHITE—"As a journalist I consider **The New Republic** must reading not only for my profession but for all people really interested in public affairs."

▶

STEWART UDALL, Secretary of the Interior—"For years I have counted on **The New Republic** for ideas, for fresh and candid comment. I still do."

▶

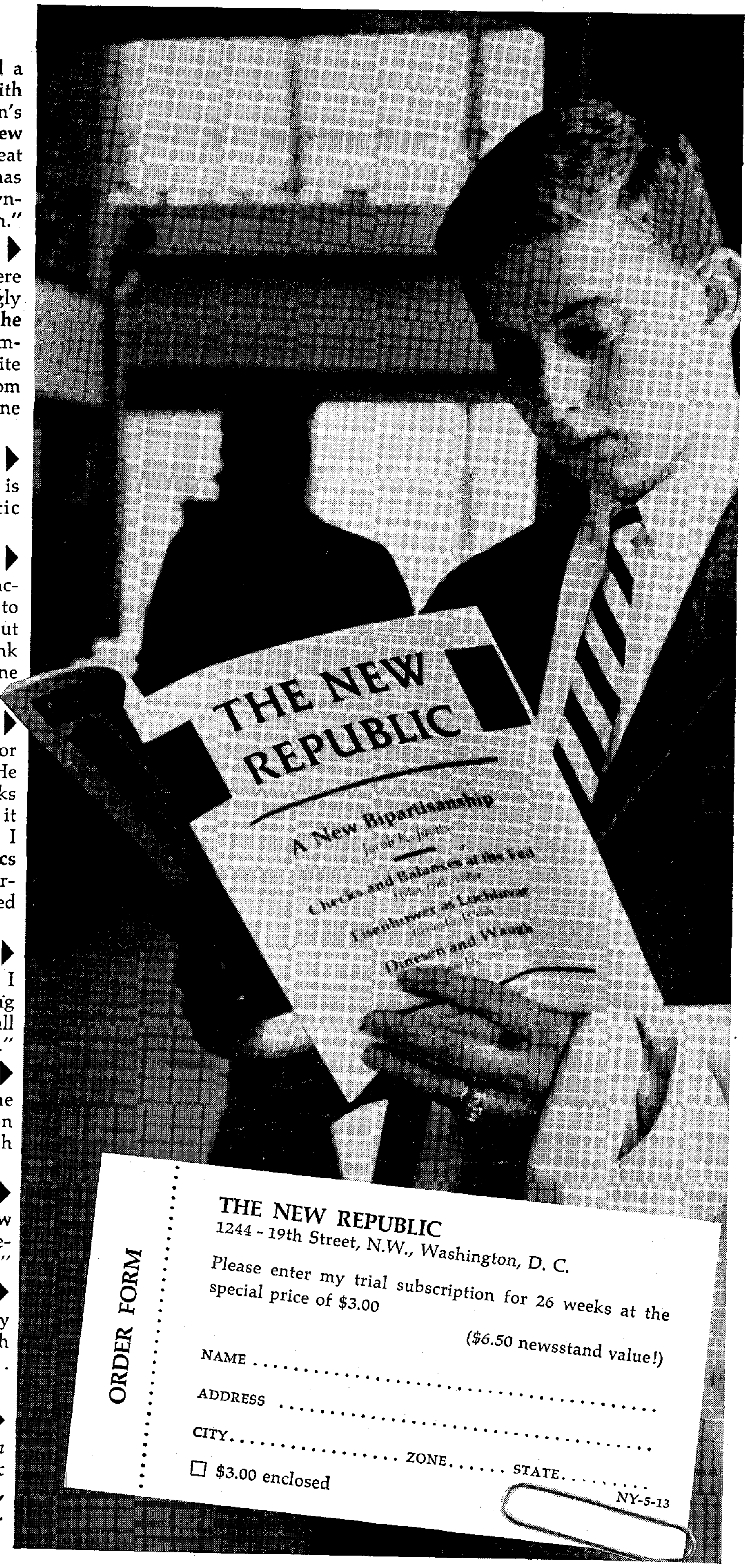
WALTER LIPPMANN—"**The New Republic** is growing in excellence and becoming a very necessary magazine to read."

▶

KAY BOYLE—"I do not remember any film review of Stanley Kauffmann's which has not interested and impressed me... He is one of my great enthusiasms."

▶

Other **NEW REPUBLIC** *"regulars" (in addition to Stanley Kauffmann, Frank Getlein and Robert Brustein) Feiffer, Mauldin, Robert Osborn, Gerald W. Johnson, John Cogley, B. H. Haggin.*



ORDER FORM

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 - 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Please enter my trial subscription for 26 weeks at the special price of $3.00

($6.50 newsstand value!)

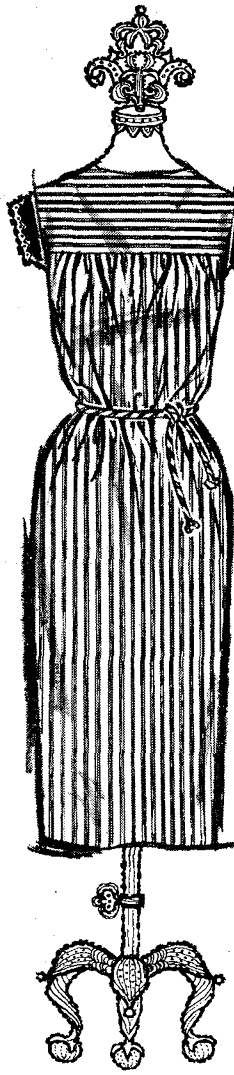
NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY................ ZONE...... STATE..........

☐ $3.00 enclosed

NY-5-13



Mattress Ticking

The shape is all yours, the dress
itself being only a sliver of
mattress ticking, yoked to place
gentle emphasis where it belongs.
Sleeveless, disarmingly simple,
there's no Summer day it mightn't
cover. Without its spaghetti sash
it falls in a shift-slim ribbon
of stripes . . . Olive, Navy, Black,
Gold, or Pink, on White.
Also available in Blue Denim.
Sizes 8 to 16.

About thirteen dollars at
good stores and college shops.

The Villager
T.M.REG.

THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York

finds his path studded with difficulty, pain, and sometimes even danger. Wright was accused of blundering, of not knowing how to appreciate and get along with Africans, of probing too hard in the wrong places. It is certainly true that some Negro Americans have managed to get along better in West Africa than Wright did, but it is also true that they have done this by settling for much less than he was ready to settle for, and by not asking the questions he insistently asked. The truth is that the Negro American in West Africa today is much more like Wright's stranger than like Nkrumah's brother. He finds this out in a host of ways—some that barely pierce the surface of his feelings, some that cut deep.

IT is painful for a black American to be rejected by black Africans, but it is both painful and unbearably ironic for *him* to be rejected, along with white Americans, by black Europeans. Among the new men of power in West Africa are a great many black Africans who are more British than the British, more French than the French. Indeed, long before they dreamed of becoming free Africans—that happened only recently—many of these men aspired mainly to become black Englishmen or black Frenchmen. They took from their masters not only their language but also their systems of thought, their views of history, and their ways of buying, selling, worshipping, running schools, and operating a bureaucracy. They also took all their little and big snobbisms. Mixed with their hate of the British and French colonialists was (and is) an intense desire to be as like them as possible—a familiar phenomenon in the endless complexities of the struggle between higher and lower orders—so when they moved on at last to the greater joys of sovereignty, they carried their legacy from their ex-masters with them into the places of power. Hence the American who goes to Africa still not uncommonly meets in Africans a kind of low-grade copy of a variety of low-grade prejudice he used to meet in certain types of Englishmen and Frenchmen. According to this view, "Americans" are brash, loud, pushy, vulgar, materialistic, without culture or sophistication, wit or knowledge. The West African who is so disposed applies this prejudice to all Americans, without regard to race, creed, or color. No matter how alienated he may feel from his own society at home, the Negro American in Africa usually finds it no easier than the white American to keep his

Fair ladies and honest gentlemen, a bid for your most gracious attention!

THERE IS
ONLY ONE
WATERFORD

WHISPER it not in Waterford (Ky.) nor in Waterford (Ont.) nor yet in any of the other twenty odd Waterfords we've been able to trace in various gazeteers . . . but the only Waterford that counts for anything is the one that the crystal glass comes from. And vice versa.
OH YES, substitution is flattering! but the only genuine Waterford crystal is that which has been made in Waterford (Ireland) since A.D. 1783, which bears this mark, and is also faintly etched 'Waterford.' Eschew all others!

WATERFORD GLASS

Genuine Waterford Crystal is available at leading stores in most areas

"SKYSCRAPER" KITCHEN

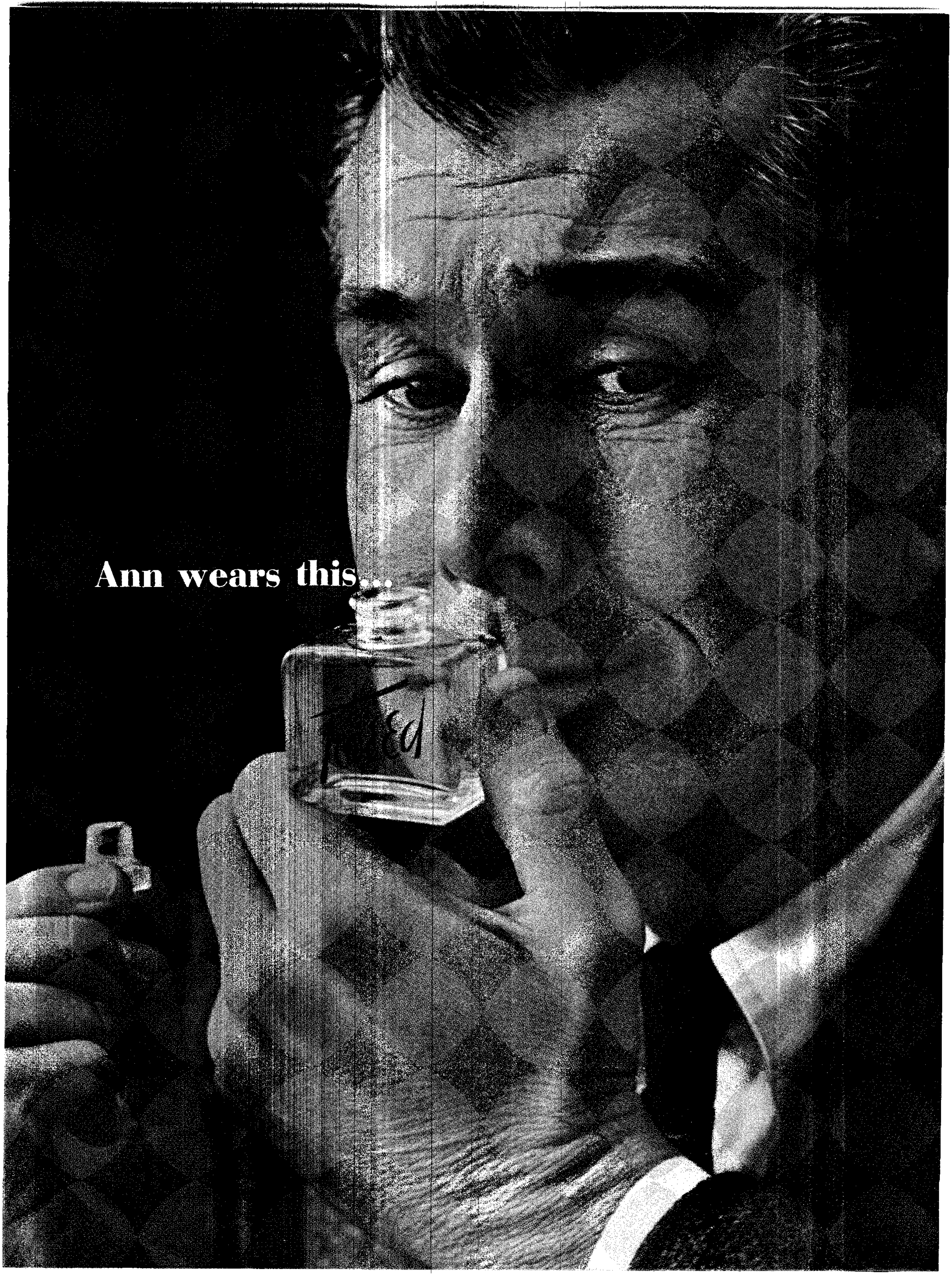
Julian Hess
can make it
a showplace.

JULIAN HESS
Engineered Kitchens®
Manhattan Showroom:
514 W. 181 St.,
N. Y. 33
WAdsworth 8-6300

English Silver
"Queen Anne" Coffee Set

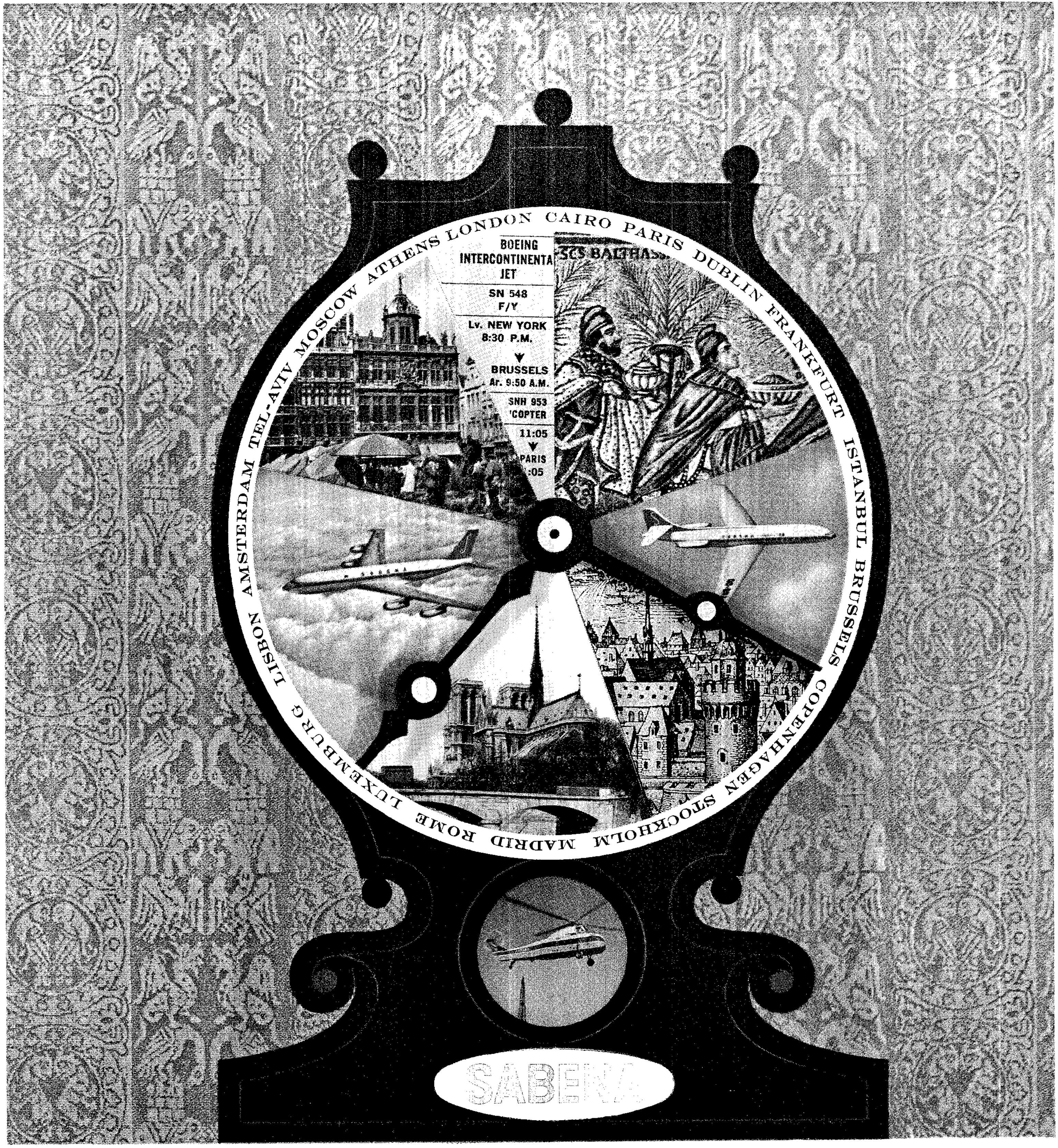
$470

ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.


Ann wears this...
Tweed

TWEED BY LENTHÉRIC
PARIS, NEW YORK

PERFUME . . . . $2.75 TO $14
COLOGNE $2, $3.50
TOILET WATER MIST . . . . . . $2.25 TO $5



LONDON CAIRO PARIS DUBLIN FRANKFURT ISTANBUL BRUSSELS COPENHAGEN STOCKHOLM MADRID ROME LUXEMBURG LISBON AMSTERDAM TEL-AVIV MOSCOW ATHENS
BOEING INTERCONTINENTA JET
SN 548 F/Y
Lv. NEW YORK 8:30 P.M.
BRUSSELS Ar. 9:50 A.M.
SNH 953 'COPTER
11:05
PARIS
:05
SCS BALTHASS.
SABENA

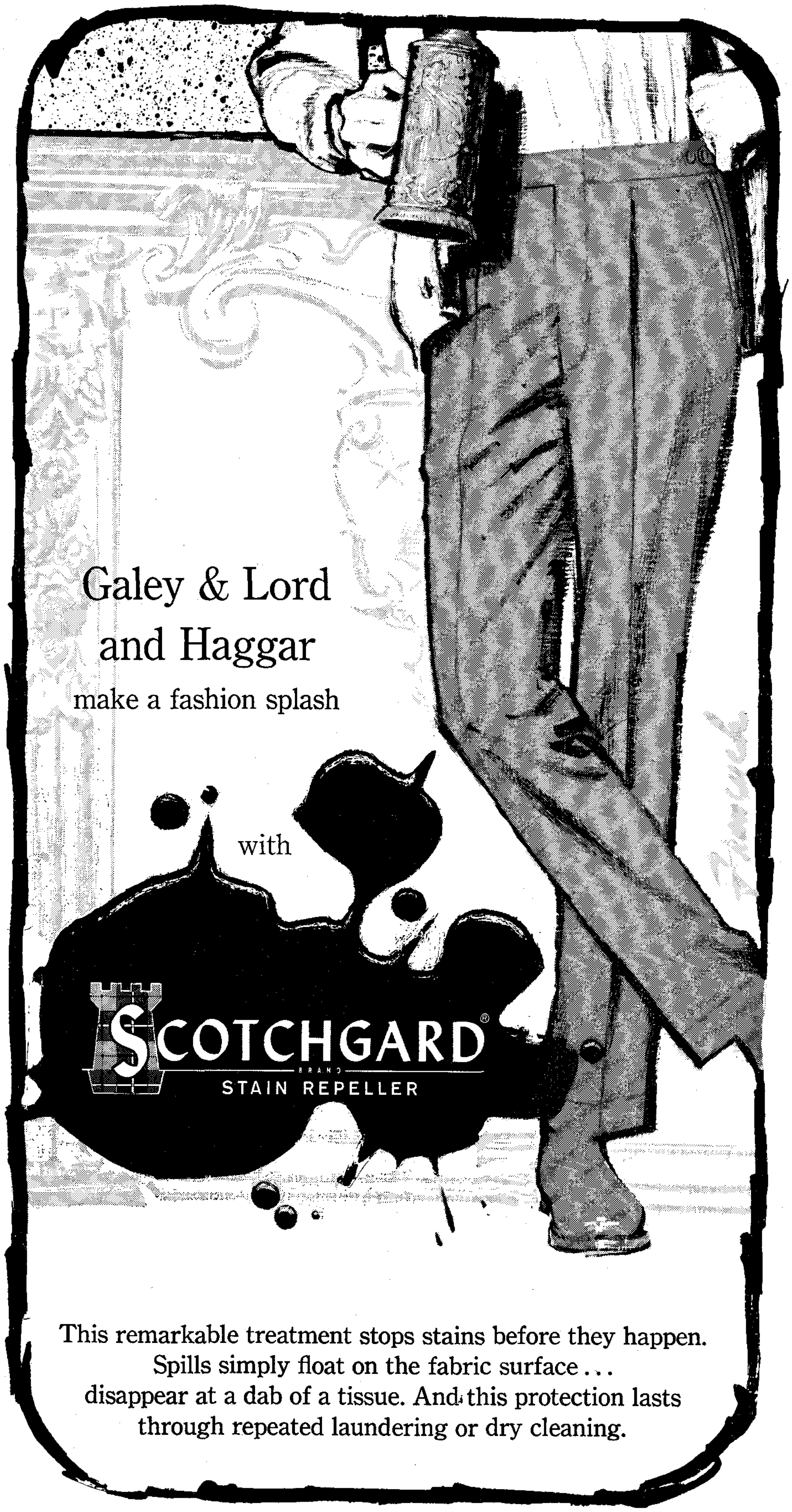
Why do well-traveled people travel Sabena? People wh
go places find that Sabena's 3-speed fleet is going thei
way, at just the time they want. For instance: you mak
the first big jump by Boeing "Intercontinental"; jet o
around Europe by Caravelle; slow down for the uniqu
experience of "Flight-Seeing"... by helicopter. Nex
trip to Europe, Africa, the Middle East . . . fly Saben
All the way, le service Belgique – c'est magnifiqu

Ask your Travel Agent to book you aboard Sabena's 3-speed fleet... or call Sabena Belgian World Airlines. More than 200 offices in the principal cities of the wo

hackles down when this sort of thing comes up.

A well-known Negro social scientist in a visiting post at a West African university was not invited to the home of a single one of his African colleagues during his first nine months there, and in two years he was invited out in this circle only two or three times. When I saw him, near the end of his stay, he was still pondering the matter in some perplexity, unable to decide what kind of snobbism had been at work—British, academic, conservative, or plain African. Another Negro, serving on the staff of a United States embassy, recalled with some retrospective amusement how, on his first contacts with local government officials, he had had to face down remarks like "You gross Americans . . ." A young Negro in Senegal spent a whole summer finding his way through the personal, political, racial, and cultural haze of his relations with some Senegalese students. "At bottom, I think they felt I was a barbarian because I wasn't French," he told me. "It was a schizophrenic sort of thing. They were African Frenchmen looking down on me, an American, just as they looked down on any English-speaking African. They were always talking about culture, and I finally realized that by culture they meant *French* culture!"

Besides being amusing or annoying, this snobbism is sometimes damaging. Entrenched British and French attitudes about American education still govern in much of West Africa—attitudes that were built up in the past partly out of real (if deluded) convictions held by the Europeans, partly out of the wish to keep young Africans from being infected by American ideas. Until quite recently, Africans who managed to get to America and earn degrees, even as medical doctors, had a hard time getting posts from African superiors trained by the British or the French. Americans have met with the same kind of rebuff. An American Negro girl who is a trained nurse was not accepted at a hospital in Accra and is still working in the city as a secretary. Another Negro, a man who has left America for good, was refused a teaching job because the local authorities would not recognize his degree. This pattern is breaking down, of course. Nkrumah himself was educated in America; thousands of African students are flocking to American colleges, or trying to, much to the dismay of the somewhat older group of European-trained officials; and American teachers and other


Galey & Lord
and Haggar
make a fashion splash
with
SCOTCHGARD®
BRAND
STAIN REPELLER
This remarkable treatment stops stains before they happen.
Spills simply float on the fabric surface...
disappear at a dab of a tissue. And this protection lasts
through repeated laundering or dry cleaning.

Haggar Slacks go beltless to underscore the slim silhouette. Easy-care Dacron* polyester/cotton blend from Galey & Lord, shielded from stains by "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller. Single-pleat front, extension waistband, adjustable side tabs; in sand, white, charcoal, brown, black, gold, blue, olive, red, toast. About $10, at leading stores everywhere. *Reg. T.M. ©1961 3M Co., St. Paul 6, Minn. 3M COMPANY

MUMM'S

the word for champagne

G.H.MUMM & C. BRUT REIMS
G.H.MUMM & C.
REIMS
BRUT
CHAMPAGNE

CORDON ROUGE AND EXTRA DRY
G. H. Mumm & Co. Ste. Vinicole De Champagne, Succr.
Sole U.S. Distributors, Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y.C

specialists are making it hard for the old prejudices to survive. But meanwhile the Negro American is not likely to be overcome with warmth toward those of his African kin who throw European aspersions on his hard-won American education. It is often an odd sensation for him to feel defensively American, but he comes to it, and in matters that go still deeper.

Negroes come questing to Africa for something they call "acceptance." What they seek may not be findable by anyone anywhere; certainly they do not find it in Africa. "The Negro who comes here has to have the right attitude," said one of the older hands among the American Negroes in West Africa. "He has to know he is not going to be able to run for President here, either. He won't get into the political arena, or even into the educational arena, until they shake off the British heritage, while in business it will depend on how he operates." In other words, in Africa, as in certain other parts of the world that Negroes are acquainted with, they can get along all right if they know their place. As for business, it is true that there were a few Negro sharpshooters who came to Africa to make a killing among the brothers. Some of the people who knew Nkrumah when he was a student in America came rushing over, and one or two of them had to be rushed out. Africans—some of whom are becoming pretty good sharpshooters themselves—keep saying they will welcome Negro entrepreneurs and specialists, and a few of those who have come have made places for themselves, but the way is not open or easy or free to all comers. "They have no intention of seeing people with better backgrounds and education come in here and take over," said a young man who regards himself as a "permanent settler" in Africa. "They don't want to let any outsider get ahead faster than Africans do." But it is not often as aspiring politicians or ambitious money-makers that the pilgrims come; the "acceptance" they want is acceptance as human beings—something to do with full freedom to be what they are and become what they can. Here, among those who come to Africa seeking this, we begin to encounter the more truly wounding discoveries of their strangerhood.

For a first thing, Africans scornfully reject the term "Negro." The great confusion among American Negroes about who and what they are has long been illustrated by the angers and controversies that have arisen over the ele-

Have you heard?

Plummer is moving to
3 East 57th Street
on June 1st

Plummer LTD
Fifth Avenue at 57th Street

STOREWIDE
SALE
NOW IN PROGRESS!

MENEMSHA BAR

The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fisherman's harbor—New York's most fascinating bar and cocktail lounge. *Excellent Dining Facilities*

130 East 57th St., New York

Only ONE New York Hotel Has All These Features!

- 100% fresh air-conditioned, with dial-it-yourself control!
- 550 seat professional theatre for meetings, conventions!
- Continental registration and checkout—no standing, no waiting in line!

Overlooks Central Park... new custom designed furniture in every room—bath, radio, tv... popular continental cuisine.

Singles $9.50 to $15
Doubles $15 to $23
Special Family Plan
Teletype NY 1-3949
Phone CI 7-7000

Write for new color brochure #NY. Or see your travel agent.

BARBIZON-PLAZA
106 Central Park South at 6th Avenue, N. Y.

"I'd say editorial quality is the main reason for their huge advertising and circulation gain..."

1st-quarter weekly circulation average: 7,600,000; 1st-quarter ad page gain: 39%.

TV GUIDE

"ALMOST TOO BEAUTIFUL TO OPEN—"

"WELL THEN, LET'S BUY 2 BOTTLES—"

Spectacular dessert liqueur made from rare and hardy herbs collected in the beautiful Italian Alps. Exquisitely packaged.

ISOLABELLA

FIOR D'ALPE

92 PROOF

•

RECOMMENDED BY

AUSTIN, NICHOLS

& CO. INC. NEW YORK—NEW YORK

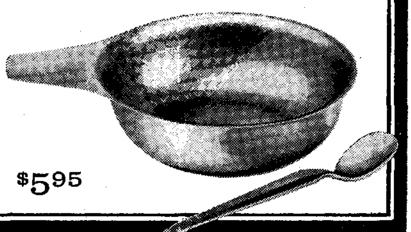
SOLE U. S DISTRIBUTORS

mentary matter of a name to go by. At one time or another, the names in use have included "black," "African," "colored," "Negro," "Afro-American," and "mulatto" and its various subdivisions, based on quarterings of color. On each of these hangs a complicated history of color caste, group prejudices, irrationalities, and complexes. By now the term "Negro" is most widely accepted, although there is a large faction of conservative or older people who still insist on "colored" and a much smaller group, younger or more chauvinistic, who self-consciously champion "Afro-American." Visitors to Africa, if they are of the latter group, may suffer an even worse confusion of identity, because, while they may be glad that Africans do not accept "Negro," either, this attitude does not bring them any closer to defining what *they* are. If they are Negroes content to be called Negro, it is not a happy thing to find that Africans want no part of the term, think of it as representing something lowly or unworthy, and, worst of all, associate it with the history of America and with slavery—that in Africa a "Negro" is someone with a stigma. African rejection of the term "Negro" is part of the assertion of African superiority over Negroes. A person who only yesterday still thought himself superior to Africans, and whose ego is fragile at best, does not take this blow lightly.

Another blow is hidden in still another kind of terminological confusion. Langston Hughes, in "The Big Sea," was probably the first American Negro writer to report the startling experience of being called "white" by Africans. That happened nearly forty years ago, and Hughes said he was told that the designation was based not so much on color as on identification, in dress, language, and background, with the European. In the Twi language, for example, the word "*oburoni*" apparently is used for both "stranger" and "white," and even my scrumptiously black friend, whose marriage experience I described earlier, was, to her bewilderment, called "white lady" by the market women. It sounds simple enough, but there is a confusion here that, followed far enough, can take us into some of the deepest inwardnesses of this encounter. When an American Negro, of whatever color, hears himself called "white," it not only startles him but stirs up anew all the mixed ingredients of his sense of himself. I will mention only three of these, which indicate how critical they are: his feeling about *blackness* and being *black;* his own mix-

STAINLESS STEEL

PORRINGER & FEEDING SPOON



$5.95

FOR THAT SHINY NEW INFANT: a mite-size spoon and heat-holding porringer, gift-boxed, of WMF Cromargan steel, hand-finished to satiny perfection. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET 51 AND THE NAME OF A NEARBY STORE.

FRASER'S

AMERICA | EUROPE

FRASER'S, INC. ■ 236 5th AVE. ■ N.Y. 1, N.Y.

HOLD THAT TIGER...

with an Easybaby Car Belt

Here is the answer to safe driving with young children on long trips or about town. Allows child to stand, sit or lie down in comfort and safety. It need never be removed—is not in the way when not in use, replaces cumbersome car-seats. Made of strong blue webbing, this adjustable belt fastens around the child's waist with a dog leash catch and travels up and down a strap that buckles over the seat back. A perfect baby present. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send check or M.O., we pay postage . . . $2.50

HARVEST HOUSE, 1200 Niagara R646, Buffalo 13, N. Y.

You and summer... enchanted forever

in an island paradise of astonishing tropical beauty—Nassau. Your own castle in the sand, the Emerald Beach Hotel, awaits you. If you long for the embrace of an eternal June, fly now!

EMERALD BEACH HOTEL

Call your Travel Agent or: Atlanta, JA 4-3486; Chicago, MO 4-5100; Detroit, WO 2-2700; Miami, PL 4-1667; New York, MU 8-0123; Washington, FE 8-6481; Los Angeles, DU 8-1151; San Francisco, EX 7-2717; Toronto, EM 3-1648.

How sugar brings out the zing in green apple pie

Green apples, for all their flavor, can be singularly sour

How does sugar soften the sourness and still keep the zing?

According to taste tests at leading universities, sugar makes the fruit taste "fruitier"

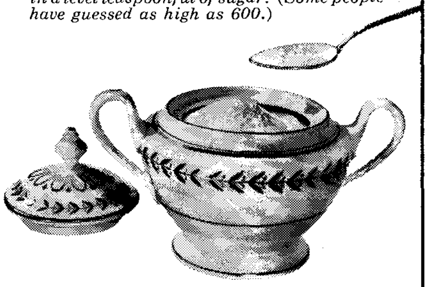
That's why we put sugar on so many foods—not just to sweeten them, but to bring out true flavor

Sugar helps dieters put the brake on calories. If you're an average adult, you need about 2800 calories a day. Your appetite tells you when you're running low, but not always when you've had enough. Sugar helps put a brake on appetite—satisfies appetite fast with few calories.

Sugar keeps you from letting down on the back nine. Whether you shoot 80 or 110, you use up plenty of energy on the golf course. Something with sugar during a "breather" can help you finish strong in any sport. That's because sugar is one of our best sources of quick energy.

18 CALORIES!

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? (Some people have guessed as high as 600.)



Sugar satisfies your appetite so fast with so few calories.

All statements in this message apply to both cane and beet sugar.

Published in the interest of better nutrition by SUGAR INFORMATION, INC. a non-profit organization
NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

ture of ancestries (black, white, Amerindian, or whatever); and his share of the *yearning to be white,* the cancer that has been eating away for so long at the Negro's ability to accept himself. These are matters that cannot be wrapped up in a word or two. Let the details suggest themselves in a few glimpses:

The light-skinned Negroes who had trouble convincing Africans that they were Negroes. One young man, nearly desperate, said he wanted to hang a sign around his neck proclaiming his identity.

The tan American girl in Guinea who found that Guineans believe in race purity, that you have to be black to belong to the accepted group, and that "some hold the mulatto to be inferior, lower than the black."

The dark-skinned American who was asked, "Are all American Negroes as light as you?" This "shocked me very much, because I've always thought of myself as fairly dark."

The very dark American girl who found that for a summer Africa was "one place I could be accepted without conditions." As she explained it, "American Negroes never think of themselves as black, always think of themselves in terms of white people—this or that is what is most 'white' about me, my features or color or whatever. Now I think of myself as *black.* It's given me more respect for myself."

"Why do you Negroes want to be *white?*" demanded a group of Senegalese students as they bore down on two young American Negroes. "But we don't," the Negroes replied. "Then why do Negroes put grease on their hair? Why do they sell skin bleaching?" The young Negroes tried to explain—to tell who did this sort of thing and who didn't, and how it came about—but it was hard; it was hard to explain the whole business of being a Negro in America.

THERE is a deep pool of mutual prejudice between Africans and American Negroes, and it is easily stirred up. Some of these stirrings come from a long way down. Until the day before yesterday, American Negroes generally considered themselves superior to Africans. They rejected the thought of their kinship with Africans, wanted no association with them, even used the word "African" as an expletive to suggest wild or barbarous or ignorant or wicked ways. The sources of this feeling lay in the great, obscure tangle of the Negro's struggle for acceptance in America, his lack of footing in any

TODAY *the finest tasting Rum from Puerto Rico is* Ron MERITO

WHITE LABEL
Ron
MERITO
PUERTO RICAN RUM

Something's happened to change your thinking about rum! A remarkable new blending process now makes Merito the finest in quality and taste of all Puerto Rican rums. Try today's Merito rum at home and when you go out.

WHITE or GOLD LABEL

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N. Y. • 80 PROOF

The understated knit. Black, turquoise or cerise. 10-16. 17.95

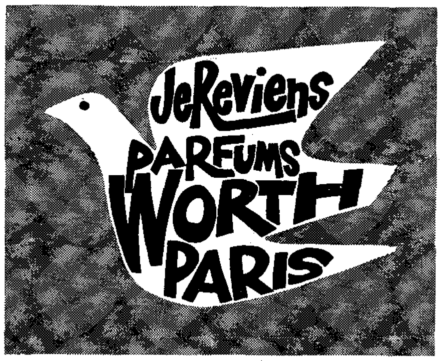
flexees

THE HIGBEE CO.
CLEVELAND
OR WRITE FLEXEES, 200 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Rent a Victor Britain car when you visit Britain on business or holiday

- Personal service
- Complimentary extras
- Free gasoline
- Self-drive or chauffeur-driven

VICTOR BRITAIN
THE CAR-HIRE SPECIALIST
BERKELEY STREET, LONDON, W.I.
Telex: 2-3688 Cables: Autobritn London



FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER
WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. B, 5 EAST 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

non-American past, his racial mixture, his effort to escape the lowliness universally associated in the dominant white world with blackness, Negroidness—with, in short, being African. Thus, Negroes usually saw Africans only as benighted and backward creatures who had never been able to come out of the jungle. Some Negro missionaries went to Africa to "save" them, but efforts made by benevolent or malevolent whites for more than a hundred years to send American Negroes back to Africa as colonists had little success. All but a few Negroes scornfully rejected the idea. Those who did go back and founded the Republic of Liberia did not exactly make a record calculated to arouse pride and a feeling of association among many Negroes in America. The small sprinkling of Africans who began to come to American schools—especially American Negro schools—were looked upon either as barbarians or as ex-barbarians who had become snobbish Europeans. At Negro schools, they were made to feel this prejudice most explicitly and painfully; they were isolated, made the butt of harsh jokes, and generally left to huddle among themselves and nurse their counter-contempt and counter-prejudice against their American "brothers." They found that, as foreigners enjoying different accents and British passports (no Africans came from French territories until quite recently), they could often gain admission to places where Negroes were forbidden to go—movies, restaurants, and the like, even in the South—and they often did so, sneering back at the Negro for his lack of status in his own country. Some of Africa's new leaders went through this American experience—Nkrumah; Nnamdi Azikiwe, now Governor-General of Nigeria; and others, less well known. It is against a background of such memories that they now proffer their "Welcome, brother!," and obviously their enthusiasm must have its limits. Once the American Negro in Africa gets past the surface amenities, he is often made to feel the back of an African hand.

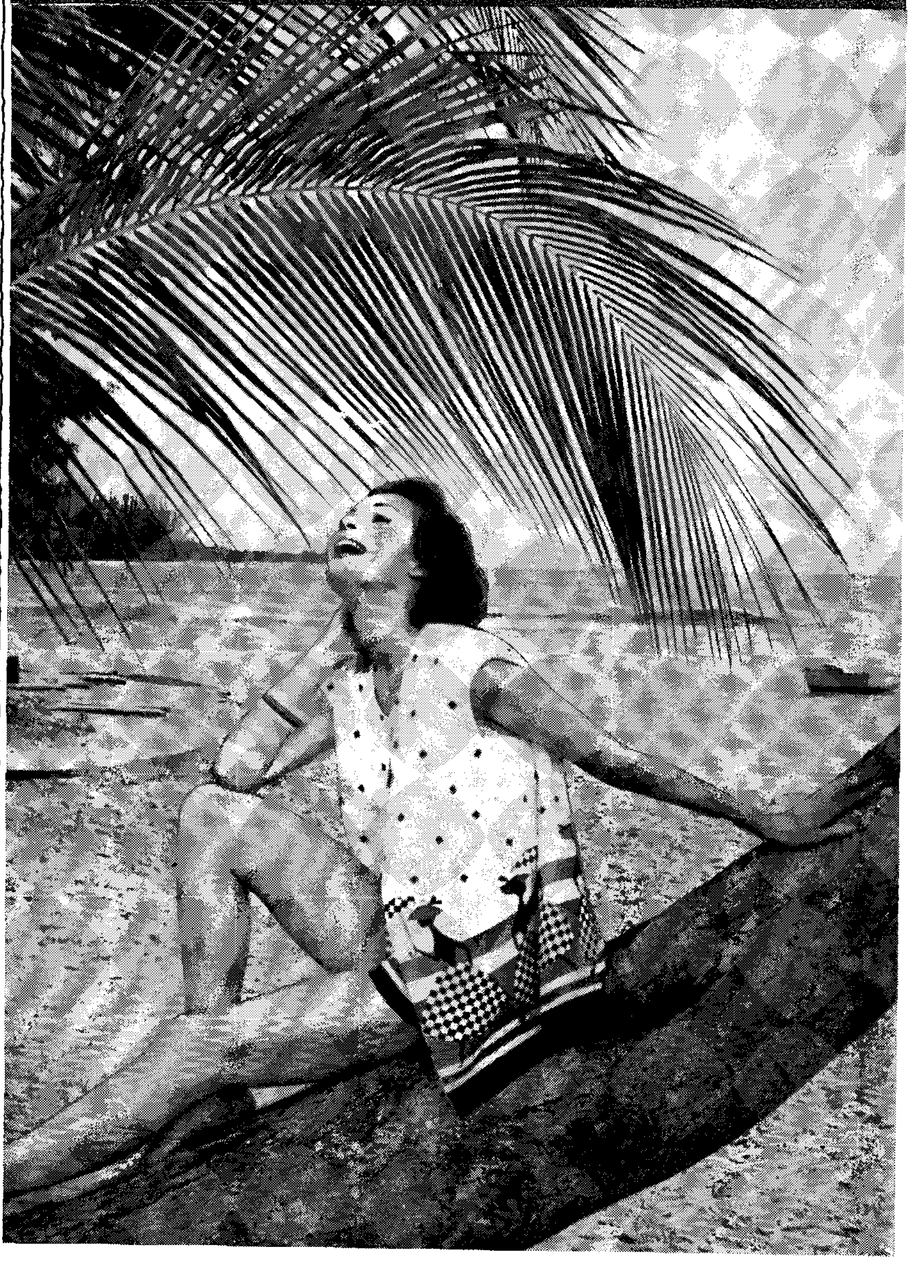
This is happening even in Liberia, the one country in Africa where American Negroes have had certain ties—where they have been looked upon as more successful elder cousins, and where, as helpers and supporters and as doers of good works, they have enjoyed status and prestige. The descendants of the Negro colonists from America who founded Liberia, in 1822, held fast to their American connections. Since they faced hostile tribes in the interior,

Now Your Season for Saving in

Barbados

- Stay longer, pay less on the Caribbean's Friendliest Island. Low summer rates at over 40 excellent hotels [illegible] from [illegible] quaint guest houses to $20 at ultra-modern beach resorts, daily including meals.
- Your U.S. dollar is worth $1.69 local currency, shopping DUTY FREE. Magnificent beaches, water sports, sightseeing and smiling Bajan service [illegible] yours on this beautiful island climate-perfect all year! 4½ hours by Jet from New York or by sea.

Folders, information from Travel Agents or
BARBADOS TOURIST BOARD
Dept. [illegible], 750 Third Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Also office in Barbados, W.I.; Toronto; London



rapacious Europeans on their borders, and indifferent whites in America, American Negroes were through almost all their history their only friends anywhere—and, indeed, there were not too many of them. Only a very few Negroes in America appreciated either the regard or the dependence of the Liberians, the rest being generally embarrassed by the Liberian performance. Nevertheless, those Negroes, mainly in the churches, who did interest themselves in Liberia's problems maintained the thin bonds through the years, helping to establish and staff churches and schools. The Americo-Liberians sent their sons and daughters to American Negro schools and, whenever they could, married them to Americans. An American Negro whom I met in Monrovia described the position in these words: "Psychologically, they feel here that they are a part of the American Negro group. They use the word 'home' in this way. One speaks of a ship coming from 'home.' They have always looked for their American brothers to join them here. The churches are all closely connected to fellow-churches in the United States. In this society, girls born and raised in the United States are the highest prestige group, higher on the marriage scale than Liberian women. Girls born here of parents who came from the United States are the second-best group as marriage partners. No president of Liberia has been the son of two parents born in Africa; at least one has always been American-born."

This is almost enough in itself—without going into the complex history of Negro-Liberian relationships—to suggest the simmering jealousies and the rancors of dependence that must lie deep in the Liberians' feelings about American Negroes. Now, suddenly, great events are conspiring to free them of this dependence. Africa is waking up. White America wants African friends, and is beginning to spend money in Liberia—real money, not the dribble of dimes and quarters that could come from earnest but poor American Negro churchgoers. And beyond white America lies white Russia, which might be interested in helping Liberia, too, if America should not move fast enough. There is now, indeed, a faction of growing power in the Liberian government that wants to open negotiations with Moscow and begin to derive the advantages to be gained by "neutrality" in a world of contending benefactors. There is no place in this big time for the small-time American Negro benefactor who has been around all these years to serve

AT THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA

TONY MARTIN

IN THE BEAUTIFUL
EMPIRE ROOM

accompanied by Al Sendry
and The Emil Coleman Orchestra

SHOWS 9:30 AND 12:00

Lenny Herman appearing at the
Peacock Lounge.

The Waldorf-Astoria, a Hilton Hotel • EL 5-3000

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Custom Tailors Chipp *Furnishers*

DINNER CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES

India madras, shawl lapel, lapel, single-breasted, center vent, natural shoulders. Six distinctive patterns $42.50
Batik shawl lapel dinner jacket 45.00
Domestic tassah silk dinner coat, natural 55.00
Dacron worsted, white dinner coat, shawl lapel 39.50
Italian silk cream white shawl 75.00
*Single breasted black tropical 10 oz. for year-around wear. Floor level peak lapel or satin notch lapel. 95.00
*Single-breasted shawl collar, black, 10 oz. tropical, satin lapels. 85.00
*Shorts—Regulars—Longs—Extra Longs

DINNER SHIRTS
The Sahara Sand—A soft tan fugii silk. Pleated front, sheer batiste body. 17.50
All buttons on detachable tape—French cuffs
White fugii silk dinner shirt. Pleated front, sheer batiste body. 17.50
Sizes 14-2 through 17½-6
Summer brochure mailed on request
Mail orders accepted No C.O.D.'s
Add $1.00 Postage and Insurance on Suits; 50¢ on Shirts.

Chipp
14 East 44th Street • New York 17, New York

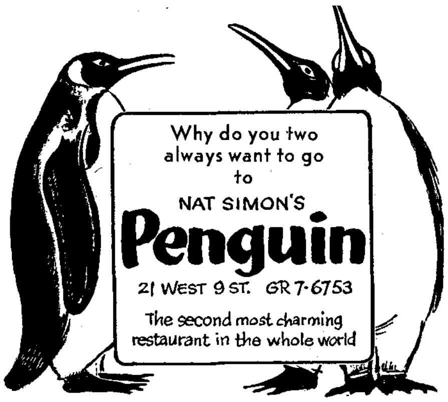
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

NEW AROMATIC DISCOVERY...

HOLIDAY V·I·P MIXTURE

This new and uniquely aromatic mixture blends tobaccos of rare excellence and elegance. The special cut assures easy packing, cool smoking. For a free, full-size pocket pouch, write today...giving your name and address and those of your favorite tobacco dealer. Send request to V.I.P., P.O. Box 6-S, Richmond, Va.

The House of Edgeworth
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. • Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877



Why do you two always want to go to
NAT SIMON'S
Penguin
21 WEST 9 ST. GR 7-6753
The second most charming restaurant in the whole world

Natural Fermented in the Bottle
Paul Masson
CALIFORNIA
Champagne
BRUT

GRADUATION (today could be the day!)

Here, graduated from the smallest to the largest—with honors—are five bottles of our Champagne. On such occasions parental pride is usually immeasurable, but in this instance we can measure it quite accurately: There's La Petite (2 glasses), The Half-Bottle (4 glasses), The Bottle (8 glasses), The Magnum (17 glasses), and The Jeroboam (34 glasses). A size for every commencement or finale: and in four different types to suit the mood: Brut, Pink, Extra Dry, and Sparkling Burgundy. Helps make any celebration *summa cum laude.*

PAUL MASSON

(Please visit us: we're 40 miles south of San Francisco.)
CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE
PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY SHERRY
FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD & CO LTD LONDON W1 ESTABLISHED 1823

A gracious welcome to your guests

IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE FAMOUS MALLET-SHAPED BOTTLE

Consumer resale price in New York State $3.95

Importers:
Peerless Importers, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

U.S. Agent:
Robert F. Philipp, Wildwood Road, Stamford, Conn.

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre.

After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

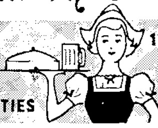
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

"Deliciously Wild" *Post*
"Dipped in Madness" *Times*
STEWED PRUNES
Eves.: 9 & 12 (Except Tues.)

JIM PAUL EILERS' SHOWPLACE

In the heart of Greenwich Village
146 West 4th St. AL 4-5648


LIVE IN NEW YORK...DINE IN HOLLAND!
Holland House Taverne

LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
PRIVATE PARTIES

10 ROCKEFELLER PL.
AT 48th STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CIRCLE 6-5800

as the Liberian's only rich uncle. "Now there has been a reaction of feeling against Negroes," said the Negro observer in Monrovia whom I have already quoted. "People here feel that Liberia has been in the backwash of Africa, and some of them think this is because they have allowed the United States to be represented here all this time by American Negroes. Now they want roads and harbors, they want what the other countries are getting, and they think the answer is to get American whites and Europeans in here."

This change in the Liberian climate was signalled by the rumors that flew about in mid-1959, when the post of American Ambassador to Liberia was filled for the first time by a white diplomat. Traditionally, this had been the one post in the world reserved for some politically deserving or otherwise distinguished Negro. But now, it was reported, the Liberians were seeing this as a sign of their second-classness, and had demanded that Monrovia be graced by a representative of the United States who was white. These reports were denied by Liberians, but a white ambassador, a regular Foreign Service officer, was duly named to the post. (This matter of diplomatic appointments for Negroes in Africa is disputed from various points of view. Nkrumah was widely reported in 1957 to have intimated to Washington that he preferred a white to a Negro as the American ambassador to Ghana. Some ten years earlier, in a similar situation, Premier U Nu, of the new state of Burma, was said to have told the American government, "When you have sent Negroes to London, Paris, and Rome, then send them to us." Nkrumah was credited with similar sentiments; it was said that he wanted Ghana to have full first-class recognition, which had to come in a white skin. Many Negroes have differing and mixed feelings on the matter. They partly agree that Negroes should, of course, be appointed to more of all the available jobs, wherever they may be, but they are also nettled by the clear African implication of Negro second-classness. President Eisenhower did appoint a Negro to be ambassador to Guinea, but he has since been replaced by a white. President Kennedy has appointed Clifton Wharton, the only high-ranking Negro in the Foreign Service, to be ambassador to Norway. Other top Negro appointments are being urged on the President, while at the other end of the scale more young Negroes are entering the Foreign Service and starting up the ladder, appearing in more and more junior posts in various

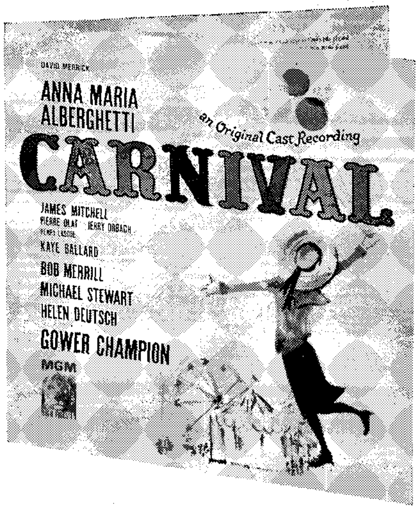
NEW YORK'S NEWEST SMASH MUSICAL!
"A DELIGHT." —The New Yorker Magazine
The Theatre Guild and Dore Schary present
TAMMY GRIMES in
"THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN"
Music & Lyrics by MEREDITH WILLSON
Book by RICHARD MORRIS
Directed by DORE SCHARY
with HARVE PRESNELL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $8.60; Loge $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.80, 3.80, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.40; Loge $7.50; Mezz. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $4.80; Loge $4.30; Mezz. $3.80, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $5.40; Loge $4.80; Mezz. $4.30, 3.80, 3.00, 2.50.
WINTER GARDEN THEA. 50th Street & B'way

"A MUSICAL HIT! I'll stay in my chair for another half dozen performances." — Aston, W.-Tele.
CYRIL RITCHARD
In the New Smash Hit Musical
THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD
Also Starring
JANICE RULE
Mail Orders Filled. Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: $8.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05. Fri. & Sat. Eves. $9.60, 8.30, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60. Wed. Mats.: $5.00, 4.60, 4.05 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Sat. Mats: $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90.
MARTIN BECK, 45 St. West of 8 Ave.

"TOTAL HILARITY" *Kerr, H. Trib.*
SEATS NOW
Little Mary Sunshine
MUSICAL HIT
BY RICK BESOYAN
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sun. 8:30; Sun. at 3; $2.90, 3.45, 4.50
Fri. 8:30, Sat. 7 and 10 P.M., $2.90, 3.90, 4.95
Delightfully Air Conditioned for Summer
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
ORPHEUM THEATRE, 126 2nd Ave. (8th St.) Phone OR 4-8140

BEST PLAY 1960 4 "TONY" AWARDS
the Miracle Worker
A new play by WILLIAM GIBSON
Starring: SUZANNE PLESHETTE
PATTY DUKE
Directed by ARTHUR PENN
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
Eves. Tues. thru Thurs.—$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 2.90. Eves. Fri. & Sat.—$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 2.90. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.—$4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90 2.30. No Monday Eve. Perf.
PLAYHOUSE Theatre, 137 W. 48, N. Y. 36. CI 5-6060

"Haute Cuisine" *Holiday Mag.*
Le Bijou
168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338
Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines


DAVID MERRICK
ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI
an Original Cast Recording
CARNIVAL
JAMES MITCHELL
PIERRE OLAF
JERRY ORBACH
KAYE BALLARD
BOB MERRILL
MICHAEL STEWART
HELEN DEUTSCH
GOWER CHAMPION
MGM

CARNIVAL!...an MGM recording achievement. It's been five years since Broadway last played host to a musical of such magnitude. Everyone agrees with the critic who wrote, "Carnival is wonder set to music." And now, MGM Records proudly presents the Original Cast album capturing all the magic and the fun and the spectacle and the melody of a troupe of wandering entertainers...and a winning wide-eyed waif named Lili. Carnival! Nothing like it has ever graced your turntable.

MGM RECORDS

CARNIVAL!—"BEST MUSICAL OF THE SEASON!"

N. Y. Drama Critics Circle Award

Regular Hi-Fi or Super Stereo E/SE3946-OC deluxe illustrated double-fold album.

ARDENA
Velva
Moisture
Film
ELIZABETH ARDEN

Don't let your skin go dry from want

GIVE your skin what it yearns for – Velva Moisture Film before make-up day or night. And never again leave it stranded high and dry. What other moisturizer can seep into parched pores as Velva Moisture Film does, to bathe your complexion in a liquid young radiance! Elizabeth Arden has perfected Velva Moisture Film so your skin may always remain smooth and moist, your make-up fresh all day without fade-out. *5.00, 10.00, 15.00.* plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

parts of the world. Here, as in many other areas of discrimination, it is a matter of a little more time—time that seems so short to whites who do not know how late it is, and so unconscionably long to Negroes.)

The most direct assault on the American Negro pilgrim in Africa, however, hits him where right now he often feels weakest—in his sense of himself, and of his place and his future in American society. The African nationalist, in his new freedom from white control, now feels himself to be his own man in his own land, and is full of self-pride. The American Negro, on the other hand, is still struggling to achieve equality of status within a plural but white-dominated society, and that struggle goes slowly and painfully, is punctuated by Little Rocks and snarling New Orleans women, by unpunished murders, and is held up by seemingly immovable white supremacists in the South and by smugly self-deceiving whites in the North. In this situation, the Negro is an embattled man, and the African, swelling with self-congratulation and enjoying a certain malice, drives his point home. Examples:

"Why don't you American Negroes stop singing spirituals and playing banjos, and get out into the streets and fight for your rights?"

"You Negroes are fools, imitating the white Americans. Isn't it high time you set out to be what you are—*black men, Africans?*"

"Why don't you Negroes stand up and fight for your freedom, *the way we did?*"

The American Negro who gets sneering questions like these thrown at him usually feels vulnerable—so vulnerable that most of the time he bows his head and takes it. He is often too oppressed by anger, despair, and self-hatred to give full, self-respecting value to his heritage of struggle in America. The truth is that his heritage of struggle is by far the longer, and is filled with more men who suffered and fought, and is adorned by a vastly greater number of remarkable leaders, tribunes, and fighters, than one can easily discover in the short histories of the West African movements now so suddenly crowned with power. He so underrates himself that only seldom does it occur to him to ask his jeering tormentor, "Tell me, my friend, about *your* struggle to be free." No question could be more unwelcome to all but a few West African nationalists, because the fact is that the great bulk of the new West African politics came into being to *receive* power and

the village store

THE JIMDANDY DRESS
For ladies on the go . . . in a garden of hardy homegrown fabrics crisply bordered in white piqué. In red or blue gingham check, seersucker stripe or Forget-Me-Not print. Also in navy chambray denim. By Craely. 8-16. 19.95

Pony express to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich. Post. 50¢. Catalog on request.

Thriving in Birmingham Grosse Pointe Saginaw Ann Arbor *Michigan*

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE
Casino
ON THE
Park
Designed by Raymond Loewy
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER • DINNER
SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Tel. CIrcle 7-0300
ESSEX HOUSE
Vincent J. Coyle, V. P. and Mng. Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

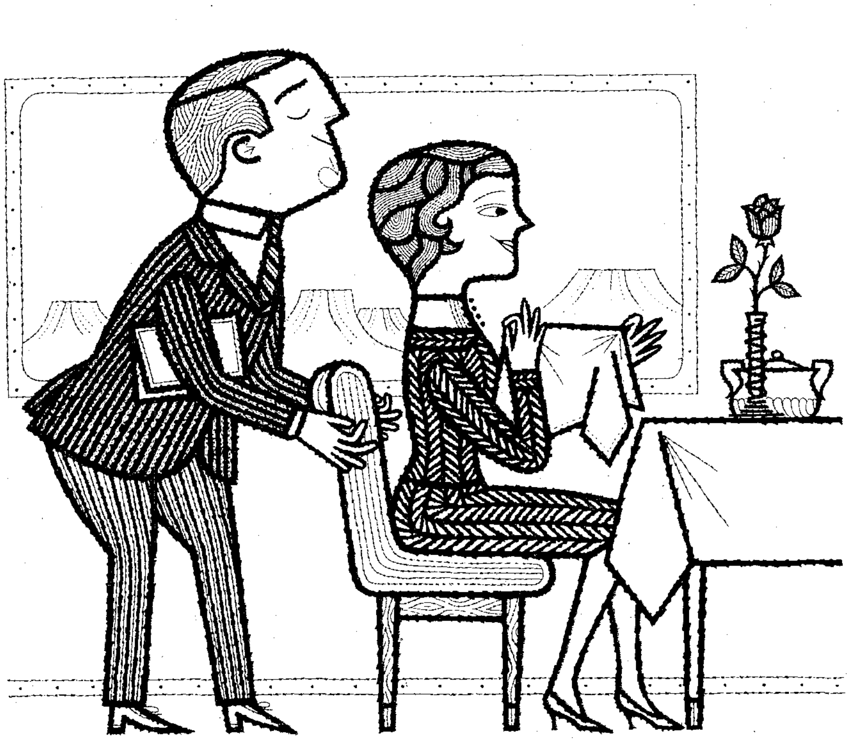
"EAT LIKE A NORSE"
NEW YORK'S MOST DISTINCTIVE SCANDINAVIAN RESTAURANT
SMÖRGÅSBORD
LUNCHEON • DINNER • SUPPER
EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY TOO!
THE SCANDIA
45th STREET WEST OF BROADWAY
Call NICK Circle 6-6600
IN THE HOTEL PICCADILLY
HOME OF THE CIRCUS LOUNGE

SEE ST. CROIX IN SPRING
Get a head start on summer—See Uncle Sam's Virgin Isles NOW. Gain an early but leisurely tan—a new outlook on life. Call your Travel Agent or TO 5-1114 in N. Y. Cuisine, rooms and beach are superb at
LA GRANGE BEACH CLUB
St. Croix, U.S.V.I.

not to *struggle* for it. This is neither a popular nor a widely acknowledged truth among Africans nowadays. They are much too busy building up new mythologies that will forever hide it from their view. So they bound angrily away from any such threat of exposure. The result of all this on both sides of the exchange is rarely relaxing or clarifying.

On the African side, what goes on is a reinforcement of the established pattern of prejudice. This is how a young American woman describes the views of her Ghanaian husband and his friends: "The Ghanaians feel that Negroes in America are stupid to keep on begging for something, while if they had the right frame of mind, they would come back here and really try to work for Africa. But no, they think the Negroes would rather go on begging favors from the white man through the N.A.A.C.P. and that sort of thing. That's what my husband says. He has no sympathy for American Negroes and doesn't want them to come here. I won't say he looks down on them. He just feels they're stupid. Well, yes, I guess that *is* looking down on them, isn't it? All I can say is that if a Negro comes over here who believes in this fighting for civil rights to become part of white America, he just won't be accepted here, that's all."

But even if you are a Negro who has abandoned that struggle, even if you have come to Africa to make a fresh start among your African brothers, it seems that you are not accepted very warmly, either. As yet, there are not many such individuals. Most Negroes, however alienated they may feel, still come to Africa in a much more tentative, seeking way. But in Ghana I did meet one young man who had left America for good, he said, some eight years ago and had been struggling ever since to get a feeling of being "inside" with the Africans. He had not succeeded in doing so. "When I first came," he said, "I couldn't get my college degree accepted. It almost made a patriot out of me, I was so mad. An American college degree is actually much better than any degree from Oxford or Cambridge in the things that people need here. But I couldn't get into the educational system or the civil service here. I married an African girl and that helped, it made some difference. As far as jobs went, I certainly remained outside. But I have begun to get a certain superficial warm welcome in many circles. I'm invited around, though I don't have a very busy social life. When I first arrived here, an old lady said to me, 'What took



Beginning of a magnificent hour on the Super Chief

Dinner on the *Super Chief*, like so many good things, begins with anticipation:

Subtle chimes announce that the chefs are waiting to serve you.

The Steward, schooled in time-honored traditions of the *Maitre d'*, escorts you to your table with pride and pleasure.

Then a cocktail, perhaps, or a glass of sherry.

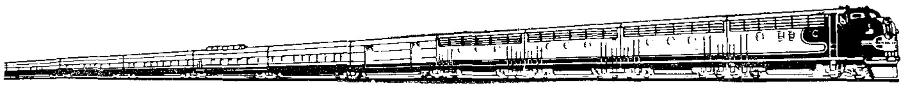
And then the menu.

Ah, what a menu! Bright and savory appetizers... entreés subtly seasoned... crisp salads... frivolous desserts... choice cheeses... and delightful wines and champagnes.

We invite you to dine in luxurious leisure the next time you travel between Chicago and Los Angeles.

It's the little luxuries like these that make a *Super Chief* trip unique in the world of travel.

Santa Fe



The Super Chief runs daily between Chicago and Los Angeles

For reservations, consult any Santa Fe Traffic Office or Travel Agent the COUNTRY way

Cashmere Flag Sweater

Our Exclusive Design Produced by Pringle of Scotland.
Subtle but vibrant carnation red and periwinkle blue inlaid by hand in the flags of the United States, Great Britain and France and placed attractively in a 100% pure white cashmere background.
Available in a navy background also $39.95
Please add 50c for postage and handling. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s

Country Loft
2555 London Road • Duluth 12, Minn.
330 South Barry Ave. • Wayzata, Minn.

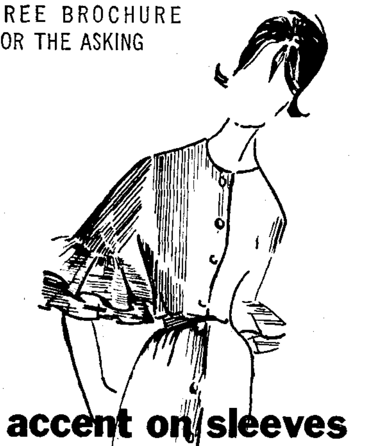
When you
DINE *Italian,*
WINE *Italian with*
RUFFINO
Italy's Prize
CHIANTI
Red or White
Schieffelin & Co. New York

you so long to come back?' Ordinary Ghanaians do often have a sentimental attachment to American Negroes. But upper-class people immediately add to this, 'Watch out, we don't want outsiders coming in and taking over.' Still, I will stay in Africa. I left the United States both rejected and rejecting. On the whole, I think it may be more satisfactory here for me, since I grew up on a fence, partially accepted, partially rejected, and I know this is the way an exile feels anywhere. It was the same in the United States. It is the same here."

But most of the Negroes I met in West Africa during the summer were not ready to give up their fight against second-classness in America simply to accept second-classness in Africa. Nor was this only a matter of being a Negro, an American, or an outsider. In much of West Africa these days, it takes no profound discernment to see that however sweet it may be to be relieved of the power of the white man, the new power of the black man does not yet smell much like freedom—certainly not like the freedom to which the American has learned to aspire. So, stung by the African's scorn and rejection, by his stubborn refusal to accept the American Negro's *bona fides*, many a visitor finds himself cast in an exasperating role: an alienated Negro American passionately defending segregationist America against the attacks of a national-chauvinist African. This was the summer odyssey of one young American who, like so many others, had come to find out whether in Africa he might have the chance he felt he would never get at home. His story:

"As hard as I could ever push it, I could never really think of myself as an American, not ever. When I was in Japan and Korea with the Army, I always thought of myself just as Negro, not even as hyphenated Negro-American, just Negro. But what I have found is that you might get rid of the color problem, but you get into something else. You know, in the beginning I had exactly the same experience Richard Wright had in Indonesia. I got called up in front of a line of Europeans and got waited on first. This was discrimination in reverse, and I have to say I enjoyed the sensation, even though I began to feel guilty about enjoying it. By the end of the summer, I'd thought a lot about it, and I just wanted to get away from there. I had to see that I could never become Nigerian, or any other kind of African, never really become part of it. I could not run away. Maybe the truth is that as an American

FREE BROCHURE
FOR THE ASKING



accent on sleeves
A contemporary version of 15th century femininity.
Our two tiered sleeve dress to be worn at home, in town, or at the shore.
Equally as exciting belted or chemise style.
Available in 3 all cotton fabrics:
–Classic Searsucker–gray/white; blue/white
–Red, Navy Blue and Black Polka Dots on White Ground;
–Also in White Sailcloth.
Sizes 6 to 16
$19.95
Order by Mail – Add 50¢ for Postage.

the Clothes Horse
311 Miracle Mile • Coral Gables • Florida

the child's photographer
ROYALTY SELECTS

Josef Schneider
America's top child photographer
119 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. C. CO 5-1223

IF LUCREZIA BORGIA
see what a new environment will do for her . . . take her to Crystal Lake Lodge for a week or weekend. 1500 woodland acres, 60 acre private lake, water-skiing, 9 pro clay tennis courts, all sports, exciting evenings under sparkling stars. Chef cuisine. Owned and managed by the Slutsky family. Write for fun brochure.
CRYSTAL LAKE LODGE
Chestertown 4, N.Y.
phones: 3830 N.Y.C. LU 5-1678

139 EAST 52nd STREET
YOUR HOST • RENÉ
La Reine
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
FINEST CONTINENTAL CUISINE
FOR RESERVATIONS • CALL PL 3-3394

Negro I have no place to go at all. Maybe that is the situation.

"When the African students talked about American Negroes' wanting to be white, I had to agree this was true. They also said we hadn't done enough to push for equality, that we should get guns, if necessary, and go out onto the streets. But they hadn't done this, either, I reminded them. I tried to trace for them the development of what had been done.

"There was one fellow, a most articulate Marxist type. He kept attacking American Negroes, how American Negroes weren't doing any of the things Africans were doing in Africa. We finally had a real run-in one day, when we were tired and irritated. He said something, and I found myself defending America, the whole thing, in a way I could never have imagined myself doing. I said yes, there was Little Rock on one side, and a lot of things on the other side, people pushing and fighting; all sorts of things can happen and do happen. As I was talking, I found myself being pinned against the wall. They kept coming back at me with 'You try to be white!' And that is true. I realized I was defending something I wasn't even sure I wanted to be defending. But I think at that moment I began to understand. Here I was defending this thing. But it was because I knew there were other sides to it. As big a racist as I am—and I am a racist—I could see that they would only hear of Little Rock and New Orleans, and would never hear of the lunch counters integrated in Nashville. They wouldn't hear it even if you told them about it! I said to myself, 'All right, but I'm going to see that they hear all sides, hear *our* side.' I don't know if they ever believed anything I tried to tell them."

—HAROLD R. ISAACS

•

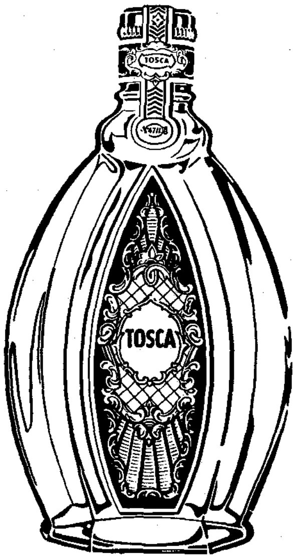
A SONG AGAINST CIRCLES

The circle is a thing of cold perfection.
Given the chance, a circle will go far,
But not in any definite direction,
And never more or less than $2\pi r$.

Its impulses are never quite wholehearted.
It starts, but, like a traveller ill-prepared,
It soon comes back again to where it started,
Having enclosed a space of πr^2.

—R. P. LISTER

Expresses *you*
so beautifully...



No 4711

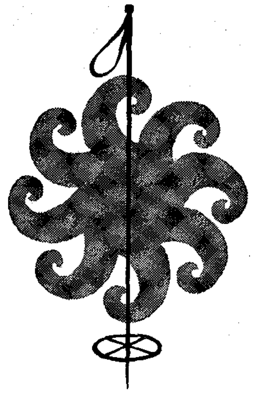
TOSCA
PERFUMED
COLOGNE

TOSCA . . . a glamorous blend of exotic blossoms . . . expresses you so beautifully . . . brings out the you *you* like to be!

Imported from Cologne, City of "4711" Fame

Sole Distributors: COLONIA, INC., 41 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

SKI ALL SUMMER



Join the world's top skiers at this cosmopolitan resort high in the beautiful Chilean Andes. Season June to October, with perfect powder, famous 4-mile run, and exciting slopes and trails for both novice and pro. The Ski School is directed by Othmar Schneider. Jet flights direct New York-Santiago, 12 hours.

See your travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Telephone: PLaza 7-0997.

PORTILLO
CHILE

"WILD" INDIAN MADRAS SHORTS BRILLIANT, BOLD TROPICAL COLOURINGS IN THE ORIGINAL HARD-TO-FIND PATTERNS. EXCITING EXOTIC SUN-DRENCHED SHADES IN PREDOMINANTLY HOT ORANGE, RED OR BLUE. BRITISH-TAILORED, LINED. WAIST 24-30. $8.95. COORDINATED COOL IRISH LINEN BLOUSES. 10-16. $6.95. BY MAIL.

Trimingham's BERMUDA

Write Trimingham's, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-10. Add 50¢ postage per item. Send for our illustrated catalogue.

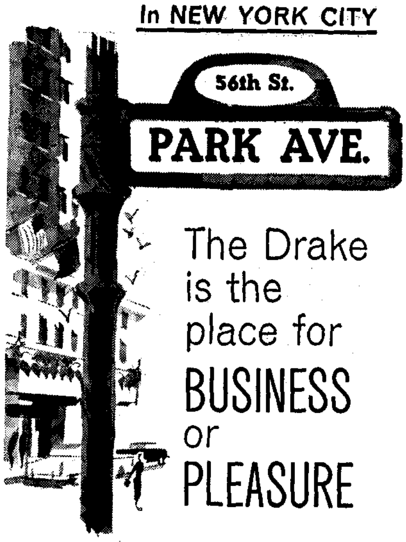
THE ART GALLERIES

Watercolors and Wood

THE current International Watercolor Biennial at the Brooklyn Museum is the twenty-first in the series, which makes it a fairly venerable institution, and, like most of its predecessors that I have seen, it is a thoroughly interesting collection. To be sure, these affairs have never been precisely global in scope. Instead, the practice has been to offer a set of roving samplings over the years, in which works from one or two other countries—Canada and Mexico in the last previous one, Italy alone in the one before *that*—are brought in to balance an American section. All of this, if it doesn't provide an imposing and possibly slightly tedious world survey, does make for a pleasantly informal but still informative showing.

In the present instance, the invited nations are Great Britain and Germany—which, under the circumstances, I take to mean West Germany. Twenty-eight artists are included in the first group and thirty-six in the second, each of them containing some sixty pieces, and because of the simple fact that we have had little opportunity lately to see much work from that region, I was drawn first of all to the German section. For that reason—apart from Hans Jaenisch, Joachim Albrecht (see his two severely patterned abstract compositions numbered "60/3" and "60/4"), and one or two others—none of the artists were known to me. I found the level of accomplishment in the work remarkably high, with a strong spirit of inventiveness and an equally strong feeling for strict design running through it. Color is boldly used, not only in the Jaenisch pieces (note especially his "Fisherman's Dream") but also in the Karl-Heinz Kliemann "North German Landscape," among others, and though the general tone is far from rivalling the coloristic extravagance of the German Expressionists of a few generations earlier, I did discover a faint echo of it here and there. Heinz Trökes' "Feast of the Rain Cloud," with its ruddy tonality, is colorful and whimsically imaginative, too. But for the most part the treatment in the group is more restrained, with the main accent

In NEW YORK CITY


56th St.
PARK AVE.

The Drake is the place for BUSINESS or PLEASURE

Travelling on business? The Drake is in the heart of New York's fast-growing new big-business district.

Travelling for pleasure? The Drake is surrounded by the smartest shops, finest restaurants, most exciting nightspots.

Add to this luxurious rooms and suites, transient or permanent, superb cuisine in its famous restaurants, flawless service and the best address. No hotel has more to offer!

THE *Drake*
Park Avenue at 56th Street
PLaza 5-0600 • John F. Isard, General Manager

OPEN 11:30 A.M. TO MIDNIGHT

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
Air Conditioned

IN ALL THE WORLD, THERE'S ONLY ONE

Roseland

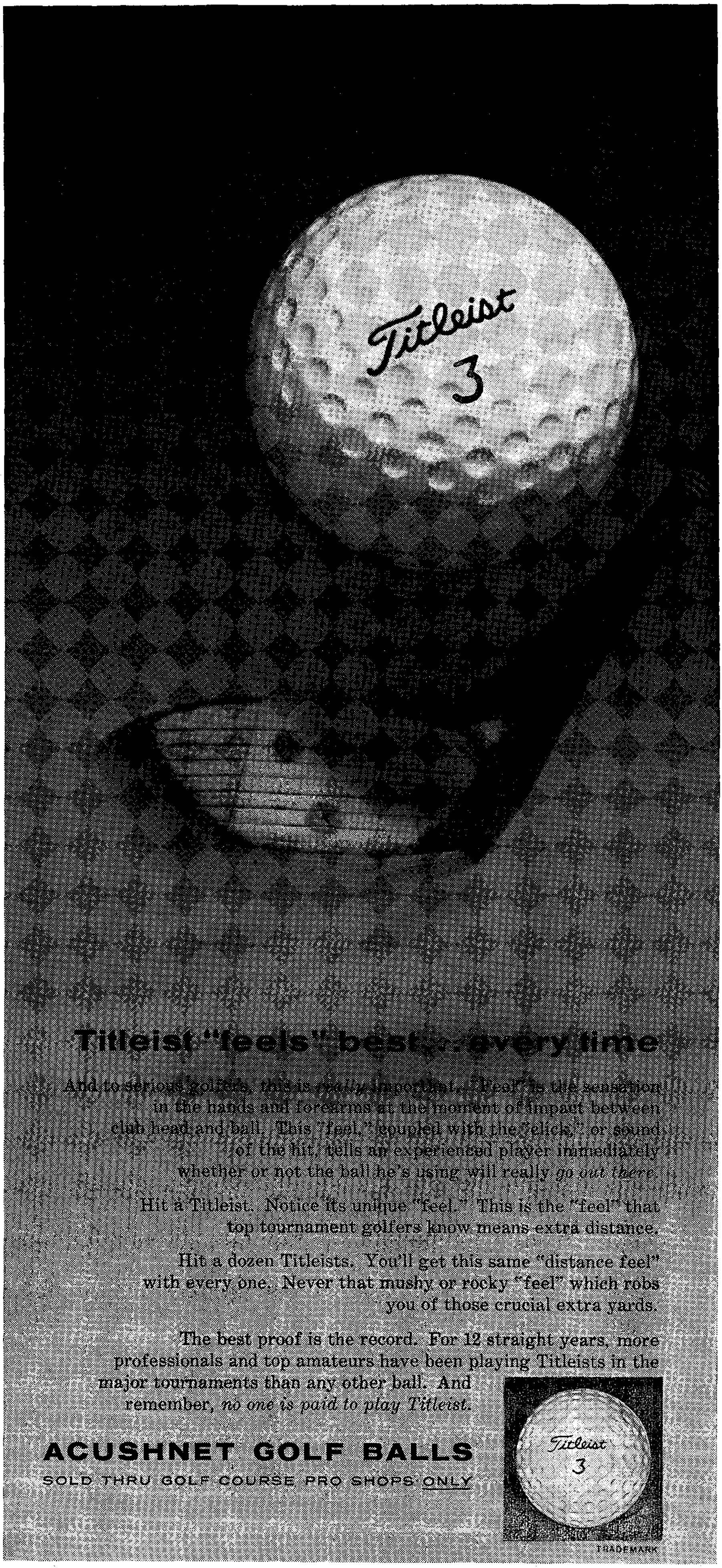
DANCE CITY
TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR
CONTINUOUS DANCING • 2 GREAT BANDS EVENINGS EXCEPT MONDAY
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
SUNDAY CONTINUOUS FROM 3:30
AMERICA'S HISTORIC SHRINE OF DANCING
52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

FOOD . . . LIBATION . . . LODGING
Stonehenge
VICTOR GILBERT, Skinker
RIDGEFIELD, CONN., IDlewood 8-6511

on precision of design. I liked most of all Hans Rompel's weblike, complex "Collage Composition," along with Peter Brüning's swiftly drawn, arabesqued "Gouache with Pastel" and the Albrechts I have just mentioned (among the few "pure" abstractions in the show), as well as Otto Piene's almost Dadaist "Smoke Picture" and "Second Attempt to Burn the Night," and the calmer, more meticulous "26-73-59," a study of intricately interlacing netted patterns by Theodor Werner. A few of the men are in their late fifties or sixties, but the majority are considerably younger, and on the evidence of the showing it appears that Germany is undergoing a healthy revival in art.

More names that are familiar are encountered in the British section, and also, naturally, in the American, which, with seventy-six artists exhibiting seventy-six items, is considerably the largest. I was struck, in both these cases, as I had been in the German, by how clearly what seem to be national tendencies stand out. Sometimes such differences are the result of the selection by separate local juries. In this instance, though, the choices were made by the Museum staff. Yet there are, or there appear to be, distinct variations in mood and atmosphere from one group to another, and if the Germans are the most inventive, and also most finicking about design, the British—as I suppose might be expected if one believed that art follows the clichés—seem the most restrained, the most understated, even, in respect to both color and treatment of subject, and the Americans the most ebullient.

Perhaps because of that, I found our section the least successful, or it might be better to say most uneven. There are excellent pieces—notably Sam Francis's charmingly curlicued "Blue Study," John Hultberg's dramatic night scene called "Battle Field Study," and the neatly patterned abstract "Earth Ridges," by Margit Beck. The range is wide, and though this may add to the slight feeling of the helter-skelter in this part of the collection, one can nonetheless only be grateful for the catholicity that led the judges to include, on the one hand, such conventionally styled yet charming pieces as Sylvia Bernstein's friezelike roadside landscape, "Along the Way," and Walter Murch's small "Study of Rock," and, on the other hand, such "advanced" ones as Elaine de Kooning's "Cape I" and Perle Fine's "Green Oasis," both more or less Abstract Expressionist. I liked, too,



Titleist "feels" best... every time

And to serious golfers, this is *really* important... "Feel" is the sensation in the hands and forearms at the moment of impact between club head and ball. This "feel," coupled with the "click," or sound of the hit, tells an experienced player immediately whether or not the ball he's using will really *go out there*.

Hit a Titleist. Notice its unique "feel." This is the "feel" that top tournament golfers know means extra distance.

Hit a dozen Titleists. You'll get this same "distance feel" with every one. Never that mushy or rocky "feel" which robs you of those crucial extra yards.

The best proof is the record. For 12 straight years, more professionals and top amateurs have been playing Titleists in the major tournaments than any other ball. And remember, *no one is paid to play Titleist.*

ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

SOLD THRU GOLF COURSE PRO SHOPS ONLY

REVERSIBLE SHIRT

The shirt with the sea-going air—chartered for sun and fun. Crisp **denim** in sailing blue reverses to white **terry.** Complete turnabout includes a pocket on either side, collar button-and-loop and double-needle stitching for a trim finish. Sides are deeply vented; shirt-tail dips fashionably. Blue denim with white terry.

Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18). **$7.95**
In **Men's** sizes too. Sm-Med-Lg. **$8.95**
Add 35¢ each for shipping. *Send for catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

SPERRY TOP-SIDERS
safe footing anywhere!

Moby Dick will never shake the man who's shod in Sperry Top-Siders. These ingeniously engineered boating shoes have been holding yachtsmen to their decks for decades – preventing slips, trips, fractures, sprains and the grievous loss of loved ones overboard. Outfit yourself, your crew and your family today. Semper fidelis–Sperry Top-Siders!

SPERRY TOP-SIDER®

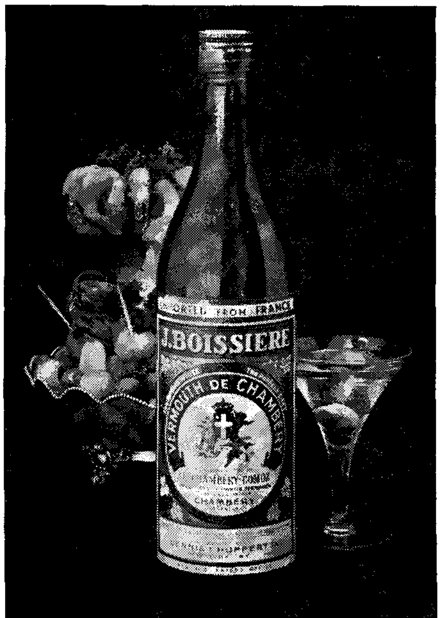
18 Rubber Ave., Naugatuck, Conn.

Morris Shulman's gently Tachiste "Summer Blue" and the small and very handsome "Efflorescence of Time II," by I. Rice Pereira.

The British section has a tidier air, but this may be partly because the sixty entries are divided among a considerably smaller number of artists. Lynn Chadwick, who ordinarily functions as a sculptor, has three works on view, all cool, deft, and sensitively drawn; of them, the blocky "Sketch for Watcher," apparently a sculpture study, is the standout. So have Robert Clatworthy, another sculptor; Terry Frost, of the Cornwall Group; and Adrian Heath; and the result is a more leisurely survey, as of a succession of miniature one-man showings. Then, too, the standards of accomplishment, particularly in techniques, are high. I enjoyed especially Elisabeth Frink's moonfaced, space-masked "Bird Man," Michael Ayrton's brisk "Cliffs," and Alexander Mackenzie's "Dunkery, Exmoor, August, 1960," these last both landscapes, and Terry Frost's tense, calligraphic "Black Figure." Of the older men, Ben Nicholson, with his "Ronco 14, August, 1958" and "Positive and Negative," both serenely purist in pattern, and Victor Pasmore, with an "Abstraction Motif in Sea Green and Indigo, 1960," come off particularly well, while Graham Sutherland's vivid green "Study for the Toad" and the twining, involved "Thorns" are remarkable for the sense of contained, bristling energy they convey.

LOUISE NEVELSON, now showing at the Martha Jackson, has for some years been developing a type of constructivist sculpture that is peculiarly her own. The basic element is wood—scraps and oddments of wood, ranging from bits of finials, balustrades, moldings, and other elaborately carved or machine-turned ornamental items right down to barrel staves and lengths of plasterer's lath. These are assembled into sculptural forms, sometimes columnar or stalagmite-like, sometimes frieze-like, but more often in the shape of tall, open-faced cabinets, variously shelved and compartmented, and crammed with the oddments just referred to. They are then painted uniformly, either in dull, very matte blacks or whites or—as in one group in the current collection—in gold. Somewhere along the way, a sense of mystery and monumentality enters in.

It is a method that has its obvious relation to the cult of the "found object" and the "ready-mades" of Marcel Du-



BOISSIERE

THE CONNOISSEUR'S VERMOUTH

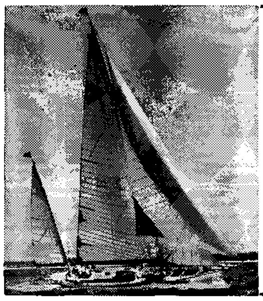
The remarkable crystal clarity of Boissiere, the original Dry White Vermouth *imported* from Chambéry, France makes every Martini memorable...incomparably smooth, subtle, *dry.* And the very making of a model Manhattan is Boissiere French Sweet Vermouth—always superbly light.

DENNIS & HUPPERT, N.Y. IMPORTERS OF CHAMPAGNE MERCIER

PIERRE GRILL

Just fine food. Authentic Indian Curry dishes served every day.
Luncheon entrees from $2.00
Dinner entrees from $3.00
Complete Curry dinner $5.25
Every day including Sunday
Telephone: TEmpleton 8-8000

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET



SAILING CRUISES

From Essex, Conn. to Martha's Vineyard aboard a fine 60 foot Yawl. Come aboard Friday evening return Friday afternoon. Parties of four to six, of one's own selection. Owner will not organize parties. $125 per person per week covers all expenses. Virgin Island Cruises December to May.

L. P. Young
Deep River, Conn.
P.O. Box 15

Re-live the Gay Nineties This Summer

. . . in a 7 B.R., 4 bath charmingly furnished family home. From June through September $2000. Has own dock on Great So. Bay. 15 minutes to beach by car. See photos NYC. Miss Higginson PL 8-2630.

champ, Max Ernst, and others of the early Dadaists, not to mention the *Merzbauten* of Kurt Schwitters, and it is as easy to decry it on that score—and as wrong, for the reference is remote—as it is to condemn it for the makeshiftness of the materials. In a sense, Nevelson is trapped in her own style, for when her work is seen en masse there is a certain repetitiousness in the formal structure of it. Yet the feeling of the august and the mysterious remains, and it appears again in the current collection, though not in as full and unfailing a measure.

I think the fault in the show is an on the whole laudable tendency by the artist to overreach herself a little in her efforts to achieve the grandiose. I was most conscious of it, unfortunately, in a series of a dozen of her constructions that are grouped in one room and are clearly intended to be viewed as a unity. The idea of making a roomful of sculpture related in concept is certainly ambitious—in a way, reminiscent of the magnificent Renaissance fashion of covering a whole room or chapel with frescoes. Here, however, I felt that the closeness of the grouping, far from accentuating the feeling of impressiveness, tended, in a sense, to exhaust it, and I was much more taken by the more casually offered, individual pieces—the spiral-like "Dawn Column V," "White Sun," the small relief called "Night Plant," and the truly handsome group of "Night Columns," numbered 1 to 4—that are scattered elsewhere in the gallery. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

CLEAR DAYS ALONG THE LEGISLATIVE FRONT

[*From the San Luis Obispo* (*Calif.*) *Telegram-Tribune*]

SACRAMENTO (UPI)—The assembly voted yesterday to allow a two-year study of California's one-year interlocutory period for divorces.

The law requires that a divorced couple wait one year after the decree is granted before it is final and they can remarry.

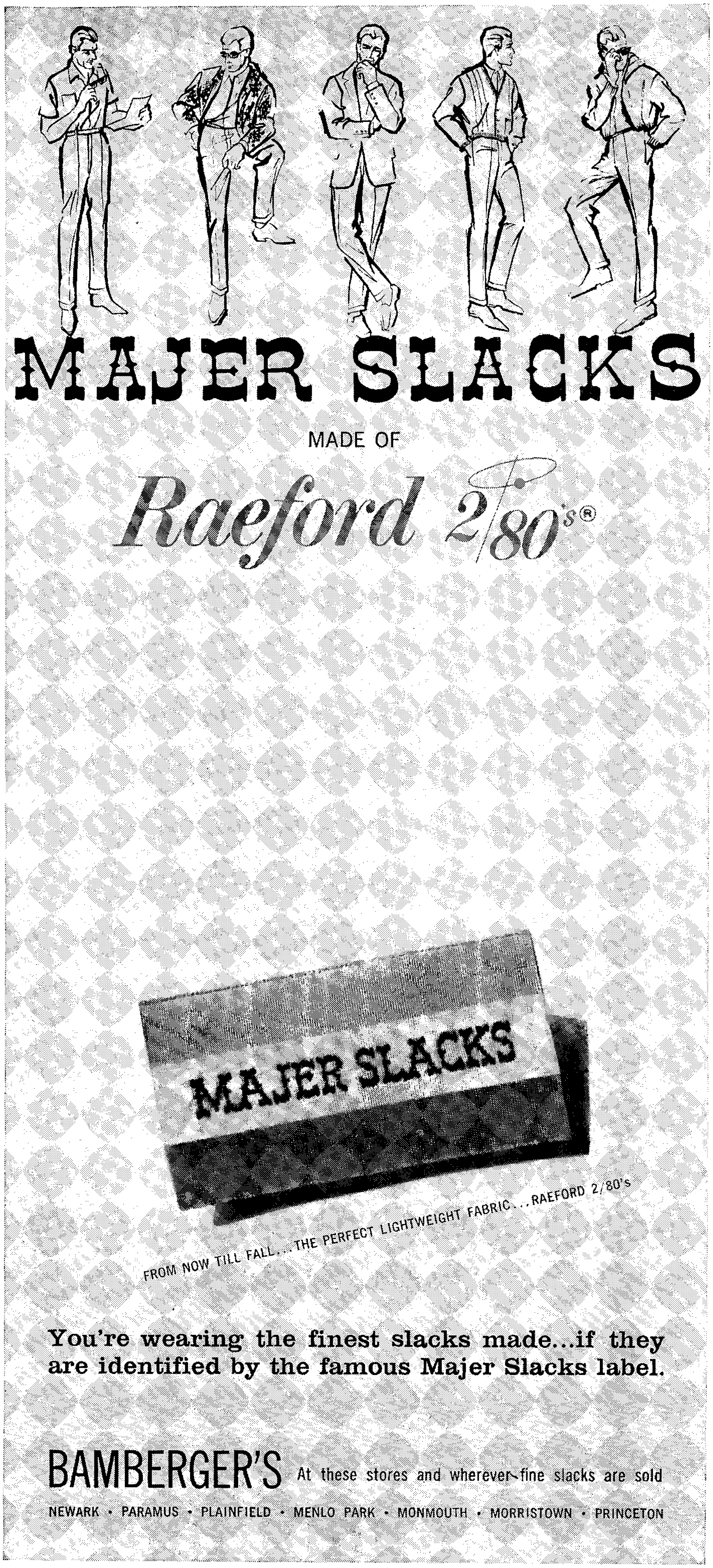
Author of the resolution, assemblyman George A. Willson, D-Huntington Park, said present law leads to "illegality, fraud and immorality."

The legislature believes that Girl Scout cookies should be exempt from sales taxes.

•

Buchwald is frequently serious but his articles always contain ingredients of humor and he has been hailed as one of America's greatest humorists, in a class with such writers as Robert Benchley, Walter Mitty and Hemingway.—*Greeley* (*Colo.*) *Tribune*.

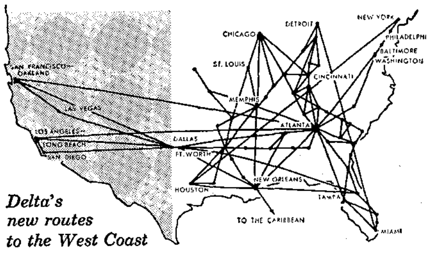
Sometimes called the Big Three.



MAJER SLACKS
MADE OF
Raeford 2/80's®
MAJER SLACKS
FROM NOW TILL FALL...THE PERFECT LIGHTWEIGHT FABRIC...RAEFORD 2/80's
You're wearing the finest slacks made...if they are identified by the famous Majer Slacks label.
BAMBERGER'S At these stores and wherever fine slacks are sold
NEWARK • PARAMUS • PLAINFIELD • MENLO PARK • MONMOUTH • MORRISTOWN • PRINCETON

DELTA
..Jet leader on every route flown!

Children's Hour is 600 miles long on a Delta Jet, a giant step in miles but only a brief interval for mother and children. Delta's quiet, vibration-free Douglas DC-8's and Convair 880's are the jet leaders on every Delta route.



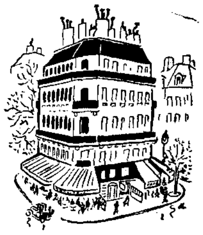
Delta's new routes to the West Coast

DELTA
the air line with the BIG JETS

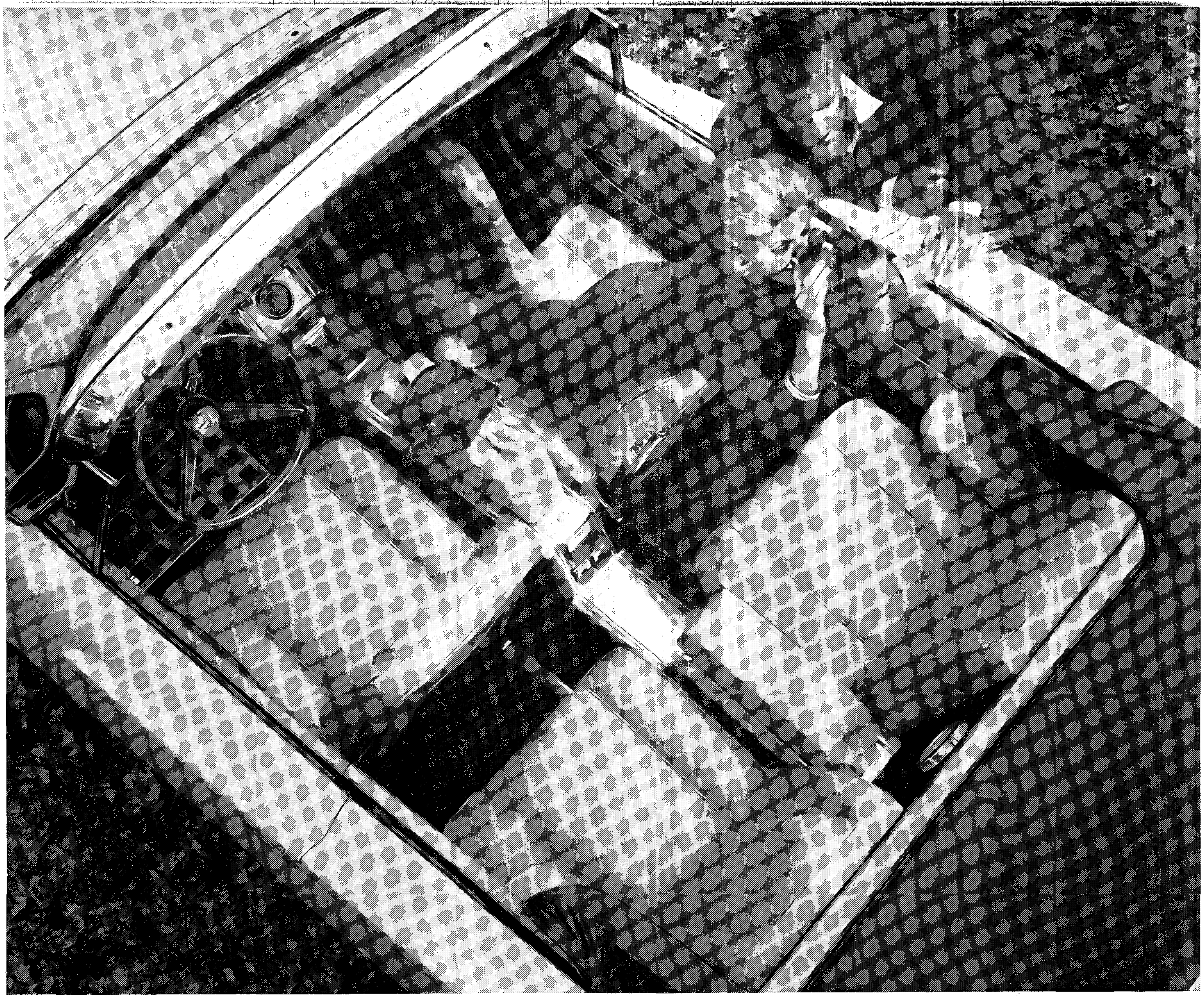
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 2

LAST Friday afternoon, two days after the early-Wednesday-morning collapse of the insurrection plot against President de Gaulle and his Fifth Republic by the four ringleader French ex-generals, *France-Soir*, which is the biggest popular paper in all France, presented a front page that looked like a bankruptcy report on the morality of the French Army and the French civil and public services. The facts and figures, printed in round numbers and adding up to hundreds of Frenchmen in high or trusted or secret places who had been accused of complicity in the mutiny, were more frightening to most of the French public than anything in the four days of the rebellion crisis itself. For nothing really happened here during those four days, so that fear became vague and empty of reality and was replaced by confusion, deep worry, and a kind of angry curiosity as to what was really going on. *France-Soir's* front page was something positive and informing, which the eye could take in at a glance—something enormous, only a fraction of which we had supposed or suspected. It was a printed opening total, to date, of the top Frenchmen, often listing their names as well as their posts, who had been involved in what still seems to have been an insane *Putsch* to overthrow de Gaulle's government, take power, and rule the next Republic of France by military junta. The front-page announcements were mere headlines, big and little. They stated that General Marie-Michel Gouraud, former commander of the Constantine Army Corps, had been imprisoned, along with four other generals and five colonels; that two hundred officers in the French Army had been arrested; that four French Army regiments had been dissolved, including the famous, overpopular 1st Regiment of Foreign Legion parachutists, whose acting commander, Major Elie de Saint-Marc, had also been arrested; that the 14th and 18th Foreign Legion Regiments and a commando regiment of French paratroopers had likewise been dissolved. They said that the second most important officer in Algeria—General Héritier, chief of staff of the combined Army, Navy, and Air Forces in Algeria—had been removed from his post, and also Colonel Cousteau, chief of the Troisième Bureau, which plans military operations. In Paris, three officers from the Ministère des Anciens Combattants had been arrested, the paper said, and so had a hundred functionaries and four hundred members of L'Organization de l'Armée Secrète in Algeria—where the chief magistrate of Algiers, the Président de la Cour d'Appel, had himself been suspended. General Jacques Faure and the ten officers who were among the first arrested down there have now been questioned here by inspectors of the Criminal Brigade of the Quai des Orfèvres—an office and a police force made famous by Georges Simenon's Detective-Inspector Maigret, who, in the ordinary way, would never have met eleven high Army officers unless they had all become murderers or bank robbers. It is to be noted, too, that ex-General Maurice Challe, official leader of the ex-generals' quartet, who gave himself up and will shortly stand trial for his life, has been lodged in the common-criminal division of La Santé prison, not in the more select cells for political rebels.



On the other hand, amid all this appalling news, there is word that General Guy Grout de Beaufort, who held the critically important high post of Attaché de l'Institut des Hautes Etudes de la Défense Nationale, here in Paris, and who had earlier been chief of de Gaulle's own staff, has been released from arrest and is now only under surveillance. However, General André Petit, formerly Premier Debré's military adviser, has just been imprisoned, and his successor, General Jean Nicot, of the Army of the Air, who was the officer responsible to Debré for France's air defense, has just been put under fortress arrest. He is accused of having enabled, possibly with forged passports, two of the plotting generals—Challe and Zeller—to secretly leave France (where they had been restricted by government order, because of their stated disagreement with de Gaulle's Algerian-independence policy) and to regain Algeria and there lead their crazed, inefficient mutiny. In all, fifty more arrests were made in Paris over the weekend, bringing the total to about three hundred and fifty for all France since these stern repressions began—a few weeks and several years too late. In damage to France's morale and international standing, this has been the most disastrous plot of Army disobedience to state



BUCKETS OF LEATHER

Four of them! Four individual bucket seats of porous top-grain leather. Each one up to five inches deep in foam rubber and contoured to give you wrap-around support from shoulder to thigh. That's the kind of Grand Touring car comfort you get in Chrysler's 300-G! ¶ In fact, good things come in fours in this thoroughbred. Like the canted headlamps in the "G's" wind-cheating grille. Like the twin 4-barrel carburetors that fire its ram-induction engine. Like the four new 15-inch wheels that get a firm grip on the road—aid brake cooling for sure, "non-squeal" stops. ¶ Get to know the "G" on a first-name basis. Drive it as hard and fast as legal limits permit. Sample its precise steering. Test its even-keeled balance on curves . . . the big reason why its suspension has won orchids from confirmed car enthusiasts. ¶ *It's America's rare road artist . . . crafted by Chrysler in limited numbers for a limited few.* Your *kind of automobile.*

There are four fine Chryslers: Newport, Windsor, New Yorker and the most powerful of all—300/G.

CHRYSLER 300/G

Homespun Stripes

Simple and cheerful as a country fair, this sleeveless little shift goes belted or beltless through Summer . . . patio lounging, shopping, or as a beach dress. The fabric is a thickly-slubbed cotton homespun, in a single blend of earthy multicolored stripes . . . Brown/Blue/Brick/Gold/Green/etc. 8-16. $12.95

ORDER BY MAIL
Add 50c for postage
Catalog on request

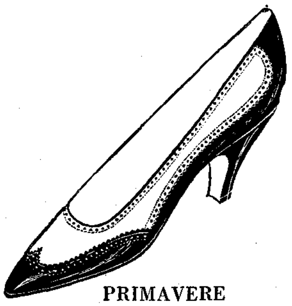
Ladybug
Dept. N
264 S. Nineteenth St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

EAST BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, New York

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere



PRIMAVERE
$50

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.

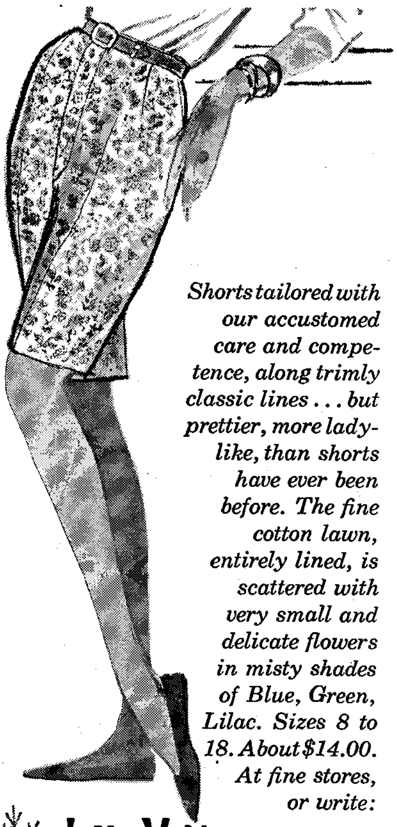
Under direct ownership of MR. H. BENDEL

WEST I. MAGNIN & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.

authority and the most enfeebling split in French Army unity—in theory still a sacred *mystique* here—since the notorious Dreyfus case.

There is embarrassment and real grief among many Parisians over the disloyalty and dissolution of the famous 1st Regiment of the French Foreign Legion. In military parades on the Champs-Elysées in the old days, before they were paratroopers and took to the sky—when they still carried their earthy pickaxes or shovels tilted over their shoulders, like weapons for their peculiar combat with the desert sand—they always received the greatest storm of applause from the Paris sidewalk crowds of any unit except France's own élite sons, the cadets from Saint-Cyr. The Legionnaires' snow-white kepis, their long, slow stride for desert walking, the fringe of beard that most of the *sous-off'* wore on their stony bronzed faces, their unified air of perfected masculine combative discipline, like homeless fighting cocks, endowed them with a spectacular attraction that magnetized the domesticated French bourgeoisie. The Legionnaires' melodramatic departure last week, when they blew up their quarters at Zéralda, so no other soldiery could be sheltered behind what had been their own walls; the civilian crowd from Algiers, for whom they were the supreme favorites, tossing red roses and bottles of cognac as forms of farewell into their trucks; and the Legionnaires pulling out while singing insolently, "*Je ne regrette rien, je repars à zéro,*" the Piaf hit *chanson* this winter at the Olympia Music Hall—all this was part of their bold and inspiring theatricalism.

The Foreign Legion's history is worth noting. The force was raised in 1831, a year after the French conquest of Algeria, by Louis-Philippe, that most bourgeois of the Bourbon monarchs, "whose favorite weapon was an umbrella." The first clause of his law founding the corps read, "There is formed within the kingdom a legion of foreigners, but it is one that may not be employed except outside the territory of the kingdom"—a restriction later changed. According to a battle order of 1847, the Legionnaires fought "to the left of the French troops and to the right of the Algerian sharpshooters"—coming between the two, as, indeed, they have been doing again over the six and a half years of the Algerian war. The legends of the Legion's heroism remain unstained. On April 30, 1863, in Mexico, while fighting at Camerone for the French puppet Maximilian, the two officers and the sixty-two Legionnaires



Shorts tailored with our accustomed care and competence, along trimly classic lines . . . but prettier, more ladylike, than shorts have ever been before. The fine cotton lawn, entirely lined, is scattered with very small and delicate flowers in misty shades of Blue, Green, Lilac. Sizes 8 to 18. About $14.00. At fine stores, or write:

JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
IN NEW YORK: 1407 BROADWAY

The luxury resort of the North-West

THE HARRISON HOT SPRINGS HOTEL

British Columbia, Canada

Lake front • Heated outdoor pool • Sun patios • World-famous sulphur and potash pool • Dancing nightly in the Copper Room • Golf, tennis, riding • Miles of forest trails • Acres of lawns and gardens • Family-sized cottages in hotel grounds • Supervised activities for children • Convention facilities for 450 • Two-hour drive from Vancouver, Canada • Three-hour drive from Seattle.

For reservations see your Travel Agent
Max A. Nargil, General Manager

FOLONARI
PREMIUM
ITALIAN WINES

SOAVE • VALPOLICELLA
BARDOLINO • CHIARETTO

Schieffelin & Co., N. Y.

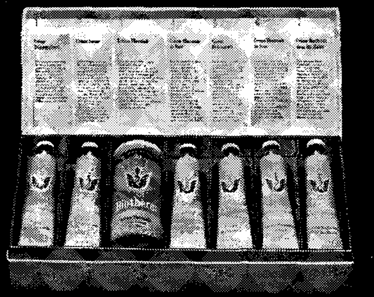
Lamps and Shades

WARD & ROME

63 East 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

under Captain Danjou, a veteran who had a wooden arm, fought to their death against two thousand Mexicans; when their ammunition was exhausted, the six Legionnaires left alive fixed bayonets and charged. The modern Legion fought in the last war at Bir-Hakeim, in East Africa, and in the Liberation, and, after the war, in Indo-China, where it was strongly Germanized by former Nazi soldiers from General Rommel's Afrika Korps; in the fall of Dien-Bien-Phu it left ten thousand dead. In the long series of humiliating withdrawals from victory that postwar France has suffered in its colonialism, the paratroopers of the 1st Regiment of the Foreign Legion, though in large part German, became ultra-French, fired by the conviction, during the Algerian war, that Algeria was permanently a piece of French soil. Man by man, they will now be scattered into other regiments—only one Legionnaire to a unit, not two.

NEARLY nothing has been told here in Paris about how the insurrection got under way in Algiers on that Friday, April 21st. Information has just been gathered by a couple of frequent visitors to Algiers, now returned, who flew down there from Paris a few days after the insurrection's collapse to listen to their many Algiers acquaintances and friends—Army, civilian, political—and also to French settlers, both pro- and anti-Algérie Française. Some of what they heard was tragically comic; some of the facts seemed absolutely incredible and were merely perfectly true. According to these informants, events started on Friday afternoon when a soldier in the Kabylia district told his captain, "I have been ordered to go to Algiers tonight to take part in a *Putsch*." The captain told his major, who told his colonel, who told his chief, General Simon, who hurried off in a helicopter to tell the Army corps commander, General Vézinet, in Algiers, where the news, still going up the ladder of command, was passed to the top echelons of the Air Force and the Navy, and then to General Fernand Gambiez, the Commander-in-Chief in Algeria of the combined Army, Navy, and Air Forces. The first reaction on a high level was that this was merely another case of *l'intoxication* (usually called simply *l'intox*), the maladive hysteria of rumors common in the always tense situation in Algiers and caused by the close quarters of the different races and the military forces. At eight that night, a meeting was held



You're being coy,
Biotherm.
I was bound to
learn about you.
That you came all
the way from France.
That you're entirely
a product of Nature.*
That you have the
secret of keeping
complexions
younger looking.
How could you
expect to remain
anonymous?
Really, Biotherm!

Cosmétiques
Biotherm

Beauty from the earth's living waters

* Biotherm holds a potent life-source concentrate, Crenum®, formed of beauty-bearing plankton found only in waters of certain thermal springs in France. Introductory Kit of 7 vital creams and lotions, $10.00 plus tax.

At exclusive stores • For names, write Cosmétiques Biotherm, 717 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

In NEW YORK CITY

The smart place
to stay

HOTEL St. Regis

Leaders in society and business make the St. Regis their home in New York. They select the St. Regis for its convenient midtown location among the finest Fifth Avenue shops, its faultlessly appointed rooms and suites, with individual air-conditioning controls. Sign our register—the St. Regis edition of Who's Who.

Fifth Ave. at 55th St. • PL 3-4500 • Pierre Bultinck, Gen. Mgr.

CHAMPAGNE

Lanson

FRANCE'S FINEST
SINCE 1760

Lanson
Reims France

There's only one question—
can you afford it?

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE • SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., N.Y., N.Y.

in the office of Jean Morin, Delegate-General of Algeria, attended by all the brass—General Gambiez, the directors of the military and civilian cabinet, the head of security forces, the prefect of police. Somebody produced *une lettre confidentielle*—one of those extreme-right-wing newsletters (its author has now been arrested) that can be subscribed to for a fee in Paris—which said, "At 2 A.M. Saturday morning, the loyalty of the Army can no longer be counted on." This sounded to the brass like sheer bosh; it was unbelievable that any insurgents would let out semi-public news of their D Day and H Hour in advance. But patrols were ordered doubled and the 14th Squadron of the Gendarmerie was alerted. Then the brass played some bridge and went home to bed. Before midnight, somebody reported by phone to the general staff that a transport truck company had been seen en route to Zéralda. General Gambiez, who was alerted, phoned General Saint-Hillier, the paratroopers' division commander, telling him to phone Major de Saint-Marc, commander of the 1st Foreign Legion Regiment, and ask what in the devil was going on. Mme. de Saint-Marc at first said that her husband was sick with a headache, which Saint-Hillier knew was not true, since the two men had messed together, and then said that he was not at home anyhow. Saint-Hillier then recklessly put the question to her direct: "*Dites-moi*, Madame, is your husband up to some dirty trick tonight?" Feebly she answered, "I fear so." Saint-Hillier and Gambiez started off at breakneck speed in their cars toward Zéralda, about twenty-five kilometres distant. En route, they saw the trucks coming toward them, pulled to one side, leaped out, stood in the middle of the road, wigwagged their arms for the first truck to stop—and jumped for their lives to keep from being run over, as some Legionnaire shouted down, "Squash the old fools!" The two generals turned their cars around, caught up with the trucks, and passed them. None of the *paras* fired on them; what the two generals did not yet know was that this was a military coup planned so as not to have a shot fired. They beat the trucks to the General Delegation Building—the seat of the city's civilian and military government—which in any struggle is the goal to capture at once. The building's forecourt has an iron grille fence around it, with two gates, both locked at night. One general stood before each gate as the parachutists arrived. Gambiez is a short-statured general; a couple

WILE WILE WILE

Julius WILE
THE ESCOFFIER SAUCE DIABLE
A. Escoffier
IMPORTED

THE WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE SAUCE ...AND WORTH IT!

Created by the world-renowned chef, A. Escoffier.

Sharp and zesty **Sauce Diable**—particularly fine with fish . . . excellent with meat.

Smoothly balanced **Sauce Robert**—a must for steaks, chops, poultry.

Escoffier®

Let this seal be your guide to quality
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York

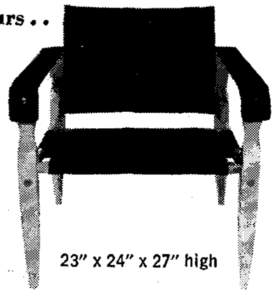
WILE WILE WILE

B.O.C. $19.95

exclusively ours..
in 8 colors,
3 finishes*

BRITISH
OFFICER'S CHAIR

perfect indoors or out. Birch frame. Heavy canvas cover: black, white, aqua, rust, orange, red, royal blue, olive. Assembles in minutes without tools.



Shpg. Chgs.: East of Miss. 1.50; West of Miss. 2.50.
*1.00 extra satin-black or walnut finish frame. Chk. or money order (No COD's) to:

the workbench
46 Greenwich Ave., Dept. N, New York 11

FlexPort Pet Door

Ends Door-Tending Whining, Scratching

Why be a doorman for your pet? FlexPort ends scratched doors and whining. Keeps out flies, wind, rain. Gives you and dog or cat complete freedom. Soft plastic triangles close gently and tightly. Easily installed. Prices start at $19.90. Before ordering send for free folder.

TUREN, INC. Dept. K-5
2 Cottage Ave., Danvers, Mass.

DICK STARK

Drawings & Paintings May 8-20

Ward Eggleston Galleries
969 Madison Avenue (at 76th Street)

Champagne
Rath
BLACK HAWK
FULLY COOKED
HAM
IN
Champagne

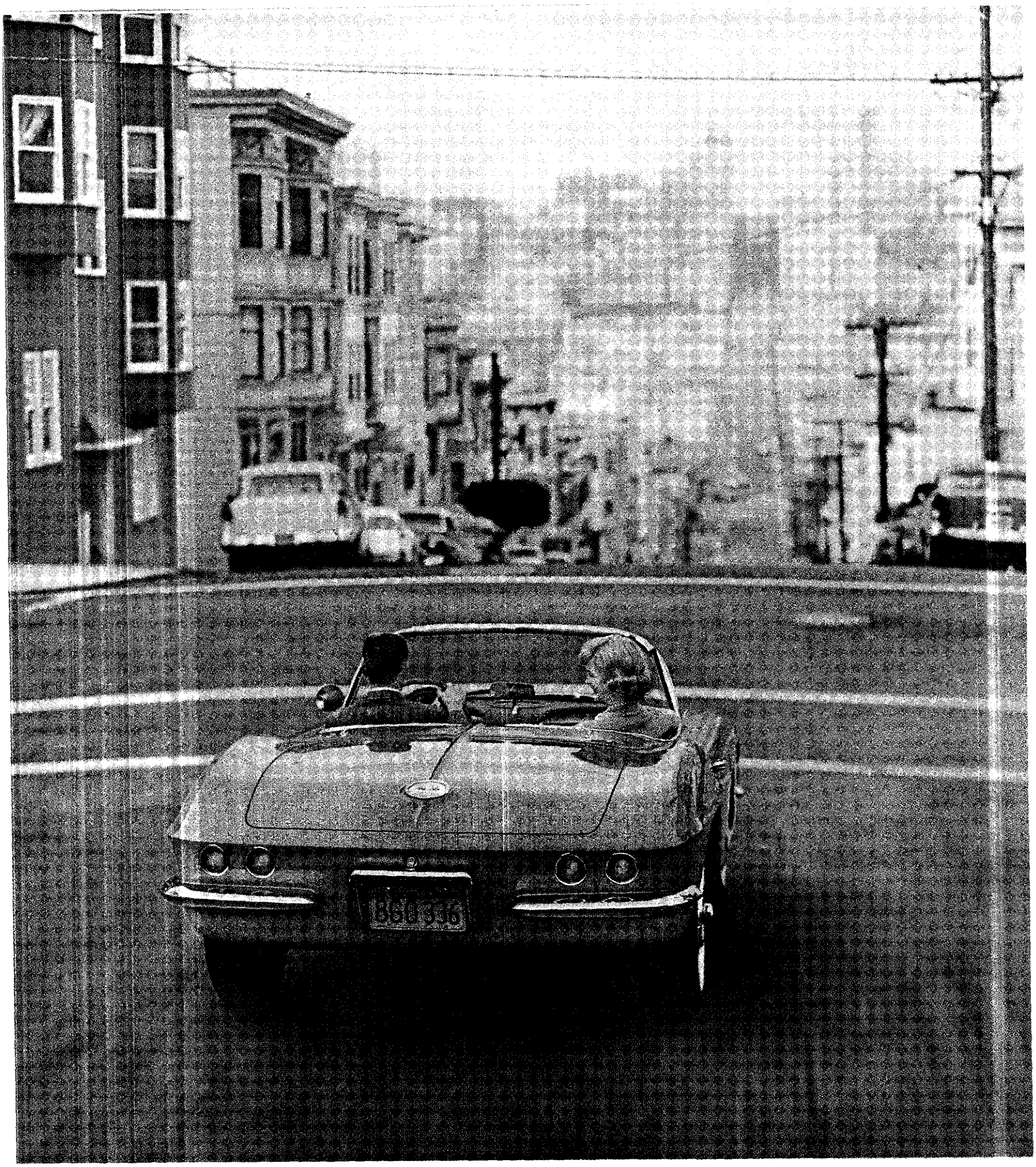
We cook this magnificent, hickory-smoked ham in real champagne (you'll pop your cork when you taste it!)

When a genuine Rath Black Hawk Ham from Iowa meets up with genuine champagne, you get a mingling of flavors that's irresistible. Wood smoke with a champagne accent! And you don't even need a recipe. Serve this ham cold in its own delicious champagne aspic. Or hot in its own champagne sauce...Your guests will toast your good taste

In 3 and 5 pound sizes so you can celebrate anything (just being alive!) with this festive treat.

THE RATH PACKING COMPANY, WATERLOO, IOWA

Rath Black Hawk Hickory-Smoked *Ham in Champagne*



twice a day he takes a vacation. Driving to work in the morning and making the run home at night, he's the most carefree man on the street. Why should this be? In basic terms, a Corvette is little different from other cars. Stiffer suspension maybe, more efficient brakes, a lot more acceleration. . . . But where's the romance, the excitement we talk about? *Here's where:* It's the high pitched sound of that lovely V8 engine in full song . . . the feel of the sun on the back of your neck as you swing out of the parking lot and point that powerful machine toward home. . . . It's anything you do in a Corvette, even if it might have been dull in other, lesser cars. Heck, Corvette people can get as much kick out of driving to work as some of us get from a trip to Europe!

Corvette by Chevrolet

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

of big paratroopers picked him up—their commander-in-chief—as if he were a little boy, and set him down out of the way, and officers arrested him. Other *paras* climbed over the iron fence like monkeys in leopard-spotted uniforms and unlocked the gates, and they all swarmed inside. A little later, General Gambiez was taken to General Challe, and so found out who was running the insurrection. Challe politely asked his commander-in-chief to come over to the insurgents' side and take charge, which Gambiez indignantly refused to do, so he was taken to prison—the second time that night he had been put out of the way. Some Algérois in nightclothes stuck their heads out of their windows to see what was going on. But nothing was going on, according to their standards, for not a shot was being fired, so they went back to bed. "It was a textbook *coup d'état*, a model of how to take over a city," one officer said later, adding, "The insurrection show was run by about fifty Army men"—out of four hundred thousand Army men in all Algeria.

The insurrection failed because General Challe erred in thinking that a big slice of the armed forces would defect to him. He did not get the Navy or even the Armée de l'Air; all he had was perhaps eight thousand *paras*, and he had to use them like messenger boys, sending them on first one job, then another, trying either to persuade or to bully. Challe captured and controlled buildings in Algiers, Oran, and Constantine, but he never got whole cities, let alone all of Algeria. He never really had a base of operations. For another thing, he had not informed any of the Algerian activist civilians of the insurrection, saying that he wanted no politicians and townspeople underfoot to make another failure, as they had with their barricades insurrection of January, 1960, when they held out nearly a week in the center of the city and then let their insurrection be broken up at long distance by de Gaulle's threats and arguments. In his mutiny, Challe did not even aim at the quick overthrow of de Gaulle's government, it is said, for he had no political substitutes, or even candidates.

One young French paratrooper said, "I would not have dared to fly over Paris. My mother lives there, and if she had laid eyes on me, she certainly would have slapped my face, *bon Dieu*." Actually, it is now believed that Challe probably had no plan to drop *paras* on Paris. This will no doubt be his defense when he stands trial. The objective of the insurrection was to take over Algeria

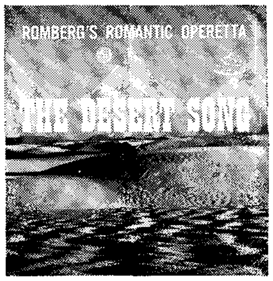
IT'S ANGEL "SHOW TIME"
LONDON PRODUCTIONS

ORIGINAL LONDON CAST
RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN-FIELDS
Flower Drum Song

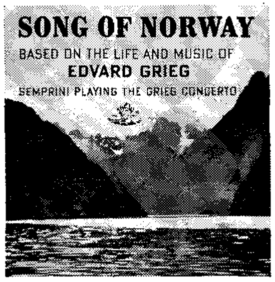
FLOWER DRUM SONG
Rodgers and Hammerstein
(S) 35886 Broadway smash
soon to be spectacular film

Original London Cast Album
Frank Loesser's Musical
The most happy fella

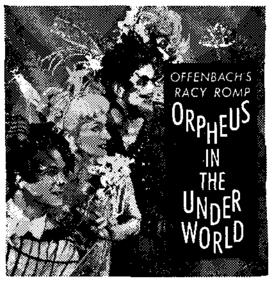
THE MOST HAPPY FELLA
Frank Loesser (S) 35887
First stereo recording of
the Loesser hit



THE DESERT SONG
Sigmund Romberg
(S) 35905 Romantic favorite
in a fresh new production


SONG OF NORWAY
BASED ON THE LIFE AND MUSIC OF
EDVARD GRIEG
SEMPRINI PLAYING THE GRIEG CONCERTO

SONG OF NORWAY
Grieg (Wright-Forrest)
(S) 35904 Based on the life
and music of Edvard Grieg



ORPHEUS IN THE
UNDERWORLD
Offenbach
(S) 35903
First recording in **English**
and **Stereo!** Sadler's
Wells Production

ALSO AVAILABLE ON ANGEL

AT THE DROP OF A HAT—
Flanders & Swann (S)35797
Original cast of London's &
Broadway's hit revue

BITTER SWEET—
Noel Coward (S) 35814
Only long play recording
of Coward classic

WHITE HORSE INN—
Benatzky & Stolz (S)35815
Only LP in English

THE MERRY WIDOW—
Franz Lehár (S) 35816
Only English version of
Stereo highlights

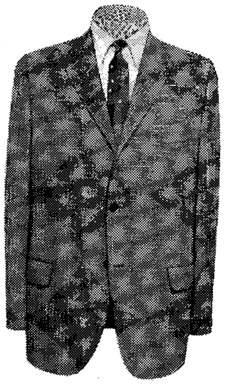
LILAC TIME—
Franz Schubert (S) 35817
Only LP. Also known as
"Blossom Time"

ANGEL RECORDS ®

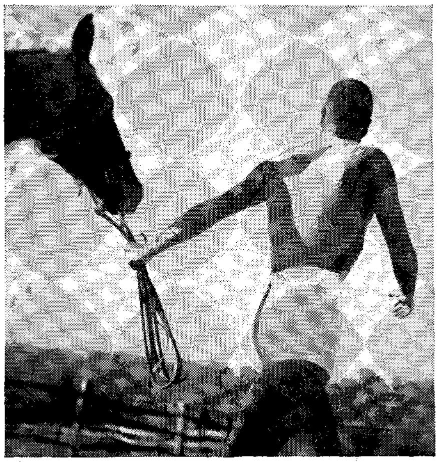
THE ARTHUR M. ROSENBERG CO.

WASHABLE SUITS

Unusual colorings in our practical wash and wear suits for hot weather, all in the accepted Dacron* and cotton combinations.



Miniature Glen Plaids: mid grey/black, tan/blue/grey, blue/grey, brown/olive $49.50
Hopsack Weave: mid grey, black/olive, tan/olive, deep navy $49.50
Poplins: cavalry tan, oxford grey, martini olive, black/olive, navy blue $45.00
Seercord: blue/white, grey/white $45.00
Seersucker: grey/white $45.00
Mail orders accepted. Add $1.00 for postage. Swatches sent on request.
DuPont's polyester fibre
NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898
THE Arthur M. Rosenberg CO.
TAILORS—FURNISHERS
NEW YORK: 16 EAST 52ND ST.
NEW HAVEN: 1044 CHAPEL ST.
TRAVEL EXHIBITS IN 25 MAJOR CITIES.
DATES ON REQUEST.



Briefer than boxers . . . freer than briefs

Allen-A® walkers

...they don't ride! T. M.

Behold the most comfortable shorts that ever girded a man's mid-section! Allen-A **walkers** are cut freer than briefs for snug support without binding . . . cut briefer than boxers for free leg action without riding up. Swim-trunk smart, in soft, white cotton knit with Nobelt® waistband. $1.50; 6 for $8.75. Allen-A outfits the complete man: underwear, hosiery, sweaters, sportswear, pajamas. The Allen-A Co., Piqua, Ohio

completely and at once, to liquidate utterly the F.L.N., or rebel native army, and then to turn to France and say, "Here is your liberated Algeria—liberated from the F.L.N. Here is French Algeria, for France. Put Evian and the peace negotiations out of your mind; they are already forgotten." If this sounds mad to the point of dementia, it can be better comprehended (or so the pair of visitors to Algeria intelligently explained) by taking account of the mental decadence in the diehard officer class—isolated by their six-and-a-half-year war in Algeria, cut off from contemporary, fast-moving colonial history all over the world by their morbid patriotism and their hypnotic obsession with the cult of triumph after France's long list of defeats, beginning in June, 1940. That the insurrection was to thwart the menace of Communism in a liberated Algeria that had no association with France was apparently a very secondary consideration in Challe's notion for the insurrection—though it was certainly of primary importance to the right-wing, often rich civilian accomplices that the mutiny clearly had in Paris and Metropolitan France.

It is said that Challe knew he had lost on Monday night. De Gaulle's Sunday speech had been picked up by lots of the soldiery on their transistors, as well as Debré's Sunday-night warning that the parachutists were coming. Yet Challe gave no orders to fly. It is also said in Algiers insurgent Army circles that the insurrection failed because it was an old man's revolution—because it was led by four old generals, three retired because of age. Actually, it was really a colonels' insurrection, it is now known, originated by them and then passed over to the protection of the generals, whose rank and prestige might give it the high hierarchical authority felt necessary to rally the rest of the Army. It is claimed that the idea was first conceived by Colonel Jean Gardes, former chief of the Algiers Army's Fifth Bureau of Psychological Warfare, while he was sitting in the prisoners' box in court in Paris at the trial of the barricades rebels, of whom he was one. —GENÊT

•

IN SPELLING

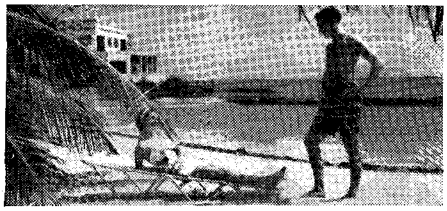
How many times have you heard expressed—or said yourself—that, "The schools don't teach spelling anymore"? The schools still teach spelling, not like they used to but every bit as efficiently and more rationally.—*Passaic (N. J.) Herald-News.*

Noted.

"Meet me at the Obelisk for Cocktails!"

Meet at the Obelisk, in the "new" Commodore's newly redecorated lobby. Enjoy luncheon, cocktails or dinner at one of the delightful Commodore restaurants... the talk of everyone but the Sphinx. Have you seen the new Commodore?

HOTEL Commodore
42nd St. at Lexington Avenue New York 17, N. Y. • MU 6-6000



A Very Private Paradise

A delightful Caribbean resort, designed for the pleasure of discriminating vacationers. New low rates from $17.50 per person, full American Plan (to Dec. 20).

See travel agent or N.Y.Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Circle 6-6820

ESTATE Good Hope
ST. CROIX,
VIRGIN ISLANDS, U. S. A.

STRAPARAMA®

Summer watchstraps from all over the world. Madras and Raw Silk from India, Linen from Ireland, Foulards from Italy. Gun checks, Shantung, Swiss Braided Nylon. All colors, all sizes for men and women—2.50.

TIME MART • 425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts. New York 17, N. Y.

THE OYSTER BAR...
WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SEAFOOD RESTAURANT
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

POOR SIGNORA!

“It is perfectly simple,” Lydia told her friends, in her clear voice. “I am not only going to have a holiday, I am going to indulge myself. *Really* indulge myself. Peter Steele is letting me have his house in a little town on Lake Pella. He has given me the address of a good woman who will come and do for me. . . . No, I have never been there before. . . . No, not *much* Italian.”

When Lydia arrived in the town, she asked for Peter’s house and was understood and directed to it—all in a few minutes, and no scrap of trouble. After admiring the view of the lake from the bedroom window and testing the mattress, she immediately set out on foot to find the servant. She headed straight for the piazza, where there was sure to be someone who had heard of the woman. It was clear, from the hopeful way they looked at her and muttered their greetings, that these Italians were very poor. It was equally clear that if she let their troubles distress her, her whole holiday would be spoiled. So, wearing the vacant expression of one who suffers from both deafness and myopia, Lydia crossed the small piazza. She showed her piece of paper to a shopkeeper who looked intelligent, and he pointed to a woman standing hardly ten paces away.

“I am a friend of Mr. Peter Steele,” she informed the woman, in Italian, hoping that “friend” did not imply “mistress.” “I would be delighted if you were available to help me in the house.” This sentence came from a phrase book; she had been afraid that she would forget it.

The woman, Vittoria by name, was tall and gaunt. A flood of words burst out—*what* a pleasure to see the Signora, *how* nice to have her in their poor town, *how* was Signor Steele, *had* he reached England again in safety?

Lydia let it all roll over her, wave after wave. “I would be delighted if you were available to help me in the house,” she repeated in her exact way, when the wordy flood showed signs of tiring itself out. “It is my holiday,” she added.

The remark was highly effective. “Of course! It is the Signora’s holiday!” came the answer, in a happy cry, and for a moment the woman’s dark eyes lit up with intense excitement. “Tomorrow would not be too late for me to start, Signora?”

“Not if you come at breakfast time,” said Lydia, and with a short smile she turned away from the fresh flow of grateful sentences. “She *looks* competent and I shan’t care much if she chatters,” Lydia said to herself. “I shall only listen when I want to.”

Lydia slept for a good ten hours that night. In the early morning, she heard a curious slapping, bashing sound coming from the end of the garden, as if a passing airplane were dropping rolls of linoleum into the water. But she was too fast asleep to pay much attention. Somewhat later, a low voice saying “Signora?” seemed gradually to apply to her. She opened her eyes. Vittoria, calm and gaunt, stood in the doorway with a breakfast tray.

“Oh, *poor* Signora!” exclaimed Vittoria, “I have awakened you.”

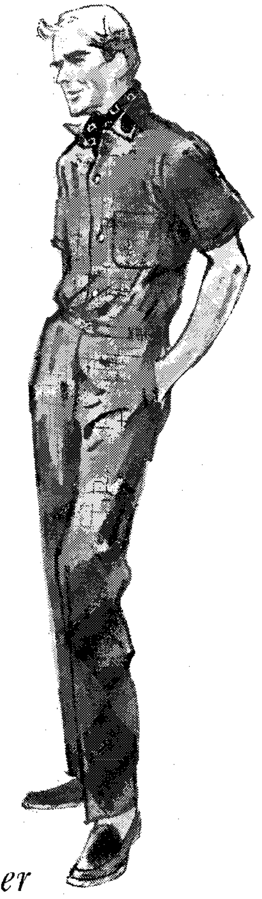
“Not a bit,” said Lydia, somewhat surprised at coming up with the correct Italian phrase. Apparently, what her Italian needed was sleep.

“I’ll tell you *why*,” said Vittoria, and while Lydia started breakfast Vittoria told a long, uninteresting story involving her husband, her children, her health, and the price of oil.

Lydia found that she could understand more of Vittoria’s speech than she was really interested in. “Thank you very much, you are very kind,” said Lydia, interrupting this monologue, and dismissed Vittoria by turning full attention on the rolls and coffee. The sun fell over Lydia’s deserving feet. A bleating, singsong, musical phrase came over the water as the local bus ran down the mountain, calling its sheep. Numerous rolls of linoleum struck the shallows. Lydia got up and went to the window to investigate the linoleum-dropping sounds. They at once explained themselves. Four crones—two heavyweights and two featherweights—dressed utterly in black, knelt in what appeared to be wheelbarrows pushed into the shallows. They were surrounded by every kind of laundry, from boiler suits to spinnaker petticoats and veritable strings of hideous stockings. All these they seized in turn, dripping wet, and struck them with fury upon granite slabs, sending suds and echoes far out into the lake. What a way to treat linen, thought Lydia, and returned to bed.

The next thing she heard was the same low, questioning “Signora?,” and there was Vittoria with a tray of lunch.

“Oh, Vittoria!” cried Lydia, sitting



QUAM VIDERI · ESSE · ESTABLISHED 1886

THE *Tripler*
LEISURE SUIT

PROVIDES LOAFING COMFORT
INDOORS AND OUT

An attractive one-piece, easy-to-slip-on suit for sunroom, terrace or beach cabaña

Made of lightweight cotton (63%) and rayon (37%), it is completely hand washable

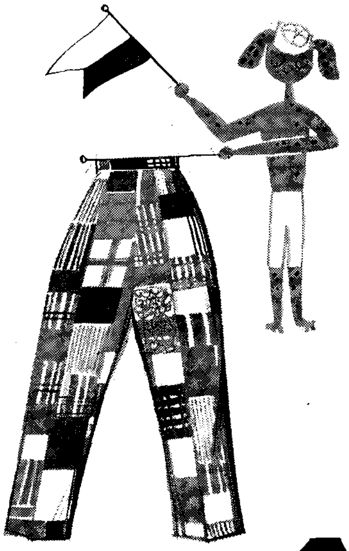
Sizes: Small, medium, large, extra large
Cadet Blue
$25

KENT SCARF, foulard silk,
all popular colors, $7.50

SHOES, denim uppers, crepe soles. Denim blue, natural tan, black, white, $7

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

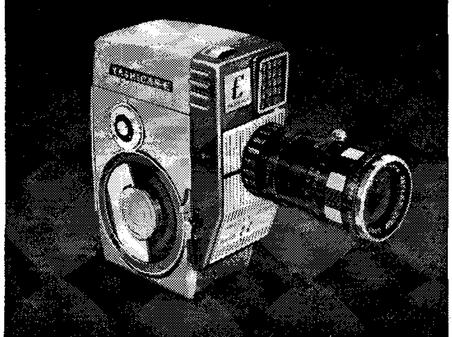


SIGNAL SUCCESS!

mad patchwork pants in cabin-boy length, tailored precisely for girls by Harburt; completely lined, sizes 8 to 16. 12.98
(add 35¢ for mail order)

CASUAL CORNER

stores in: arlington • atlanta • corpus christi • decatur • houston • lancaster • memphis • milwaukee • providence • silver spring • springfield • syracuse • washington • west hartford • worcester



makes zoom movies easy

Yashica 8E
reflex movie-8 has thru-the-lens viewing and coupled electric eye

The picture you see is the picture you get. Makes professional zoom effects as easy as snapshots. Yashinon f2.8 zoom also serves as 12.5mm normal lens and as variable telephoto to 37.5mm. Diaphragm—coupled electric eye insures perfect exposures with all films. Ask your photo dealer about the special low price.

YASHICA INC. WOODSIDE, N. Y.
In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., Montreal 8, P.Q.

up sharply. "Don't tell me I went back to sleep!"

"Yes, and one o'clock!" said Vittoria. "Poor Signora! You must be very tired."

"I am, Vittoria. In London, I work *very* hard. This is just my *holiday*."

"Of course," agreed Vittoria. "What is better than sleep? Ah, Signora, if I could afford a holiday, I should sleep and sleep for days!"

"This *soup*, Vittoria! How *do* you do it?" asked Lydia.

"Thank you, Signora. But in a poor town like this—ah! the poor dare not dream of either sleep or holidays." And before Lydia, still a bit bemused by excessive sleep, could choke her off, the woman was off into another monologue touching on every single member of her family—how old they were, how far they must bicycle to work, how little they earned, how selfish some of them were. Lydia, leaning back on her pillows, had to hear it all and try to savor the lake trout at the same time. She could have screamed. But, with a sudden gleam in her black eyes, Vittoria concluded her soliloquy and began tucking Lydia into bed almost violently.

"I think a bath would relax me, so don't tuck me up too tight," said Lydia.

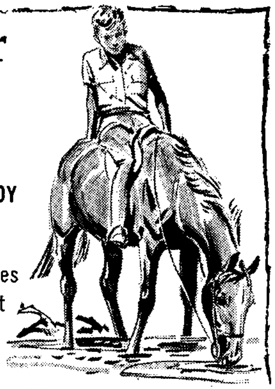
"But, poor Signora, of course!" cried Vittoria. "I have lit the boiler. Ah! To be rested, fed, and even bathed! If I were rich and could afford the fuel . . ." At which, if Lydia hadn't sprung into her flowered bathrobe and scuttled for the tub, the whole monologue would have started again. The trick is not to talk about *anything* that she can link up with money or happiness, thought Lydia, because she is certainly a woman who thinks that I have a lot more of both than she has.

That night, there was such a tremendous storm that even Lydia woke up for a few seconds. Morning brought only a deluge of rain, through which she could just see, on the next house, an iron gutter spout, cut in the shape of a dragon's mouth, spewing away the roof water in an arching cataract that fell on her roof. Lydia's first thought was that Vittoria's breakfast monologue would be on the same scale as the dragon's, and just as depressing. She was right. When Vittoria appeared, her face loomed over the breakfast tray like John the Baptist's head. Hatred of the weather mixed in her face with peasant despair; her indignant sentences ranged wildly from the harshness of Divine Judgment to the irreparable split in her umbrella. Lydia bore it stoically for minutes, and then interjected firmly,

FIT FOR FUN

and famished picnickers. Your new, capacious THERMOS brand Outing Kit keeps food and drink hot or cold all day. Two one-quart vacuum bottles (durable Stronglas™ fillers) and two boxes for food. Optional Kangaroo Pouch holds even a blanket. For picnickers, hikers, beach-goers on your gift list—which happily could include *you.*

GIVE SOMETHING SMART BY THERMOS®
THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS COMPANY
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
Subsidiary of King-Seeley Thermos Co.



Camp or Ranch Riding

Let your child ENJOY riding at camp or ranch in sensibly priced riding clothes from MILLER'S; cut to prevent saddle sores and chafing. Write for our new Spring Folder of Riding Clothes.

MILLER'S
123 E. 24 ST. N. Y. 10 • OR 7/0800

GREEN TRAILS

GREEN TRAILS
Brookfield, Vermont
Vacation in unspoiled Vermont on Sunset Lake. Unlimited horseback riding, swimming, other sports. Listed Duncan Hines. Leaflet.
Open May 28 to Oct. 15
Jessie N. Fiske
Brookfield, Vt.
BR 6-9421

THE Divan PARISIEN SINCE 1923
RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS
33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-6726

"Well, one thing's definite, Vittoria. I shall stay in bed until the rain *stops*."

Lydia had hoped that the effrontery of this selfish remark would take Vittoria's breath away, and so gag her. For an instant, it did. But after halting in mid-sentence, her mind seeming to grapple with a new problem, Vittoria swept up to Lydia's bedside as if toward a solution, crying, "*Poor Signora!* Are you comfortable? *Really* comfortable? Oh, Signora, rest, rest!"

"I'm sure *you* need a rest," replied Lydia, adding as firmly as she could, "*Poor Vittoria!*"

"The Signora is a poor lady, because she is so tired," said Vittoria, "but *I* am just a poor *woman*. For poor people there can be *no* rest. There is always something that must be done. There *cannot* be a holiday."

"Oh, dear!" said Lydia, rather dryly, and then, all at once, it dawned on her what was happening. Too poor to take a holiday herself, Vittoria had decided to take Lydia's—or, at least, to make Lydia take just the sort of holiday Vittoria would like to take. It occurred to Lydia that the longer she stayed in bed, the more rested Vittoria would feel. This thought was rather frightening, considering what a very long time Lydia would have to stay in bed before Vittoria was properly rested.

LYDIA stayed in bed all day, reading Penguins and doing her nails. This pleased Vittoria enormously. "You make me ashamed of my ignorance and my ugly hands," she said as she carried off the lunch tray. By evening, Lydia felt despondent, so she ate her bowl of spaghetti with neurotic speed and let Vittoria's tongue roam at will into the detailed drawbacks of poverty. At dawn, the water was fairly bursting the dragon's cheeks, and a whole section of the bedroom wall facing Lydia began a steady change of color from stale cream to damp chestnut.

"Oh, poor, poor Signora!" were Vittoria's first words at breakfast time, but she added at once, "You are so exhausted that this confinement will be a benefit."

"It's 'poor Vittoria' who needs a bit of benefit, if you ask me," replied Lydia sourly. Her discourtesy fairly delighted Vittoria, who beamed at her.

All morning, the tall wall facing Lydia sopped up chestnut-colored water and the dragon hurled down the raw material. Lying there swaddled like an Egyptian mummy in the attic of an abandoned museum, Lydia felt so miserable that she started to cry. When she had had her cry out, she resolved to get

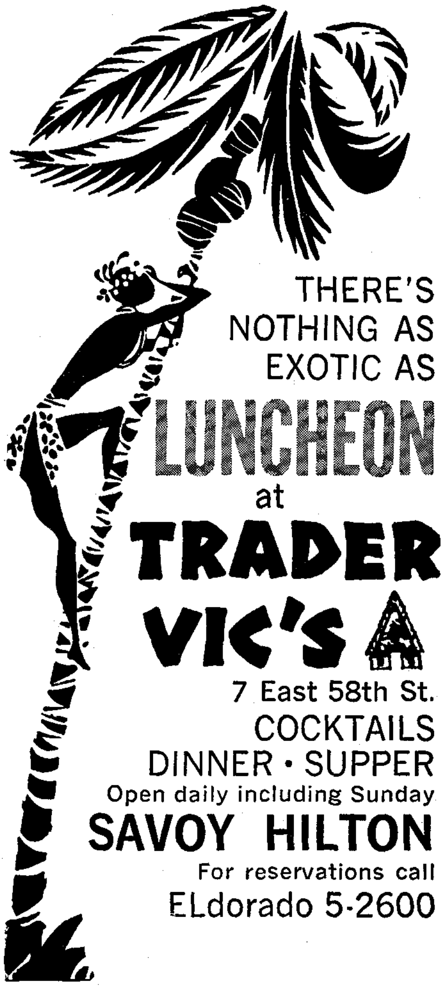
MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM • 97 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.

The Spirit of Adventure
IMPORTED
MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch
100% FINE JAMAICA RUM
FRED L. MYERS & SON
KINGSTON, JAMAICA

Myers Golden Daiquiri: ⅓ MYERS RUM to ⅔ lemon or lime juice. Add 1 tsp. sugar, a dash of Angostura per cocktail. Shake well with ice—CHEERS!

MYERS *Jamaica* **RUM**

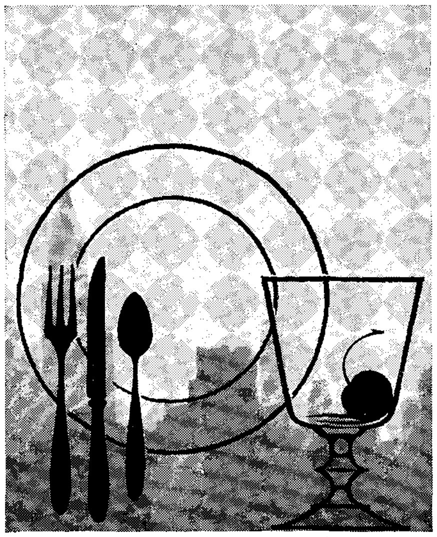
If it were known only for the great rum drinks it makes, Myers would still be famous. But a dash or two of this rich, spicy rum can lend exciting, *distinctive flavor to almost any cocktail*—as well as to many foods, sauces, desserts. Tonight – for cocktails, for dinner – try this unique rum from Jamaica, *Myers* Rum . . . the spirit of adventure!



THERE'S NOTHING AS EXOTIC AS

LUNCHEON at TRADER VIC'S

7 East 58th St.
COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
Open daily including Sunday
SAVOY HILTON
For reservations call
ELdorado 5-2600



ENJOY DINNER ...WITH A VIEW

Dinner (Entrees from $3.75)
Cocktails and Hot Hors D'Oeuvres from 4:30 P.M. • Music • Closed Sundays
Reservations: Circle 6-5800

Rainbow Room

65th Floor • RCA Building • Rockefeller Center

up immediately, whether Vittoria was rested or not. But no sooner had her warm feet touched the damp floor tiles than her head started to spin and her stomach gave a sombre gurgle. Lydia's first thought was: Indigestion—from that spaghetti. Her second: Vittoria must not know.

But by noon the first thought had become so self-evident that the second was untenable. "Vittoria," she said feebly, "I'm sorry, but I simply can't eat *anything*."

"What!" exclaimed Vittoria, excitedly, "is the poor Signora ill?"

"Not *really* ill," said Lydia, reluctant to discuss stomach trouble with the person who had provided it. "I just have a slight headache and a dryness of the throat."

It was only a moment before Vittoria saw what must be done. "The doctor! I shall fetch him this minute," she announced, trembling with eagerness. "Ah! How often I have wished *myself* rich enough to see a doctor."

The doctor was a short Latin with a small mustache. Watched closely by Vittoria, he did to Lydia all the things that doctors should do to those who can afford them—temperature- and pulse-taking, chest-tapping, even questions in French. At last he said, very cheerfully, "Well, the poor Signora just has a bad stomach. It will disappear, with starvation and a little patience."

No physician ever made a more tactless diagnosis. To dismiss, as mere bellyache in Lydia, Vittoria's whole lifetime of unattended illnesses, and then to recommend starvation as the best cure—the affront was so bitter that Vittoria became hysterical. "What about the best available medicines?" she screamed.

"Pooh! Why waste money?" replied the doctor, laughing.

"What? Is money all you think about?" cried Vittoria. "The poor Signora lies suffering and exhausted after years of toil, and money is all you can worry about!"

The doctor, offended, replied harshly in the local dialect; Vittoria retorted likewise, and they went at each other like two buzz saws, with Lydia as their log. Soon, the doctor surrendered and wrote a very short prescription.

"When do you come again?" demanded Vittoria, pursuing him to the door.

"Tomorrow, if it amuses you," said the doctor.

"And she must stay in bed meanwhile?"

"If *you* so advise," said the doctor. Lydia heard them squabbling all the way

THE DISSONANT DIVA

Impossible! How could this world famous Prima Donna sound like a foghorn? Simple . . . don't change the needle. A worn phonograph needle scrapes away the highs and the lows of your record, leaving a rasping middle.

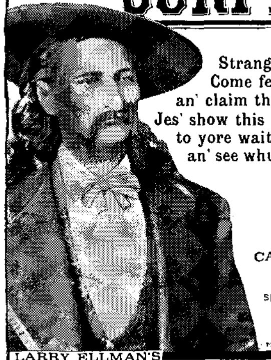
Be kind to your records. Change to a Duotone genuine diamond stylus—the whole diamond that's been lovingly hand set and hand polished. Got a diamond needle now? . . . check it. Remember, a diamond needle is not forever. They, too, need to be changed. It makes more sense to replace your needle than your record collection.

Duotone makes Sapphire and Osmium styli too.

Write for booklet, "How To Make Your Records Last Longer." Specify No. 601.

DUOTONE®
COMPANY, INC. KEYPORT, N. J.

SURPRISE!



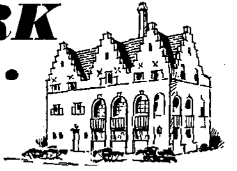
Stranger in town?
Come fer dinner
an' claim the ree-ward!
Jes' show this here ad
to yore waiter
an' see whut happens.

PRAIRIE-SIZE
STEAKS
CATTLEMAN'S CUT of
PRIME RIBS

SING ALONG WITH BILL FARRELL IN THE SALOON
Open Daily & Sunday 'til 2 A.M.
Valet Parking • All Credit Cards
Reservations — YUKON 6-4988
PHOTO: WILD BILL HICKOK, NEBRASKA ARCHIVES

LARRY ELLMAN'S
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

KNIFE & FORK INN . . .



ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 • 9773

down the four flights of stone stairs and into the wet street.

It was still raining when the doctor came next morning, but even while he sat beside Lydia, a lemon glow seeped through the room and the dragon subsided into drips. The doctor pronounced Lydia much better, and said she could get up, provoking an awful quarrel with Vittoria. "What reputation will Italian doctors have in London after this?" she asked.

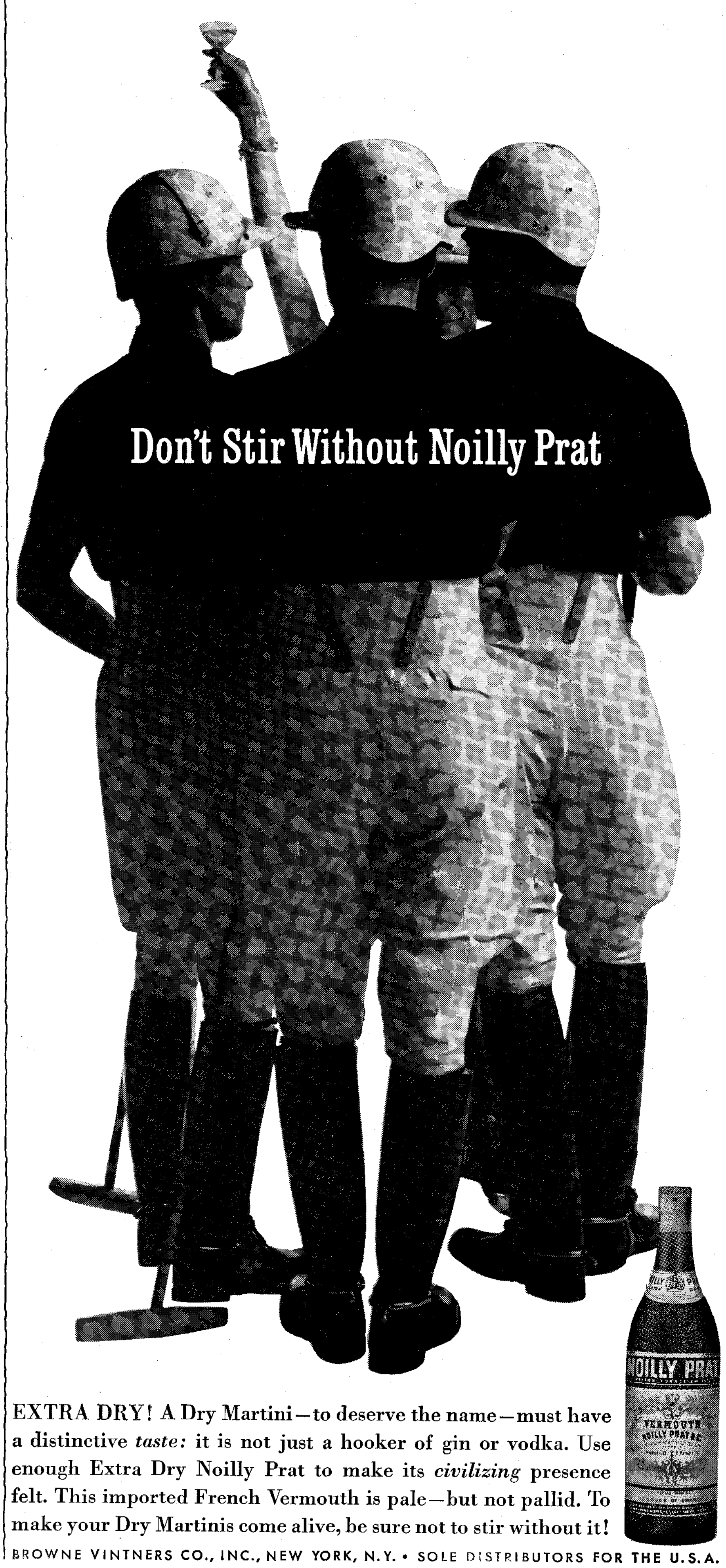
"A better one, doubtless, than Italian cooks," retorted the doctor.

"The crippled Signora will decide *that* when she sees the *bill* you are preparing for her," said Vittoria, shutting one eye ominously.

"What a bad-tempered lot you all are in these parts!" said the doctor, picking up his hat. "I often wish I'd never left Genoa."

They squabbled their way downstairs again, Vittoria still making insulting and persistent references to the doctor's bill, as if Lydia's health turned entirely on full payment—and the greater the sum, the greater Lydia's, or, at least, Vittoria's, chances of complete recovery. Lydia felt close to collapse; was it not enough, she asked herself, to give Vittoria all her holiday without being obliged to remedy all Vittoria's years of medical neglect as well? The sun was sending shafts of light across the whole bedroom. Bracing herself, she swung out of bed and walked to the window, only to find that three days of vicarious recuperation had enfeebled her whole system. What's more, the garden appeared to have turned snow white—an illusion created by the washerwomen. Invading the garden from the far end, they had laid all their sheets to dry on kind Signor Steele's grass and covered his stone walls with petticoats and pillowcases. Now they were singing as they bashed.

"*Signora!*" Vittoria's voice was tragic in its reproachfulness. But at that mo-



EXTRA DRY! A Dry Martini—to deserve the name—must have a distinctive *taste:* it is not just a hooker of gin or vodka. Use enough Extra Dry Noilly Prat to make its *civilizing* presence felt. This imported French Vermouth is pale—but not pallid. To make your Dry Martinis come alive, be sure not to stir without it!

BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

TERRY SHIRT 'N SHORTS

Perfect playsuit in luxurious **white terry.** Shirt 'n Shorts—made all in one piece—with five pearl buttons down front. Smart to look at, fun to wear—and so many uses. Seaside, poolside, tennis, baby sitting, barbecuing, etc. Terry belt banded in red and blue is adjustable and washable. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18) **$7.95**

Add 35¢ each for shipping. *Send for catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

IN GAY MONTREAL

Hotel Queen Elizabeth

A visit to this "Little Paris in North America" is just like a trip abroad. It's close to the Laurentians and everything you want to see and do. You'll enjoy The Queen Elizabeth, Montreal's newest hotel, each room with television and radio. Direct indoor passageway to our own garage, rail and airline terminals.

FREE GARAGE • FAMILY PLAN
Single from $9 • Double from $13

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL
HILTON RESERVATION OFFICE
LONGACRE 3-6900 IN N. Y. C.

or any Hilton Hotel-Carte Blanche welcome

A CNR HOTEL — OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

ment, advancing on the window, she saw the snowy garden. "Do you see that?" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes, Vittoria. It's only washing, isn't it?"

"*Only washing!* Why, it's a barefaced act of shameless insolence!"

"But they are only poor old women," said Lydia feebly.

"The Signora can't tolerate that sort of thing! She must order them out immediately! *Order*, Signora, *order!*"

And Lydia, crushed by Vittoria's vigor, found herself obeying. "Take that away at once!" she piped through the window.

"Ah, now that's a *real* Signora!" cried Vittoria proudly, and sticking out her head until it was on a line with the dragon's spout, she followed Lydia's squeak with a stream of abusive dialect.

The poor crones hastened into the garden, all lopsided and cackling like flabbergasted crows; wrapped in wet sheets, they scurried out again, "*And* the pants and pillowcases!" screamed Vittoria. In and out rushed the poor crones again, and Lydia, as she stumbled weakly back to bed, had just wit enough to understand that Vittoria, immensely restored by Lydia's rest and medical attention, was now climbing the ladder into Lydia's higher, more arrogant class as well.

Vittoria had squeezed the bill out of the doctor, and, while tucking Lydia up, she gave it excited glances.

"It seems very reasonable," said Lydia, showing it to her.

"Oh, poor Signora! You call *that* reasonable?" asked Vittoria, almost spitting at the figures. "And you, perhaps, at death's door?"

"Far from it, Vittoria," said Lydia, trying feebly to recover her old efficiency.

But Vittoria, with death's door now open before her, was already marching through. "Death is a funny thing in this town," she said. "It is one thing for the rich and another for the poor. When people like me have to be buried, the bell just goes ding-dong and the procession goes the shortest way. But if *you* were being buried, they'd ding-dong for a full hour and we'd have to follow you all around the piazza.

"Yes," she concluded, as she strode from the room, "even death is a pleasure for those who can afford it."

As soon as Lydia heard the last of Vittoria's footsteps going up the street, she struggled out of bed and began to pack. On the kitchen table she left money for the doctor's bill and a generous amount

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS
SYMBOL OF DISTINCTION
NEW 1961 COLLECTION

PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVES
IN MOST AREAS

write HENRI FAYETTE, INC.
2735 ARMITAGE AVENUE
CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

DORSET Cafe
LUNCHEON • DINNER
SUPPER

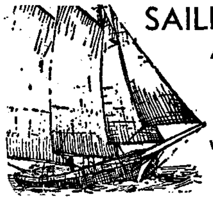
Gay, sparkling surroundings . . . popular gathering place for Cocktails and After-Theatre Suppers.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off Fifth Ave. *CI 7-7300*
A Bing & Bing Hotel • Member Diners' Club

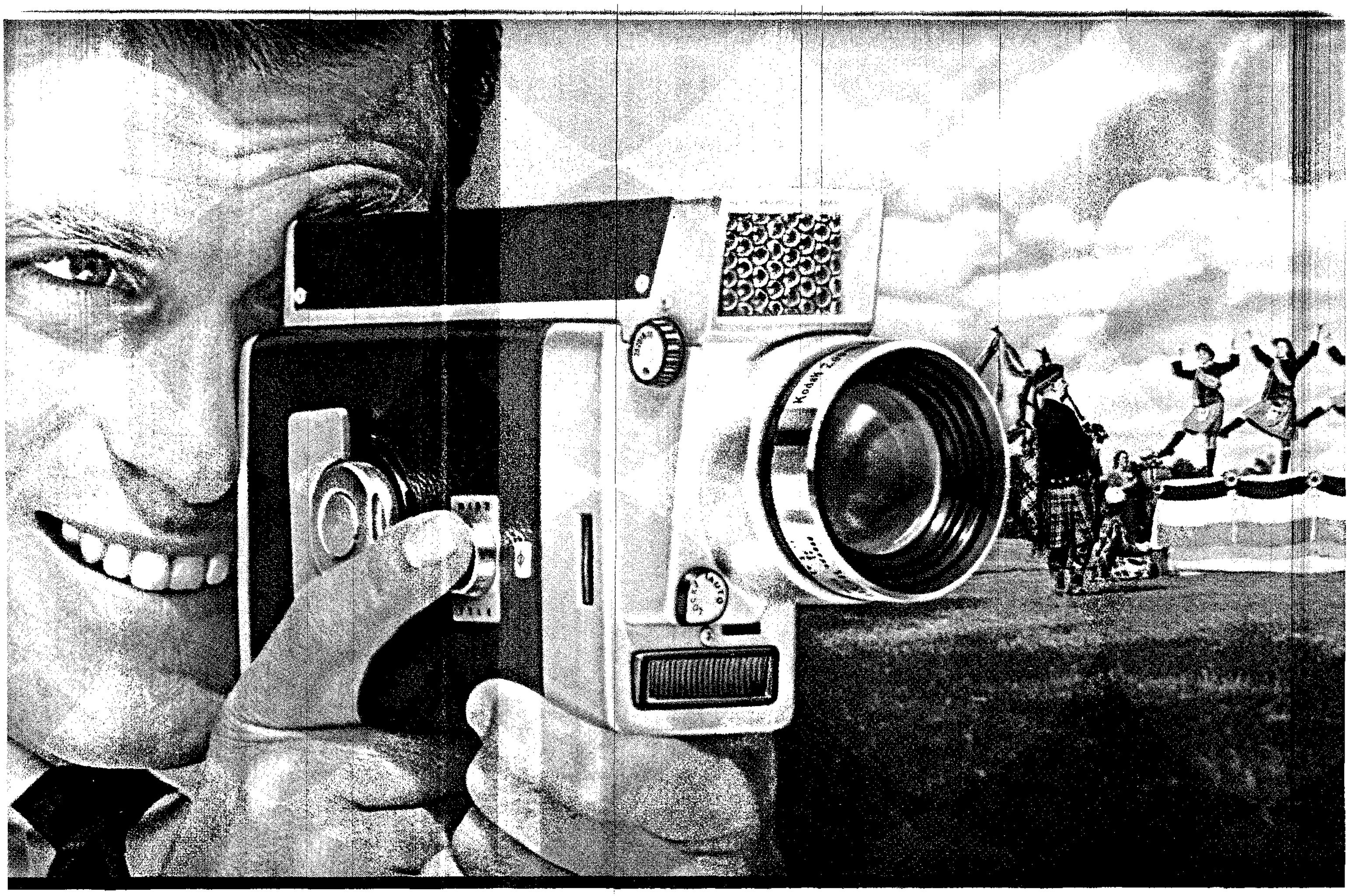
SUPERB FOOD
IMPECCABLY
SERVED

OLD WORLD
ATMOSPHERE

IMPERIAL HOUSE
50 EAST WALTON • WH 4-5300 • CHICAGO



SAILING VACATION
Accommodations & Meals
$115 per week, tax incl.
No extras or tips
For reservations or Folder
write: CAPT. H. S. HAWKINS
COASTAL CRUISES
SEDGWICK, MAINE



NEW KODAK ZOOM 8 REFLEX CAMERA

Now! Push a button to zoom your movies!

"Zoom" is the happiest thing that's happened to your movies since color came in! It adds drama to the simplest of scenes. And the camera to do it with is the new Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex Camera . . . you just push a button and—voilà!—you've got it!

See what you'll get

This remarkable 8mm camera has a *reflex* viewfinder, so you see your subject grow larger—or diminish—*right in the viewfinder*—as the lens sees it. One moment you're shooting a lass dancing the Highland fling. Next moment—*zoom*—you're close enough to catch the twinkle in her eyes. And you haven't moved a step!

The electric eye of the Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex Camera sets the exposure for you *automatically*. You don't have to think about the "setting." It takes care of itself, whatever the light. You're free to pursue the picture!

Both automatic features—zoom and exposure control—can instantly be switched to manual control if you wish, and you can do the fancy work yourself—for special effects, unusual light conditions.

You take 15 feet of film at one winding—well over a minute of shooting. Extremely easy loading, too.

See it firsthand

You really should see this superb camera firsthand. Put it through its paces. You'll appreciate the advances and refinements that make the Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex such an extraordinarily fine movie camera. It's an outstanding value at less than $200, or as little as $20 down at most dealers'. See your dealer for exact retail price.

This is what you see as you zoom. This is what you'll see on your screen. Because you actually view through the lens!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Price is subject to change without notice.

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET"

Bleu Cheese
SALAD DRESSING MIX
Good Seasons
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

New Bleu Cheese Dressings no one can buy

. . . fresh discoveries with this **GOOD SEASONS MIX**

Good Seasons Bleu Cheese Dressing. A creamy, bright dressing full of the flavor of choice blue cheese. Mellow, yet tangy. Takes seconds to mix. Easy directions are on the Good Seasons envelope. You combine your favorite oil, vinegar and a little water with the Mix. The water, or a substitute liquid, makes the blend smoother. You can use *many substitutes—see recipes below for delicious suggestions.*

Bleu Cheese Dressing with Anchovy. When making your Good Seasons dressing, substitute for the water one 2 oz. can of anchovy filets (with oil), minced. This adds a piquant touch—savory but not sharp. Excellent with any lettuce. A man's type dressing.

Bleu Cheese Pecan Dressing. Blue cheese and pecans are natural go-togethers! Add 2 rounded tablespoons of chopped pecans to the finished dressing. The nuts give a delightful, crunchy taste and texture to salads.

Bleu Cheese Dressing with Sherry. Use sherry wine instead of water in your dressing. A wonderful dressing for both fruit and green salads. And best of all with a tossed green salad to which you've added orange slices and French fried onions. ~~Easiest~~ way: use canned mandarin oranges and the canned French fried onions or prepared, frozen ones.

Get the decorative new Good Seasons cruet, with measurements marked, where you buy the 8 Mixes: Italian, Classic, Cheese-Garlic, Onion, Bleu Cheese, Exotic Herbs, Garlic, Old Fashion French.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

Recipes recommended by General Foods Kitchens

Serve with steak Sat.

for Vittoria, with a note saying she'd been called away suddenly and a thousand thanks for so much devotion. Then, stumbling, dishevelled, and terrified of being caught by Vittoria, she made for the main road by a back way full of filthy cats, melon rinds, and ragged children. At the first petrol station, she ordered a taxi and was driven to the railway.

PEOPLE had told Lydia that Perugia, too, was a rewarding place for those who love the dark glories of old Italy. But an inner voice told her she would be much safer if she struck northward, so she finished her vacation in Switzerland, where the natives looked prosperous even when it rained. Back in London, still puzzled as to why things had gone so badly in Italy, she confided the whole dismal story to Peter Steele, winding up, "You see, Peter, I didn't mind resting for her, paying a doctor's bill for her, even driving out the poor for her, but I *couldn't* face being buried for her."

Peter's answer showed, unfortunately, that he was one of those people who try to march through life as if deaf and myopic to the sufferings of others. "Do tell me more," he said, leaning forward anxiously, "about the damp in my bedroom. *Does it threaten the structure?*"

—NIGEL DENNIS

•

THE PUBLISHING LIFE
(BOW, BOW, YE LOWER MIDDLE CLASSES!)

[*Letter from Business Week*]

The word is out that Business Week turned down ten thousand eight hundred and sixty-two subscriptions last year. Or, to put it in more commercially dramatic terms, $87,065.

Well, it's true....

The reason, quite simply, is that Business Week is a special kind of magazine... published for a special kind of reader. It is meant exclusively for management men who hold responsible positions in business and industry.

You'd think, wouldn't you, that TV stars... housewives... doctors... basketball players... barbers... and authors would understand that the publication is not for them. But they keep sending us unsolicited orders. Although we turn them down as gently as we can, hell hath no fury like a reader scorned. And our circulation men have the scar tissue to show for it.

•

DAYTON, OHIO, March 20 (UPI)—Priests in this ancient city complain they have difficulty in keeping the roofs of their two temples on.

Sight-seers are continually stripping off the tiles for ash-trays.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Sightseers from Old Buffalo?

Schieffelin & Co., New York

A VISIT TO MOËT IS A MEMORABLE MOMENT

Planning a trip to Paris? Just a short ride away are the fabulous 15-mile cellars of Maison Moët & Chandon—the birthplace of champagne. You are cordially invited to visit this historic establishment at Epernay to see how glorious Moët is made and sample the great champagne of France. Your visit to Moët will be a memorable moment.

MOËT CHAMPAGNE

Your travel agent has a fascinating folder describing this beautiful place. Ask for it when you see him.

"SKIPPER RIDING DOLPHIN"
Swimming pool or fountain, suitable up to 3" pipe.

Visit our extensive showrooms. Statuary in Lead, Bronze and Stone

Skipper Riding Dolphin 23"x28"—in lead $250.00
F.O.B. N.Y.C. Express Collect
25¢ for catalogue M-61 on complete line in coins or postage.
Small Dolphin 11"x7" in lead $35.
F.O.B. N.Y.C. Express Collect

THE Florentine CRAFTSMEN, INC.
479 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) N.Y. 16
Phone LExington 2-3926

There are just three hotels that still connote fashionable New York.
THE GOTHAM is one

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-FIFTH
Sharp Ltd. Hotels
EVELYN SHARP, PRESIDENT

THE CURRENT CINEMA

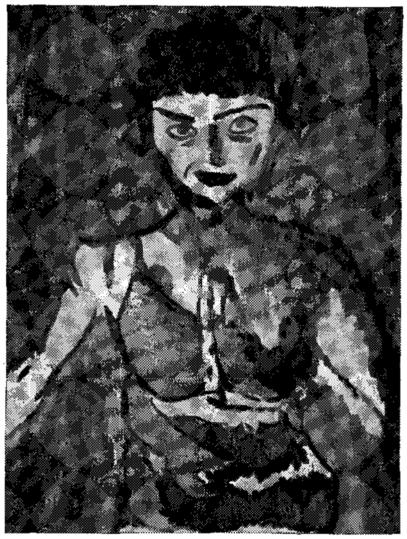
German Lesson

LASZLO
NOW SHOWING
TEX RIDER
TEXAS RANGER

"MEIN KAMPF," a composite of news films, many of them from German sources, is as complete a file as we are likely to get on the Third Reich. Its cumulative effect is about as expected; no amount of further visual documentation could possibly increase our horror. Its uncumulative effects, though, are sometimes dreadful, sometimes surprising, and sometimes even heartening. The most important contribution it makes to history is a sequence by Goebbels' cameramen that deals with the destruction of Warsaw and with life inside the Warsaw ghetto. "Life" is the word, too, for there is more life in the faces of the skin-and-bones inhabitants of the ghetto—even though they must have known what their end would be—than there is in the faces of their captors. In one small scene, a ragged child is dancing in the street for handouts, and appears to be enjoying himself. In another, a man and woman, almost corpses, lie in bed in a smelly, crowded hovel (you can smell it); the man can barely manage to reach for a piece of bread, but his eyes and those of his wife are totally alive. Outside the ghetto (and some time later, I guess), Warsaw is burning, and the façades drop from the buildings like masks. A camera placed in a Stuka records a dive-bombing attack on a Polish railway, and the result is thrilling in a way that we wish it weren't.

One is prepared by now for the sights of the concentration camps (although a glimpse of the controlled anger and disgust on General Eisenhower's sensitive face as he looks around a camp was new to me), but one is not—at least, I was not—prepared for the sight of a line of naked women waiting their turn for the gas chamber, all of them standing so still that the picture could be a snapshot. Throughout the film, the faces tell a story all their own—the young Nazis appearing, in the beginning, eager and appealing as they run along the street, bound, no doubt, on some evil deed; Goebbels shrewdly responding to his audience's response to him; the to-hell-with-you laughter of Göring at the Nuremberg trials; an old field marshal, one of the

RICHARD LONSDALE-HANDS



Oil HELENA 40x30
1949

Exhibition of Paintings
May 16—June 2, 1961

FINE PAINTINGS

HIRSCHL & ADLER LE 5-8810
Galleries inc. 21 East 67th St., N. Y. 21

GENE NORMAN'S Crescendo
OLympia 2-1800
Currently . . .
ELLA FITZGERALD
and
OSCAR PETERSON
ON THE SUNSET STRIP
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

METROPOLE CAFE
48th Street at 7th Avenue Circle 5-0088

COOTIE WILLIAMS
SALT CITY SIX
SOL YAGED QUINTET

ANOTHER HAPPY SEASHORE SUMMER
NANTUCKET'S HARBOR HOUSE
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.
N. Y. Off: Essex House—PLaza 7-2981

leaders of the abortive Army *Putsch* of 1944, his face twitching with impatience or frustration as he stands in the dock listening to the charges against him; a boy, who cannot be more than thirteen, trying to look correct and modest but unable to control his delight as he tells the Führer of his military exploits; and Hitler trying to control *his* amusement at the story, touched and (damn it) touching.

The film was compiled by Erwin Leiser, a German refugee in Sweden. The narration, by Claude Stephenson, is clear, intelligent, and helpful, but there is something indecent about the godawful artiness of a lot of the German photography. In one closeup of Hitler, for instance, the focus and the light manage to be at once soft and clear. The rubbery, deceptively comical face at that moment would make you keep your own light on for a thousand and one nights.

IT is possible to be against war and at the same time to be against "The Bridge," a German anti-war movie, directed by a Swiss named Bernhard Wicki, that dramatizes (exploits, really) an event that took place on April 27, 1945. Seven boys, whose average age is sixteen and who have been in the German Army one day, are ordered to guard a bridge leading to the small town they live in. They watch in bewildered dismay their own battered, demoralized troops streaming by in retreat, they are strafed by an American plane, and they try to blow up an American tank. Those who are still alive soon find themselves, torn between terror and duty, in the midst of a frightful battle. The incident is terribly sad, but the movie that uses it is merely enraging. The propaganda techniques are outworn and obvious—the boys so deliberately represent a cross-section of the social life of their town, the local Nazi leader is such a stock villain—and the methods are those of our cheapest television shows dealing with violence. In spite of good performances by the actors, the picture is rarely convincing, being directed at the adrenal system rather than the heart and the head.

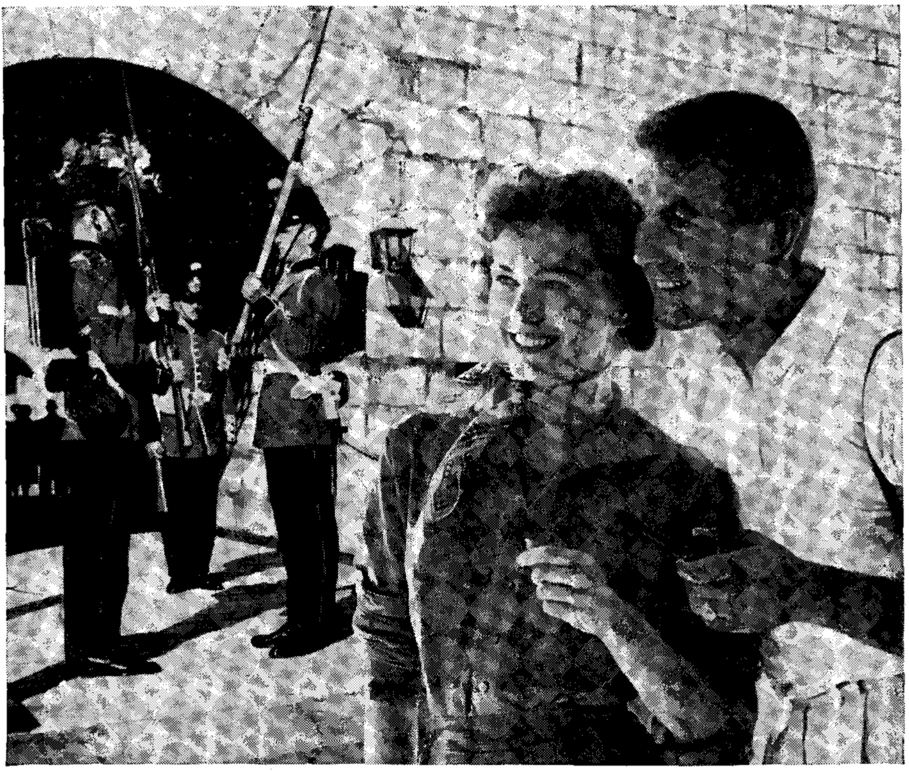
—EDITH OLIVER

•

Stepan Chemical recently announced that it will manufacture tetraethyllead anti-knock gasoline additive in a new $15 million plant, estimated to cost around $15 million. This is a significant step for Stepan.—*Kidder, Peabody Research Bulletin.*

And mighty reassuring for the rest of us.

SEE CANADA THIS YEAR–



TCA HAS CUT THE COST!

This is the year to vacation in Canada because TCA makes travel dollars go further. And you can see more thanks to TCA's new low economy fares. What's more, there is no jet surcharge and no charge for stopovers. You relax with the assurance of reliable service and enjoy the warm, friendly spirit of TCA's "Welcome–Bienvenue" hospitality. Arrive refreshed and ready to play aboard one of TCA's Viscounts, Vanguards or DC-8's—all turbine powered by Rolls-Royce.

Surprise yourself with TCA's new low economy fares. For example—

BOSTON-HALIFAX, $28 CHICAGO-QUEBEC, $56
NEW YORK-VANCOUVER, $115
(one way, not including U.S. transportation tax)

Tantalize yourself with the wide range of all-inclusive package vacations TCA offers including—

Proud, magnificent Rockies. Breath-taking scenic grandeur. Deep emerald lakes. Soaring snow-capped peaks. Days you'll remember for a lifetime.

Romantic French Canada. Live it up in gay Montreal. Cruise the historic St. Lawrence River. Relax in the old world charm of Quebec.

Timeless Maritime Provinces. Glorious unspoiled coastline. Quaint fishing villages, lost in the byways of time.

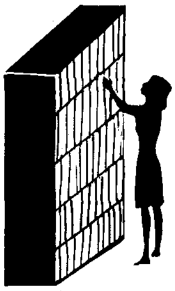
See your travel agent or contact TCA in Boston, New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Tampa/St. Petersburg, Cleveland, Detroit/Windsor, Chicago, Seattle/Tacoma, Miami, Dallas, Los Angeles or San Francisco.

Fly the Rolls-Royce Way To Canada

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES TCA AIR CANADA

BOOKS

The Outermost Dream of the Reverend Francis Kilvert



IN 1937, the English poet William Plomer was asked if he would look at an old diary. The diarist was a young English clergyman who spent a large part of his adult life serving as curate in a quiet but very agreeable village in the Welsh Border region. The diary was closely written, in a sloping, angular hand, Mr. Plomer says, and it consisted of twenty-two notebooks variously shaped and bound. The period covered by them was 1870-79. Embedded in those notebooks were the following two entries: "I thought I was not going to care for anyone again. I wonder if there is any receipt for hardening the heart and making it less impressible," and "Why do I keep this voluminous journal? I can hardly tell. Partly because life appears to me such a curious and wonderful thing that it almost seems a pity that even such a humble and uneventful life as mine should pass altogether away without some such record as this, and partly too because I think the record may amuse and interest some who come after me." The diarist's name was Francis Kilvert, and happily for him he did not succeed in hardening his impressible heart; if he had, life would no longer have seemed curious or wonderful. The day-by-day record he kept is not all of equal interest; it is not above silliness; it contains sentiments that are not now acceptable (some are even shocking) and a good many "literary" descriptions that don't come off. But these are minor flaws, no journal is without them, and so long as English diaries are read, Kilvert's humble and uneventful life will not pass altogether away.

There was more material than could be printed all at once, and Mr. Plomer felt, I am sure correctly, that there was no reason to print some of it at all. His selections from the diary were published in England in three volumes between 1938 and 1940. An abridged edition, in one volume, was published in the United States and had an immediate success, but, like all abridgments, it gave a somewhat incorrect impression of the original. Last year, the three-volume edition of "Kilvert's Diary" was reissued by the English publisher, and Macmillan has made it available in this country.

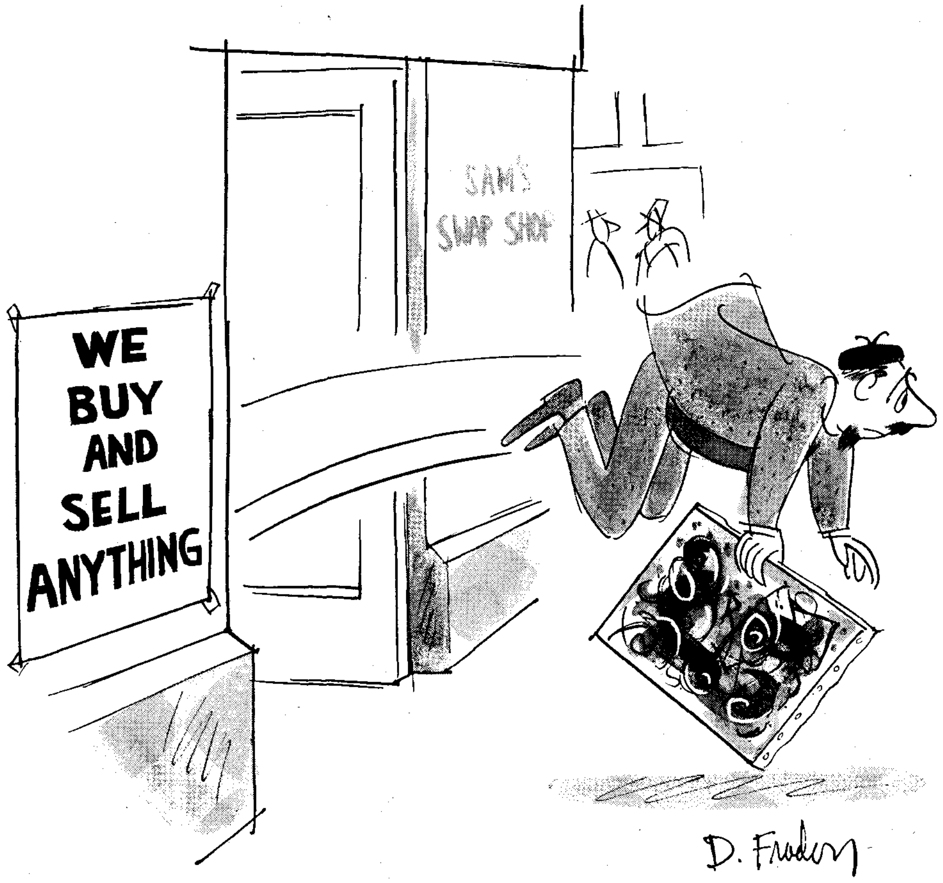
Kilvert was born in 1840, of a good family. His father was the rector of a country parish in Wiltshire. The diarist was the second child, and had one brother and four sisters. He went up to Oxford, was ordained, and after serving briefly as his father's curate he became curate to Richard Lister Venables, the vicar of Clyro, in Radnorshire. Kilvert boarded comfortably with a Mrs. Chaloner, whose house was directly across the road from the village pub, and his life in Clyro went by in, roughly speaking, this fashion:

On Sunday he preached, when and where he was needed—at Clyro Church in the morning, at this or that nearby village chapel in the afternoon. He paid sick calls on elderly parishioners and read to them from the Bible. He dined rather often at the vicarage. And he seldom had time on Sunday to write in his diary.

On Monday he went to the school, where, as he taught the children reading, he was struck by the appearance of Gypsy Lizzie ("the dark soft curls parting back from the pure white transparent brow, the exquisite little mouth and pearly tiny teeth, the pure straight delicate features, the long dark fringes and white eyelids that droop over and curtain her eyes when they are cast down or bent upon her book"). In the afternoon he drove, with Mr. and Mrs. Venables, to the Hardwick Bazaar for the Home Missions. Or, the weather being particularly beautiful and there being no invitations, he walked to Broad Meadow to see old David Price, who was in bed and weaker than when he saw him last, and poor Captain Brown, who was "lying on a sofa covered up with a rug and suffering a good deal. But he was very bright and lively and grew animated and indignant in discussing the wrongs of the Navy, the misdoings of the present Government. . . ."

On Tuesday he went to see Edward Evans, who was ill with a cold and sitting before the fire. Finding that Evans and his wife had no blankets, but only sheets and a coverlet, Kilvert was able, because of the surplus Communion Alms, to give him an order for a pair. Coming back, he made two more calls. No one was at home at Pant-y-ci, so he stuck a cowslip in the latch hole by way of leaving a card, and went on to Crowther's Pool. The red round moon was hanging over Clifford Hill. Owls were hooting in the dusk, and across the valley he heard the Volunteers band in Hay rehearsing for a concert that night.

On Wednesday he sat writing a


SAM'S SWAP SHOP
WE BUY AND SELL ANYTHING
D. Fradon

PRICES INCLUDE 10 PER CENT FEDERAL TAX

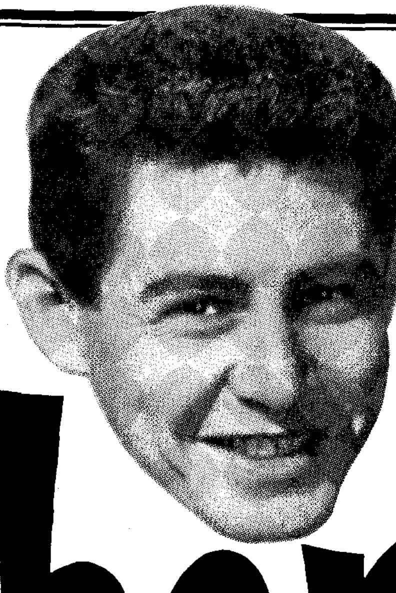
FOR THE MARTINI MAN—THE "MILK CAN" SHAKER IN HEAVY SILVER PLATE.
CAPACITY 32 OUNCES, $39.75; 64 OUNCES, $47.50. AT FINER SILVERWARE STORES.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

sermon, with the windows open to the laburnum and horse chestnuts. And was interrupted when a note from David Vaughan was brought to him. Learning that Vaughan's son had delivered the note and was waiting outside, Kilvert asked him in and gave him some beer. A mistake. The cat had got the visitor's tongue, and he sat perfectly still with the tumbler of beer in his hand, looking at nothing. Kilvert could not conceive why he did not drink the beer. Then he thought his guest was ill. At last, the young man faced around in his chair and said solemnly, "My best respects to you, sir," after which he drank some beer and fell into another stony silence. At noon, Kilvert got out his old Swiss haversack, crammed night necessaries into it, made a brown-paper parcel of his dress coat, and, with the pack slung over his shoulders, went by the fields to Hay to catch the 1:50 train, for he was spending the night at Whitney Rectory. Having paid his respects to the family and watched young Elwes shoot a starling on the wing and miss a sandpiper, he went up the meadow to call on Mr. Dewing, who had recently lost his wife, and who saw Kilvert coming across the fields and left a message with a servant asking him to wait. The lilies of the valley that were planted by Miss Dew close by the front door to welcome the young bride are now, less than a year later, just coming up. Her portrait is on the dining-room mantelpiece, and Kilvert sits in that room remembering the last time he was here, the bridecake and the wine on the table, and the young woman, so early dead, not twenty-three, sitting in the window looking so well, so radiant and happy. He reflects that to her poor bereaved husband, after a short gleam of happiness, all must seem like a dream. He examines the two cases of stuffed birds, and waits and waits, and finally goes out into the garden, and presently sees Miss Dew in her black dress coming slowly up the green meadow.

On Thursday he "woke at 3 A.M. and looked out Eastwards. The sky clear as crystal and cloudless. The sun had not yet risen, yet the birds were singing loud and clear. . . . The bells ringing again at intervals today [Mrs. Venables had been brought to bed of a nice little girl two days before]. The great white clematis now in full bloom so sweet in the morning fresh air." Or it is a week later, and the falling white blossoms of the clematis drift in at the open window, and in the garden there are red roses. Or it is still Thursday, and not June but October. All the glass is smashed out of the window of the low



on stage!
may 16 - june 12

eddie fisher

The Singer of the Decade! Plus All-Star Revue!

For Reservations Call AL 5-1800 in New York; DU 2-6000 in Las Vegas; or see your travel agent.

Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN
& COUNTRY CLUB
Las Vegas

HOUSEHUNTING?
In an Unfamiliar City?

And have you heard of Homerica?

It's the company that works for the interests of the intercity home *buyer*. Tell us your family needs. We'll recommend the right suburbs and the right houses for you, based on facts gained from day-to-day research. No charge. Call or write for details.

HOMERICA INC.

52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, OR 9-5435
3460 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, DU 7-3111

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO

Enjoy food of superb quality served in a distinctive continental atmosphere.
Reservations Suggested

OPEN DAILY . . . 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

Now Enjoy RESTFUL SLEEP!

SHUT OUT DISTURBING NOISES!
use FLENTS Anti-Noise EAR STOPPLES
Easy to use. Comfortable. Recommended by doctors. Used by thousands, for the past 30 years! Trial box of 1 pr. 40¢ ppd.

SHUT OUT DISTURBING LIGHT!
use FLENTS LIGHT SHIELDS
Shuts out light, completely! Nap anytime, anywhere. Soft satin padding for snug fit and comfort.
Black Sateen .... $1.50 ppd.
Deluxe Pink or Pale Blue .... 2.00 ppd.
At Drug or Dept. stores—or send check or M.O. to:
FLENTS PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., Dept. N
103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

loft in Edward Evans' cabin, there is only a cloth to keep out the rain, and it is so dark that Kilvert cannot see the old man's face or him but only hears a feeble voice proceeding out of the darkness: "Bless God, bless God." Or it is July, and instead of dire poverty we get a dinner party at Clifford Priory. Kilvert arrives before any of the other guests, and in the dark, cool drawing room he finds Mr. Allen, his brother Major Allen, and Major Allen's two bewitching pretty little girls, Geraldine and Edith. The remaining guests arrive, and Kilvert takes Lucy Allen in to dinner but is forcibly separated from her and seated on the other side of the table, next to Louisa Wyatt, who talks of Switzerland. It is "a very nice pleasant dinner. No constraint, plenty of ice. Good Champagne and the first salmon I have tasted this year, a nice curry, and the Riflemen strawberries quite magnificent. Everybody in good spirits and tempers and full of talk." Out on the lawn, a sheepdog starts devastating the flower beds, and somebody proposes shooting him with a bow and arrow. The evening is exquisite, and they wander out into the garden, under the bright moon, which shines alone in an unclouded sky. When the party reassembles in the drawing room, there is music. Mrs. Allen asks Kilvert to a croquet party here next Tuesday, and he is invited to luncheon at Oakfield on Monday, when the Foresters are coming. In a recessed window that is flooded with moonlight, he has a long talk with Fair Helen of Troy from Hardwick Vicarage. Out in the room, the conversation is about old times, other moonlight nights, the night of the Great Meteor. And, riding home in the Allens' antiquated, most comfortable yellow chariot, they have before them, going uphill, the antiquated form of the coachman against the sky and amongst the stars.

On Friday there is a funeral—Palmer the mason's little boy Benjamin, fourteen months old. In the evening the Volunteers march past, the band playing and the drum shaking his windows.

On Saturday (now it is February) he goes out early into the dim, dark morning. The air is warm, sweet, and fragrant. There is a promise of rain, and the garden trees are all in a charm with the singing of birds. An iron east wind; bitter, piercing cold (it is now a different February). He walks to Hay and buys galoshes, calls at the Castle, and while he is there, the four Miss Llanthomases come in. He hears of Mary Bevan's misadventures in going to the Hereford Hunt Ball, and that

OUR COMPETITORS' WHISKY IS MARVELOUS

...so why buy

Grant's?

8 YEARS OLD
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD

Just this. Grant's Scotch carries an age label. Whisky that does not carry an age label need not be more than four years old. Grant's 8 Year Old is **aged twice as long.** This extra ageing gives extra softness and mellowness. Grant's Scotch whisky, in the tall triangular bottle—the largest-selling 8-year-old Scotch in America. Worth the little more, $6.96* a fifth.

.so now try

Grant's®!

* *Price varies according to state tax and freight.*

86 PROOF—SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. NEW YORK—NEW YORK

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORGOTTEN

Leota Sundust is one of our forgotten American Indians. She is of the Apache Tribe. Her father died last year of TB. Leota's mother, who does not speak English, works as a cleaning woman. Her meager earnings provide for little more than food and a squalid room for Leota and her two brothers. The children's clothing is worn and patched. Leota's mother yearns for her children to get an education that will prepare them to earn a decent living. She wants them to enjoy a richer, happier life than her own.

PERSON-TO-PERSON HELP

Through Save the Children Federation, *you, your group, your school* can give person-to-person help to a needy boy or girl of the Papago, Pima, Pueblo, Apache, Navajo or Colorado River Tribes. Your monthly contribution of $10.00 will enable an Indian child, who attends a public school off the reservation, to have the suitable clothing, personal books, school supplies and cash allowance for school activities needed to give him the opportunity to join the mainstream of American life. It will boost the morale of the whole family—will give an Indian youngster an even break. You will receive the photograph and history of the child you help and the child will correspond with you. Please open your heart to an American Indian child and give him assistance, friendship and inspiration.

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS INCLUDE:
MRS. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
NORMAN ROCKWELL
MRS. SPENCER TRACY
SPYROS SKOURAS

Serving Children for 29 Years
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Boston Post Road, Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $120.00 annually for assistance to an American Indian ☐ girl ☐ boy. I enclose my check for $______ and will continue to pay:
$10 a month ☐ $30 a quarter ☐
$60 semi-annually ☐ $120 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child but enclosed is my contribution of $______.
Name______
Address______
City______Zone______State______
Contributions are income tax deductible. NY 5-13-1

large masses of ice, three and four inches thick, have been floating down the Wye. Now it is June again, and he pays sick calls, and on the way home he hears the voices of wood gatherers coming up out of the ravine, and three men are dragging a long, dark punt up on the riverbank—salmon fishers, netting the river for salmon. He keeps his sitting-room windows open till very late, and is delighted to hear Teddy Evans proposing to some other children that they play the old game of fox-a-dandy. They choose dens, and begin running and catching each other, and then he hears Teddy Evans singing:

> "My mother said that I never should
> Play with the gypsies in the wood. . . ."

Sunday morning is most brilliant, and as Kilvert walks to church, the road sparkles with millions of rainbows, the seven colors gleaming in every glittering point of the hoarfrost. Mr. Venables preaches, and in the afternoon Kilvert goes to Bettws.

SO, for seven years, his days proceeded. It was a rich, happy life, full of interest, full of affection, but it wasn't the life he had planned for himself. Or, rather, it was the preface to it. His real life would begin when a suitable living was conferred upon him, and he became, like Mr. Venables, the pastor of a flock. Meanwhile, he went to London, he went to Bath, he went home to stay with his father and mother, he went to stay with friends in Cornwall. He found that he had a serious attachment for Daisy Thomas, and, walking back and forth on the vicarage lawn, he had a long talk with Mr. Venables about what he should do. In the afternoon, having ascertained that Mr. Thomas had returned from Brecon by the 2:06 train, Kilvert started off for Llanthomas on foot. The whole family was at home and came into the drawing room to see him, and how was he to get Mr. Thomas away for a private talk? Daisy came into the room and Kilvert thought she colored and looked conscious. He handed her the basket she had lent him to take some grapes to Alice Davies, and gave her Alice's message of thanks. Mr. Thomas said suddenly, "Come out into the garden." When they were outside, Kilvert said, "You will be very much surprised but I hope not displeased at what I am going to say to you." Mr. Thomas guessed, and his guess was wide of the mark. Kilvert was silent a minute and frightfully nervous. Just as he said "I am attached to one of your daughters," they came suddenly round the corner upon

Now . . .
WASHINGTON, D. C.
A new standard of hotel luxury . . .

Thoughtful Attention To Your Every Comfort. Hi-quality TV, Radio and Refrigerator-Barette in Every Room • Gourmet Dining Rooms • Quiet Air-Conditioning • Executive Meeting Rooms • Roof-top Swimming Pool

Telephone ADams 2-7000
or ask your travel agent
Free Brochure on Request

Executive House
At Scott Circle, N.W.
WASHINGTON 5, D. C.

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.
V.I.P.'S DINE AT
DUKE ZEIBERT'S
RESTAURANT / 1730 L ST. N. W.

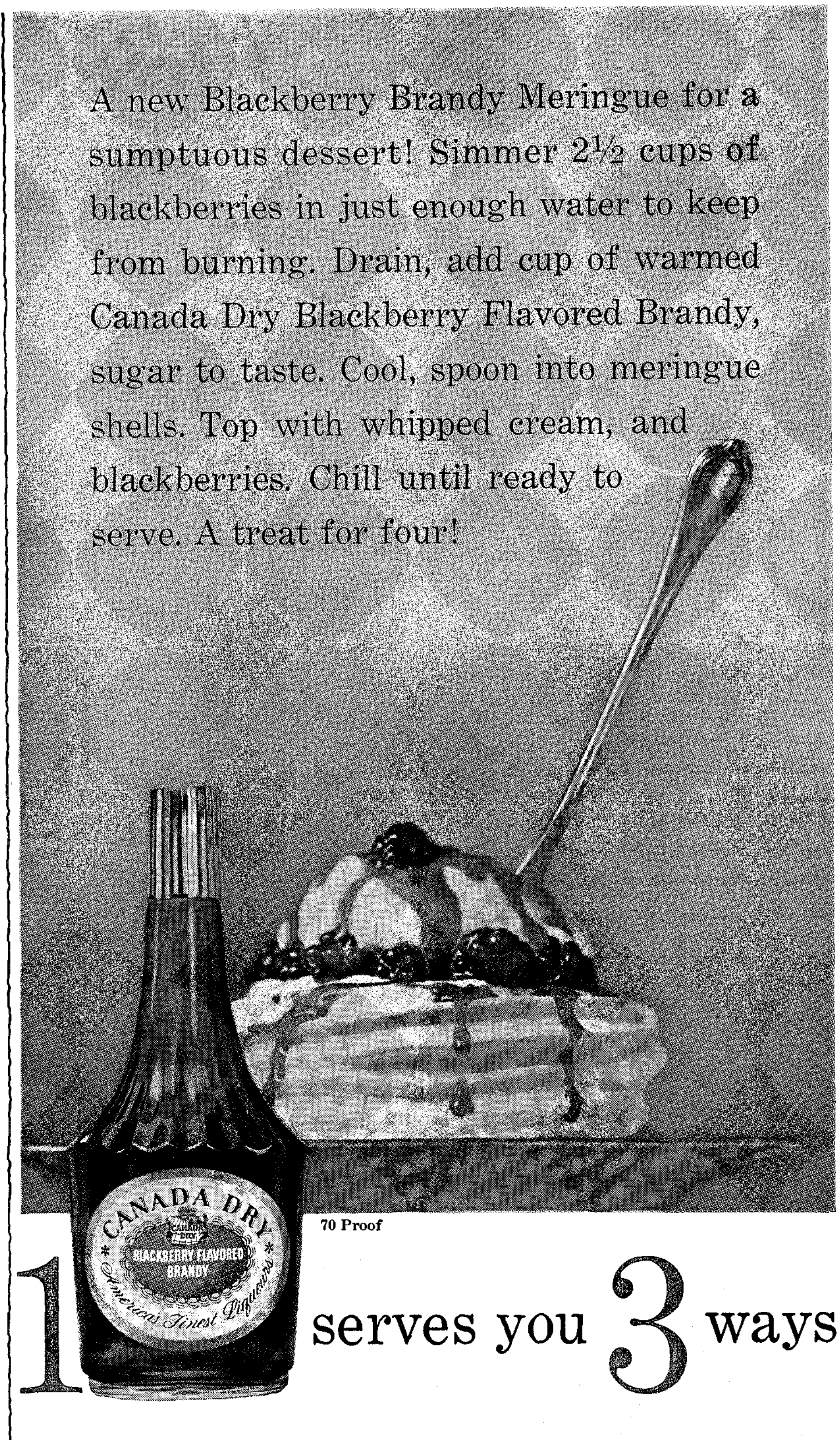
IF YOU LIKE PARIS—YOU'LL LOVE
Robaire's
FRENCH RESTAURANT
348 SO. LA BREA AVE. LOS ANGELES CAL.
Los Angeles • Oakland • Sherman Oaks • Paris

JAPANESE RESTAURANT
SAITO
TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
70 W. 55th ST. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

a gardener cutting the hedge. Kilvert was much relieved to learn that the gardener was deaf. Mr. Thomas said that Kilvert had done quite right in coming to him; he also seemed a good deal taken aback. He said many complimentary things about Kilvert's honorable, high-minded conduct, asked what his prospects were, and shook his head over them. He said he could not allow an engagement under the circumstances, and that Kilvert must not destroy his daughter's peace of mind by speaking to her or showing in any way that he was attached to her, but he did not forbid Kilvert the house.

No more willing than most Victorian fathers to part with a daughter, Mr. Thomas waited ten days, and then a letter came from him, "kindly expressed and cordial, but bidding me give up all thoughts and hopes of Daisy." She was a charming girl, and perhaps in love with Kilvert. She never married. Kilvert's disappointment was great, but it did not keep him from performing his duties or from enjoying himself. He loved social occasions. The diary is full of wonderful midnight suppers, balls, skating parties, excursions, picnics, carriage rides, sea bathing. As a kind of counterweight to all this, we have those visits to the old and the sick and the dying. When there is a tragedy, he is told about it, because he is a minister. And because he is a minister, what he is told about the tragedy is everything. Though the people themselves have been dead so long, their misery—the misery of Mary Meredith, whom Juggy Price's son got with child, and who left the house in the night and was seen by people who were abroad very early in the morning, and a fortnight later a flood cast her body up near Whitney Court; of Mrs. Prosser of the Swan, a young, pretty woman dying of consumption, which she caught of her sister, Mrs. Hope of the Rose and Crown in Hay; of John Watkins, who suffered from despondency and remorse, and staggered round and round his house whirling his head about like a polar bear; of old William Jones, so sturdy and upright and independent all his life, but now helpless and infirm and put upon the parish, which he could not bear, and therefore he shut himself in the barn with a razor—is here, intact, plain to the mind's eye, and perfectly terrible.

The image of Daisy Thomas gave way to other images—in fact, to a continual succession of them. On a train journey, Kilvert was all but seduced by a beautiful young woman whom he calls Irish Mary. Meeting sweet Flor-



A new Blackberry Brandy Meringue for a sumptuous dessert! Simmer 2½ cups of blackberries in just enough water to keep from burning. Drain, add cup of warmed Canada Dry Blackberry Flavored Brandy, sugar to taste. Cool, spoon into meringue shells. Top with whipped cream, and blackberries. Chill until ready to serve. A treat for four!

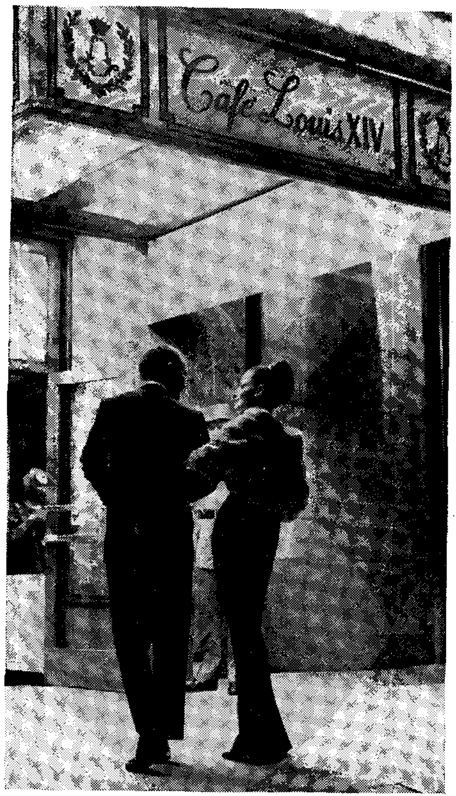
70 Proof

1 serves you 3 ways

1—Split-second cocktails. 2—New idea cookery. 3—Memorable after-dinner drinks. Your choice of 20 popular flavors. Superb quality. Sensibly priced. Free booklet! "How to be a Cordial Host" tells you how to use them. Ask your dealer or write: Canada Dry Corp., Dept. N, 100 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

CANADA DRY

CORDIALS by CANADA DRY®



PEOPLE OF INTEREST FIND THAT THE NEW CAFÉ LOUIS XIV INTERESTS THEM.

CAFÉ LOUIS XIV RESERVATIONS: CIRCLE 6-5800
15 W. 49 St. at Rockefeller Plaza
OPEN TO SERVE YOU UNTIL 1 A.M., 7 DAYS A WEEK

IN MAINE'S LOVELIEST LAKE AND MOUNTAIN COUNTRY

Mount Kineo HOTEL on Moosehead Lake
KINEO MAINE
Louis O. Hilton Manager

Here, in "the last true frontier on the Eastern Seaboard," a luxury hotel on its own 1200-acre resort estate, provides everything you're looking for. The greatest hunting and fishing, private golf, tennis, swimming pool, boating, lake and stream fishing. Accessible by car, train or plane. June-September.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or Rob't. F. Warner, Inc., 630 5th Ave., N.Y.
JUdson 6-4500
also in
Boston, Washington, Chicago, Toronto, London

Exotic Latin Cuisine Perez Blanco's
LIBORIO
West Side's Smartest Restaurant
Welcomes you to its larger, more luxurious quarters.
150 West 47th Street JU 2-6188

ence Hill as he was walking by the almshouses, he stood by the roadside holding her hand ("lost to all else and conscious only of her presence, I was in heaven already, or if still on earth in the body, the flights of golden stairs sloped to my feet and one of the angels had come down to me. Florence, Florence Hill, my darling, my darling. It was well nigh all I could say in my emotion. With one long lingering loving look and clasp of the hand we parted and I saw her no more"). Mrs. Meredith Brown had to forbid him to correspond or exchange verses with her daughter Etty.

Taking this or that or the other beautiful child on his lap, he kisses her and says, "Do you love me?" Because it is the reign of Queen Victoria, it is easy indeed for him to deceive himself about the nature of his feelings, but he only partly does so. From time to time, he lays aside his self-deception in a way that commands our respect and astonishment. Now and then, a parent is also undeceived, but generally what we have in Clyro is a condition of impenetrable innocence.

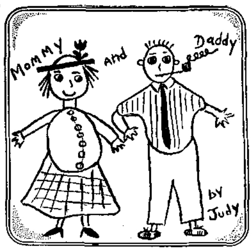
Kilvert was a tender, warmhearted man completely hedged in by his occupation, his circumstances, and the hypocritical age he lived in. He was also enough of a materialist and a snob that it seems simply not to have occurred to him that among all those beautiful young girls who followed him with their eyes as if he were a star he could choose one who had no money or who was socially beneath him. Perhaps I do him an injustice; he may not have been able to afford even this. At all events, on Sunday he preached at Bettws on the Conversion of St. Paul, with some satisfaction to himself. On Monday he met an urchin three feet high swinging on a gate, and said, "Well, and how are you?" "Pretty well," shouted the urchin, "and how's yourself?" On Tuesday the Penny Reading went off admirably; a crowded room, nearly two hundred and fifty people. On Wednesday there was a waterspout, and the brook burst its banks, and houses were flooded, and at Lower Cabalva a thick deposit of yellow mud was left upon the carpets. On Thursday he found Amy Evans in the playground after school and gave her a token, putting the blue ribbon round her neck and bidding her never part with it as long as she lived. On Friday the mountains "flushed red and purple, then faded into dark cold clear blue. The clerk who was like everyone else working in his garden this evening said he feared thunder." On Saturday "banging of guns, rabbit shoot-

James Beard admits "THE ONLY FOOD AUTHORITY IS A HUSBAND"

"I, James Beard, writer of cookbooks and food consultant, implore you to use Planters French Process Peanut Oil...assure you that Planters will add lightness of texture and brightness of taste to any food. Are you sold?
"Not until you've tried it on your husband and seen that smile of approval. Then you are sold. This man I have never met, he is the food authority. C'est la vie!"

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

FREE "How to Cook Better" folder by James Beard, cookbook author, TV star, consultant to famed chefs. Send your name and address to PLANTERS OIL, Dept. Y2, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



Your own child's drawing on an ashtray

A child's work of art drawn for Daddy, Mommy or grandmother, can achieve immortality. Just fold and mail any size drawing for reproduction in full color on a ceramic ashtray 7" square. $7.95. Or 5" x 4½" cigarette box, $7.95. The ideal gift for Father's Day. Allow 10 days. Add 50c postage. Write for free brochure.

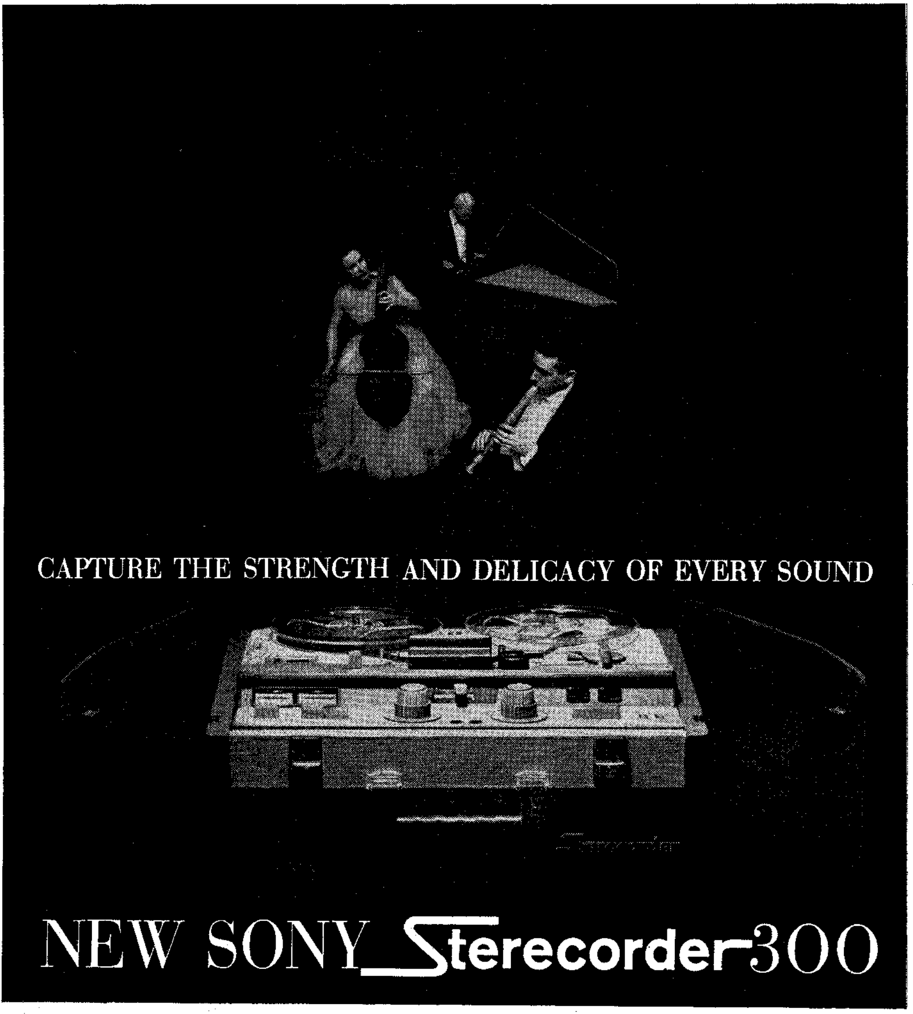
YOUNG REMBRANDTS
Loch Lane, Dept. N-5, Port Chester, N. Y.

ALL THAT *IS* NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace SINCE 1880
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

May 13-27
ERIC BASS
ahda ARTZT GALLERY
142 WEST 57 ST.

ing at Wye Cliff. Then the Radnorshire postman coming from Llowes blew his horn. I set out for Pwlldwrgi to get some wild snowdrops along the river side by the Otter's Pool for Mrs. Venables." And so on and so on until, in 1872, Mr. Venables gave up the benefice, and Kilvert resigned his curacy and went back to Wiltshire to help his father, who was well along in years. Shortly after he came home, he had a dream that is so remarkable it deserves to be quoted in full:

> Last night I had a strange and horrible dream. It was one of those curious things, a dream within a dream, like a picture within a picture. I dreamt that I dreamt that Mr. and Mrs. Venables tried to murder me. We were all together in a small room and they were both trying to poison me, but I was aware of their intention and baffled them repeatedly. At length, Mr. Venables put me off my guard, came round fondling me, and suddenly clapped his hand on my neck behind and said, "It's of no use, Mr. Kilvert. You're done for."
>
> I felt the poison beginning to work and burn in my neck. I knew it was all over and started up in fury and despair. I flew at him savagely. The scene suddenly changed to the organ loft in Hardenhuish Church. Mr. Venables, seeing me coming at him, burst out at the door. Close outside the door was standing the Holy Ghost. He knocked him down from the top to the bottom of the stairs, rolling over head over heels, rushed downstairs himself, mounted his horse and fled away, I after him.
>
> This dream within a dream excited me to such a state of fury, that in the outer dream I determined to murder Mr. Venables. Accordingly I lay in wait for him with a pickaxe on the Vicarage lawn at Clyro, hewed an immense and hideous hole through his head, and kicked his face till it was so horribly mutilated, crushed and disfigured as to be past recognition. Then the spirit of the dream changed. Mrs. Venables became her old natural self again. "Wasn't it enough," she said, looking at me reproachfully, "that you should have hewed that hole through his head, but you must go and kick his face so that I don't know him again?"
>
> At this moment, Mr. Bevan, the Vicar of Hay, came in. "Well," he said to me, "you *have* done it now. You have made a pretty mess of it."
>
> All this time I was going about visiting the sick at Clyro and preaching in Clyro Church. But I saw that people were beginning to look shy at me and suspect me of the murder which had just been discovered. I became so wretched and conscience-stricken that I could bear my remorse no longer in secret and I went to give myself up to a policeman, who immediately took me to prison where I was kept in chains. Then the full misery of my position burst upon me and the ruin and disgrace I had brought on my family. "It will kill my father," I cried in an agony of remorse and despair.
>
> I knew it was no dream. This at last was a reality from which I should never awake. I had awakened from many evil dreams and horrors and found them unreal, but this was a reality and horror


CAPTURE THE STRENGTH AND DELICACY OF EVERY SOUND

NEW SONY Sterecorder 300

4 TRACK & 2 TRACK STEREOPHONIC RECORDER

Here, through your fingertips, you take complete control of sound, blending it to magnificent perfection.

A great symphony to record? With this superb instrument you are a professional. Touch your stereo level controls — feel that sensitive response. Dual V.U. Meters show precision readings as you augment the strings, diminish the brass. The richness of that low resonance is captured with your bass boost. The strength and delicacy of every sound—now yours to command.

Four track and two track, stereo and monophonic, recording and playback, the SONY STERECORDER 300 is truly the ultimate in tape recorder engineering. $399.50, complete with two dynamic microphones, two extended range stereo speakers all in one portable case. For custom mounting, $349.50.

Other world-famous Sony tape recorders start as low as $89.50.

SONY SUPERSCOPE *The tapeway to Stereo*

For literature and the name of nearest franchised dealer, write Superscope, Inc., Dept. K, Sun Valley, California.

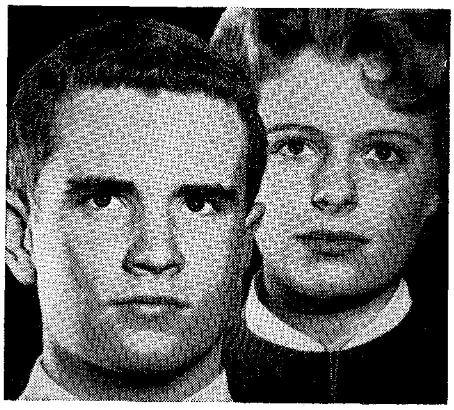
ASK ANYONE
who's been
to Puerto Rico

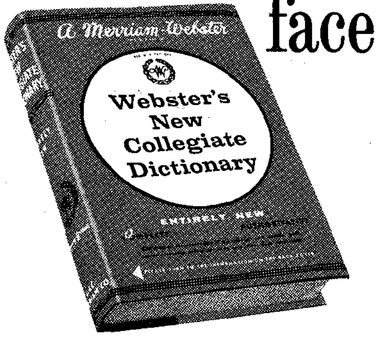
They'll surely tell you
the best-selling, best-tasting
quality rum on the Island is

DON Q®

Finest Rum for You

80 Proof. Schieffelin & Co., New York
Also available at 151 Proof





HIGH-SCHOOL GRADUATES:

The terrific competition they face!

...and why this Merriam-Webster makes an ideal Graduation Gift

1,800,000 high-school graduates will soon move on to college. Or new jobs.

They'll be up against stiff competition. (At some colleges 40% of the freshmen drop out by year's end.) To be successful anywhere they'll need to be able to talk, write, and read with accuracy and understanding.

These abilities develop quickly with regular use of Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary: The *Merriam*-Webster.

This is the dictionary to take to college: it is required or recommended at colleges and universities everywhere.

"With Merriam-Webster," teachers say, "you *know* you're right. Its definitions are complete, accurate, up to date."

What better gift for graduation, to take to college or the new job, than the assuring gift of words: Merriam-Webster's New Collegiate! $5 unindexed; $6 indexed. Get a copy today at department, book or stationery stores. ©G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield 2, Mass.

INSIST ON

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

The "New Collegiate" is the only Webster that includes the scientific names for plants and animals and the rules for spelling and punctuation, essential in a dictionary for school, home, and office. Ask today for this *Merriam*-Webster.

from which I should never awake. It was all true at last. I had committed a murder. I calculated the time. I knew the Autumn Assizes were over and I could not be tried until the Spring. "The Assizes," I said, "will come on in March and I shall be hung early in April." And at the words I saw Mrs. Venables give a shudder of horror.

When I woke I was so persuaded of the reality of what I had seen and felt and done in my dreams that I felt for the handcuffs on my wrists and could not believe I was in bed at home till I heard the old clock on the stairs warn and then strike five.

Nothing now seems to me so real as that dream was, and it seems to me as I might wake up at any moment and find everything shadowy, fleeting and unreal. I feel as if life is a dream from which at any moment I may awake.

Though it could well be that the double dream contains, as dreams often do, its own interpretation, and that the agonized "It will kill my father" should be taken two ways, Mr. Venables being a stand-in for the elder Kilvert, what is interesting, really, is not what the dream means but that a nightmare so Dostoevskian should have come out of the sleeping mind of a man who was genuinely kind and good and who had, so far as we know, no impulse toward violence whatever. He seems never to have experienced anything but kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Venables, and his relations with his father and mother were equally affectionate.

The inner and the outer dream might as well all be one, but what about that strange awakening, when he felt for the handcuffs on his wrists? From this distance, nearly a hundred years now, what is the sound of the clock on the stairs but still another dream that he took just a little longer to waken from?

RELATIONS between the squire and Kilvert's father were strained, and when it began to seem not unlikely that the latter would be dispossessed, Kilvert accepted the living of St. Harmons, in Radnorshire. A year and a half later, he became the vicar of Bredwardine, in Herefordshire. Of these very quiet places he has also left an unfading picture, but the diary is much less full, because, one supposes, when he became the vicar his life was much more so. Now and again, there is a set piece that is masterly; he has not lost his hand. But also the dreaming is much nearer the surface. At times he stirs; one feels he is on the point of waking. "As I came home across Starveall Mead last night from visiting at the cottages, I had a curious attack of giddiness and weakness. My head felt dull and heavy and I could scarcely hold it up, my footsteps wavered and I could

The gin that needs no label

Coates Original PLYMOUTH Gin is made only in historic Plymouth, England, near the soft upland water of Devon so essential to its distinctive taste. Plymouth Gin is an original recipe and the flavor is its most distinguishing trademark: *eloquent, without being aromatic.*

COATES
Plymouth Gin
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
Note: Regulations require the label to appear on every bottle. But to those who know the taste of Plymouth, no label is needed. Distilled Gin. 94.4 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

JOHN
CHEEVER
SOME PEOPLE, PLACES, AND THINGS THAT WILL NOT APPEAR IN MY NEXT NOVEL
At all bookstores • $3.50. HARPER

Some, but not all, of this new work of fiction has appeared in *The New Yorker.*

SINGING SPREE NIGHTLY ★ SHOW TUNES ★ OPERA
Superb Italian & French Cuisine
Closed Sunday
BIANCHI AND MARGHERITA
186 W. 4th St. • Bet. 6th & 7th Aves.
CH 2-2756 • OR 5-9852

HIGH ON THE HOG ... that's how the folks in and around Trenton can afford to live. Fact (from SRDS): Mercer County households have $8251 a year in Consumer Spendable Income, ranking them 9th in the nation. This major market is served best by just one newspaper,
TRENTON TIMES Represented by Sawyer-Ferguson-Walker

scarcely guide my feet aright. It was as if I were light in the head, or had taken too much wine. I could account for the feeling by remembering that I had been on foot all day and had not taken much food. . . . I read prayers morning and afternoon and my father preached for me in the morning from Acts on Peter and Cornelius and in the afternoon on the adoration of the Shepherds and the Wise Men. Holy Communion, 8 Guests. Alms 11/6. The church was fearfully overheated. I felt quite faint and could hardly draw breath or finish reading the Service."

But then he sinks deeper into sleep and the dream goes on as before:

> After luncheon the archers went out to shoot at a beautiful archery ground by the riverside. The ladies sat watching under the trees while the arrows flashed past with a whistling rush, and the glorious afternoon sun shone mellow upon the beeches. . . . The ground was still wet and shining with the rain, and the gigantic shadow of the gate projected by the moonlight was cast far up the avenue in huge bars upon the shining ground. . . . The broad, shining reaches of the river winding down between rocks and woods, gentle rushing everlasting murmur of the water, the sharp clicking of the reels, the low voices of the men as they sat a little way off on the bank, the Colonel in grey standing out on the rocks like a heron fishing and Charlie standing like another heron up the next broad bend of the stream, while a stranger sat on the opposite bank watching us across the river. . . . The country was wrapped in one vast winding sheet of snow, the roads were dumb, and there was no sound but the swift sharp rustle of the driving snow in the hedges and hollies. . . . The old grey manor house and the Church Tower stood framed as in a picture by the golden elms. It was a beautiful pastoral scene, calm and peaceful. Suddenly someone began playing a beautiful air upon a horn in front of Langley House. The soft clear notes floated across the meadows exquisitely sweet till some barbarian stopped the player rudely in the midst of the lovely air. I could have cried with vexation. . . . Last night again there was a considerable fall of snow and the earth was white till noon. Amid the wastes of snow and the whistling blasts of the winter winds the blackbirds and thrushes were singing undaunted. Surely the birds must have great faith. . . . As I came down from the hill into the valley across the golden meadows and along the flower scented hedges a great wave of emotion and happiness rose up within me. . . .

In June of 1878, Kilvert was offered the chaplaincy at Cannes and refused it. The diary ends the following March; why, we do not know. It may have been—it very likely was—continued past this point. That same spring, Kilvert met in Paris an Englishwoman named Elizabeth Anne Roland. They were married in August, and went to spend their honeymoon in Scotland. Five weeks later, quite suddenly, the

LIVING STEREO
RCA VICTOR INTERNATIONAL
FSO-1
Original Sound-track Recording
Federico Fellini
LA DOLCE VITA
Music by Nino Rota
The 'sweet life' of Roman Café Society... Haunting, seductive music from a prize-winning, shocking film masterpiece...Damned and praised in Italy, England, France, Japan, now sweeping America.

the original soundtrack

"La Dolce Vita," the monumental Italian film, has set off fireworks up and down Europe, winning 26 important prizes! Now it has exploded on the American scene, and the critics are ecstatic. "Sensational," says the N.Y. Times. Its score, full of splashing rhythms and haunting themes, is music of piercing emotion. Enjoy it at home tonight... in Living Stereo and Monaural Hi-Fi on **RCA VICTOR**

ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT THE COMPACT 33, THE NEWEST IDEA IN RECORDS.

Relaxing Surroundings

The Inn offers wonderful food and lodgings in a delightful atmosphere located in the scenic countryside adjoining the Princeton University campus. 100 guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Private function rooms. Excellent golf.

DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $10.00
WRITE, OR CALL WALNUT 4-5200

PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

BE A GOURMET . . . DINE AT
EAST OF SUEZ
For Exotic Dishes of CHINA—JAVA & INDIA
Rec. by DUNCAN HINES, GOURMET, HOLIDAY, etc.
Specialties—RIJSTAFEL—MANDARIN and
MOGUL CURRY DINNERS OPEN 7 DAYS
308 E. 58th (E. of 2nd AVE.) PL 9-4340 EL 5-9382

Be a part of smart New York . . . stay at

BEEKMAN TOWER
HOTEL

adjoining the United Nations

You'll enjoy Beekman Tower Hotel . . . it's so comfortable, so well-located on New York's smart East Side—near the United Nations, overlooking the East River.

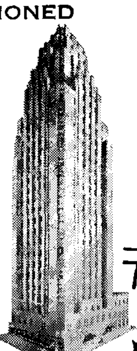
AIR-CONDITIONED

Charming single and double rooms and suites. Two moderately priced dining rooms and the delightful Top o' The Tower Cocktail Lounge offer delicious food and beverages.

Ask about especially attractive group rates.

RIVER
EAST

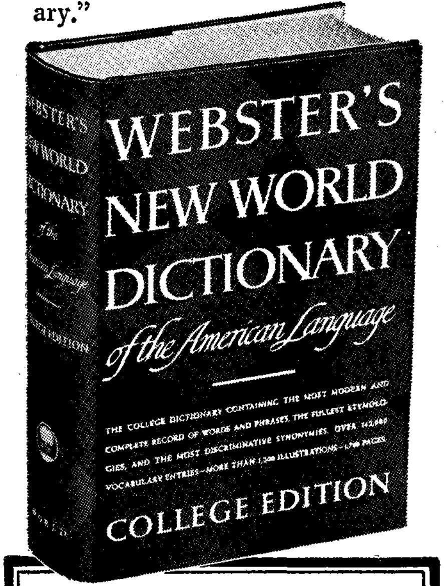
BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL N-5-13
49th Street and First Avenue
3 Mitchell Place, New York 17
Send brochure and driving map showing how to avoid New York City traffic.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________Zone______State______



I

Among other things, I means the ego; it is also the symbol, in *astronomy,* for the inclination of an orbit to the ecliptic; in *chemistry,* for iodine; in *physics,* for the density of current, the intensity of magnetization, or the moment of inertia; in *logic,* for a particular affirmative proposition.

If you look in a *modern* dictionary, you will find all this information and more, directly following the I entry. A *modern* dictionary is a particularly affirmative proposition, full of many surprising, illuminating, and informative things. If you are still using a dictionary put together many years ago, perhaps you ought to ask yourself: "Should I use a horse and buggy in the space age?" In a *modern* dictionary *every entry* is freshly defined — with clarity and directness — for the times in which we live. If you'd like to see a *modern* dictionary at its best, ask any bookseller to show you "the experts' dictionary."



NEWEST! BIGGEST! 142,000 entries
1,760 pages • 3,100 terms illustrated
In various bindings from $5.75

Officially approved at more than 1,000 leading colleges and universities

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

threads that bound him to the outermost dream gave way.

IN a preface to the new edition, Mr. Plomer says that only three small fractions of Kilvert's manuscript now survive; oddly, he does not say what happened to the rest. In the manuscript as he first saw it, there were excisions. He presumes they were made by Mrs. Kilvert, and that it was she who destroyed, along with those passages that she considered too intimate, all references to herself. In any case, the moments just before Kilvert's awakening are not known to us as he experienced them. Certain facts are known: Francis Kilvert died on the twenty-third of September, 1879. The attending physician has certified that he was suffering from a perforation of the intestine, that he survived longer than he was expected to, and that he was perfectly sensible until thirty seconds before his death. He was buried in the churchyard at Bredwardine, amid universal mourning. Mr. Venables read the burial service, and while the church bells tolled, a procession of children, walking two by two, dropped bouquets of flowers into the open grave. —WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GLASS BEES, by Ernst Juenger, translated from the German by Louise Bogan and Elizabeth Mayer (Noonday). A moving novel, brief but extraordinarily spacious. Its narrator, formerly a professional officer in the cavalry of an unnamed European nation, has been living by his wits, none too successfully, for years when he is offered relief from poverty. He is given a chance at an unspecified but presumably unsavory job working for a bizarre millionaire who manufactures perfect mechanical reproductions of living things, such as glass bees. Most of the novel tells about the ordeal that, in this strange firm, replaces a routine examination by the personnel department. The book's jacket invites its readers to regard the work as an allegorical representation of humanity foiled by the machine, but the novel itself is more direct; it is what it appears to be—a thoughtful investigation of a man who has survived the society in which he grew up. The translation, while thoroughly Englished, contrives to retain two good qualities of German writing: mystery and reflectiveness.

THE MEN OF DAMEZAN, by Henri Queffelec, translated from the

KINGS IN THE KITCHEN

A fabulous collection of favorite recipes from more than 170 famous men

KINGS IN THE KITCHEN
Collected by Gertrude Booth

From President Kennedy to Steve Allen, from Walt Disney to Earl Warren, a host of notable men give recipes for dishes they most enjoy making—and their friends are even more fond of eating! $5.00

...and especially for career girl or bachelor

YOU CAN COOK FOR ONE
(Or Even Two)
by Louise Pickoff

Scores of exciting, easy-to-follow recipes that make cooking for one a pleasure. With helpful charts that show exactly what quantities to buy for one—or even for two. $3.95

At your bookstore, or direct from
A. S. BARNES, 11 East 36th St. New York 16

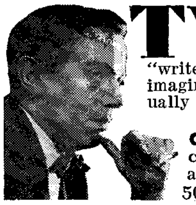
Tantalizing tales of Baghdad and Marrakesh, Soho and Siam, by that master storyteller

ALEC WAUGH
author of *Island in the Sun*

MY PLACE IN THE BAZAAR

$3.95, now at your bookstore
f s & c FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY

LE VALOIS
45 EAST 58th ST. • MUrray Hill 8-7630
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
Also Superb Private Facilities (Parties of 40 or Less)

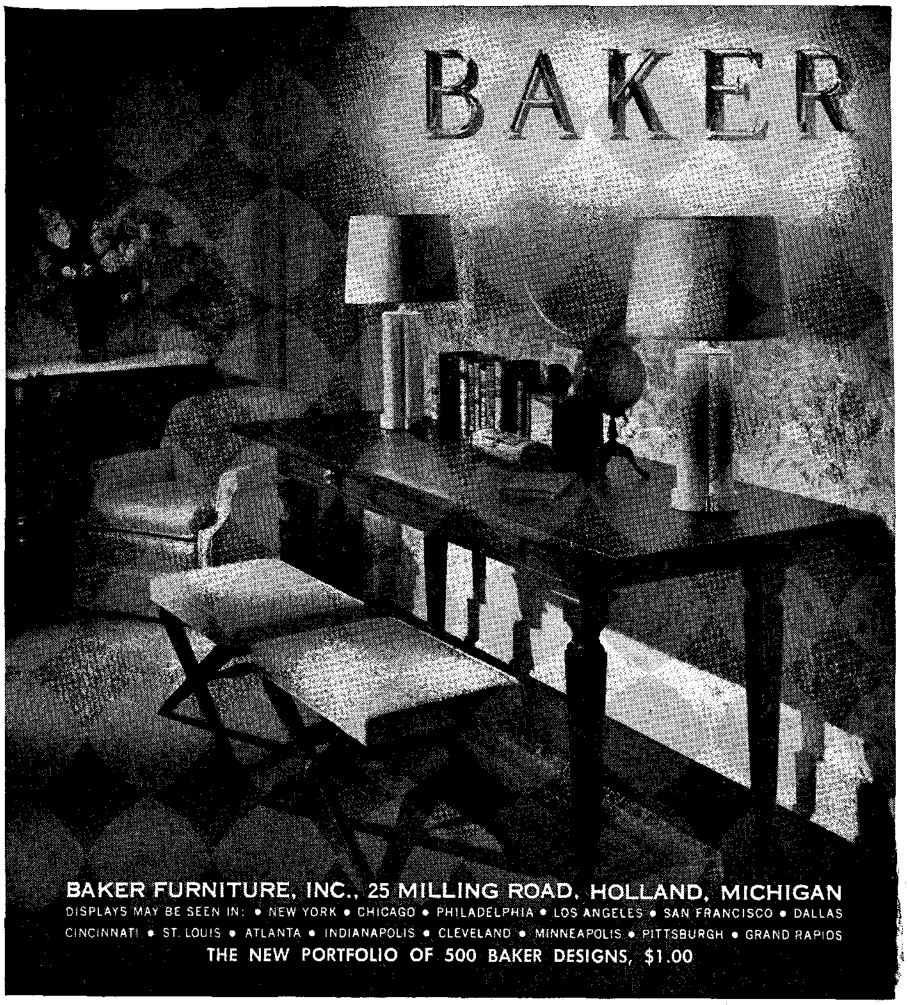


TYNAN
"writes gracefully, wittily and imaginatively. His book is continually fascinating."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*
CURTAINS, just published, contains his best writing about plays and players. 507 pages. $7.95. ATHENEUM

French by Jonathan Griffin (Doubleday). This generally interesting and informative novel about the work of French atomic scientists is sadly flattened by the lack of personality and character in its hero, a scientist named Michel Renoir, who behaves like a robot and thinks as a robot might think, which is to say not at all. The chief suspense of the story depends on the danger of a security leak or even an explosion at Damezan, the nuclear center where Renoir is a director, and further tension is provided by a series of crises that arise, one after another, in his marriage.

GENERAL

SHARK!, by Thomas Helm (Dodd, Mead). The hair-raising cry that gives this book its title is more common than we like to think. In the past ten years, the author reports, more than fifty authenticated shark attacks, many of them fatal, have been recorded at American beaches, and not all of them in warm (Florida or California) waters. Three of six attacks that occurred in 1960 were in New Jersey, and one was at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Moreover, there is reason to believe that many of them, including those in New Jersey, were the work of man-eaters, for sharks with an acquired taste for human flesh are now known to exist. Such grisly information appears in abundance here only because the subject is a grisly one. Mr. Helm has done his best not to write a sensational book. The shark (of which there are some twelve potentially dangerous species) is "man's enemy in the sea," he says, adding, "But any enemy is materially weakened once he is shorn of the element of mystery which surrounds him, and it is toward that end that this book is written." Mr. Helm is well equipped to separate fact from fancy. He has hunted sharks for sport and for profit (shark liver is rich in vitamins), and he has supplemented this practical experience with wide reading. Among his conclusions is that "under normal conditions [a shark] will not make an attack on a human without some provocation. The question is, what constitutes provocation?" It may be a movement of the bather's foot or hand, which the shark mistakes for a wounded fish, or a bleeding cut (blood is catnip to a shark), or a threatening gesture—for sharks are not, as is often supposed, easily diverted once their curiosity is aroused. A first-rate popular monograph—



BAKER FURNITURE, INC., 25 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • DALLAS
CINCINNATI • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • INDIANAPOLIS • CLEVELAND • MINNEAPOLIS • PITTSBURGH • GRAND RAPIDS
THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF 500 BAKER DESIGNS, $1.00

NOW — complete travel and background information on every one of its 56 countries

AFRICA A to Z by Robert S. Kane

A fresh view of the world's least understood continent — from Alexandria to Zululand. 40 photos, new maps, 408 pages. $4.95.

DOUBLEDAY

James Thurber's LANTERNS & LANCES

"In this lively collection of recent rethurberations . . readers will be well advised to hold their sides."—TIME

With Thurber drawings
$3.95
HARPER

None of these 24 pieces has ever been published in any book. Some, but by no means all, have appeared in *The New Yorker.*

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for
☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS
My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions
1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00

Canada, Latin America and Spain
1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00

Other Foreign
1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please include postal zone number)

HELP YOURSELF

Thucydides, the Greek historian of the Fifth Century B.C., has been widely admired through the ages for his accuracy and impartiality, for the shrewdness of his psychology and the eloquence of his language. In fact, some people today like to say that Thucydides was "truly modern"—as if that were the ultimate compliment that could be paid to a distinguished citizen of the golden age of Greek civilization!

One of the observations of Thucydides that warms the cockles of our heart is this statement from Book 2 of "The Peloponnesian War": "To admit poverty is no disgrace to a man, but to make no effort to escape it is indeed disgraceful."

Now in the Twentieth Century A.D. in what Professor Galbraith calls our "affluent society," there is less and less real poverty. But the spirit of Thucydides' statement remains true. To admit that you are less well off than you would like to be is no disgrace, but to do nothing to better yourself is.

May we suggest that you consider investing in good common stocks? There's a risk, of course, just as there is a risk in crossing a street or taking a bath. But if you invest wisely, there can be a considerably greater likelihood of gain than loss.

Want to know the fundamentals? Send for a copy of *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business."* It's not in the same league with "The Peloponnesian War," but it has its points. No money involved, no strings attached.

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH
INCORPORATED
Members New York Stock Exchange
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.
LONDON........110 Fenchurch Street
PARIS................7 Rue de la Paix
142 offices in U. S., Canada and abroad

lucid, comprehensive, and absorbing. Illustrated with photographs and drawings by the author.

BAYONETS TO LHASA, by Peter Fleming (Harper). A full-to-overflowing account of one of the last and least and most halfhearted colonial wars in the pugnacious annals of the British Empire. This was the machine-gun-vs.-matchlock expedition to Lhasa, formally known as the Tibet Frontier Commission, that Colonel Francis (later Sir Francis) Younghusband led with great skill in 1904. Since nothing came of that absurd adventure but a hollow military victory, Mr. Fleming's book is of limited interest as history. As entertainment, however, it is, in his artful and elegant hands, wonderfully rewarding. Illustrated with maps and photographs.

THE FORGOTTEN PENINSULA, by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane). An informal portrait of Baja, or Lower, California by—as the author now chooses to call himself—a naturalist "of the exclaiming kind." His susceptibility to enthusiasm makes him the best possible guide to Baja. For though it is largely a desolation of mountain and desert, it has its wonders—botanical (the boojum tree, the elephant tree, the caterpillar cactus), zoological (the black jack rabbit, the gray whale), geological (one of the world's largest onyx deposits), and scenic (buttes, bays, and beaches)—and Mr. Krutch discovers them for us with an irresistible zest. Photographs and a double-page map.

NOTE: "The Earl of Louisiana," an expanded version of A. J. Liebling's series of articles on the late Governor Earl Long, which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Simon & Schuster. . . . Harper has issued "Gifts of Passage," a volume of reminiscence by Santha Rama Rau. Many portions of the book also appeared originally in this magazine.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

CLYDEBANK, ENGLAND (AP)—The bowler, a symbol of the English gentleman, performed a yeoman service recently for royalty.

Princess Margaret, here to launch the Hampshire, a guided-missile destroyer, was standing on a platform in brilliant sunshine with a throng of 20,000 spectators.

Only 80 miles north of Montreal

Mont Tremblant Lodge club and cottages

At this internationally famous resort Club you may enjoy every activity or have complete quiet. Each sport is here from water skiing on Lac Tremblant to our challenging new golf course. Our location at the Laurentians' highest peak, means sunny days, cool mountain nights.

Tremblant is easily accessible via the new Autoroute from Montreal. Accommodations in The Lodge or your private Chalet. Planned entertainment program, famous French-Canadian cuisine, music each evening.

Reservations are necessary under the Club plan. Write today for information and colour folder.

Season: July 1—October 1

Mont Tremblant, P. Q., Canada

Mrs. Joseph B. Ryan, *President and Managing Director*

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Starcrossed lovers bent on murder overlook the whims of nature and

THE BROKEN JIGSAW

"A book you can't put down." —DORIS MILES DISNEY

By PAUL SOMERS $3.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

The 1961 Travel Guide to Europe

OLSON'S ABOARD AND ABROAD

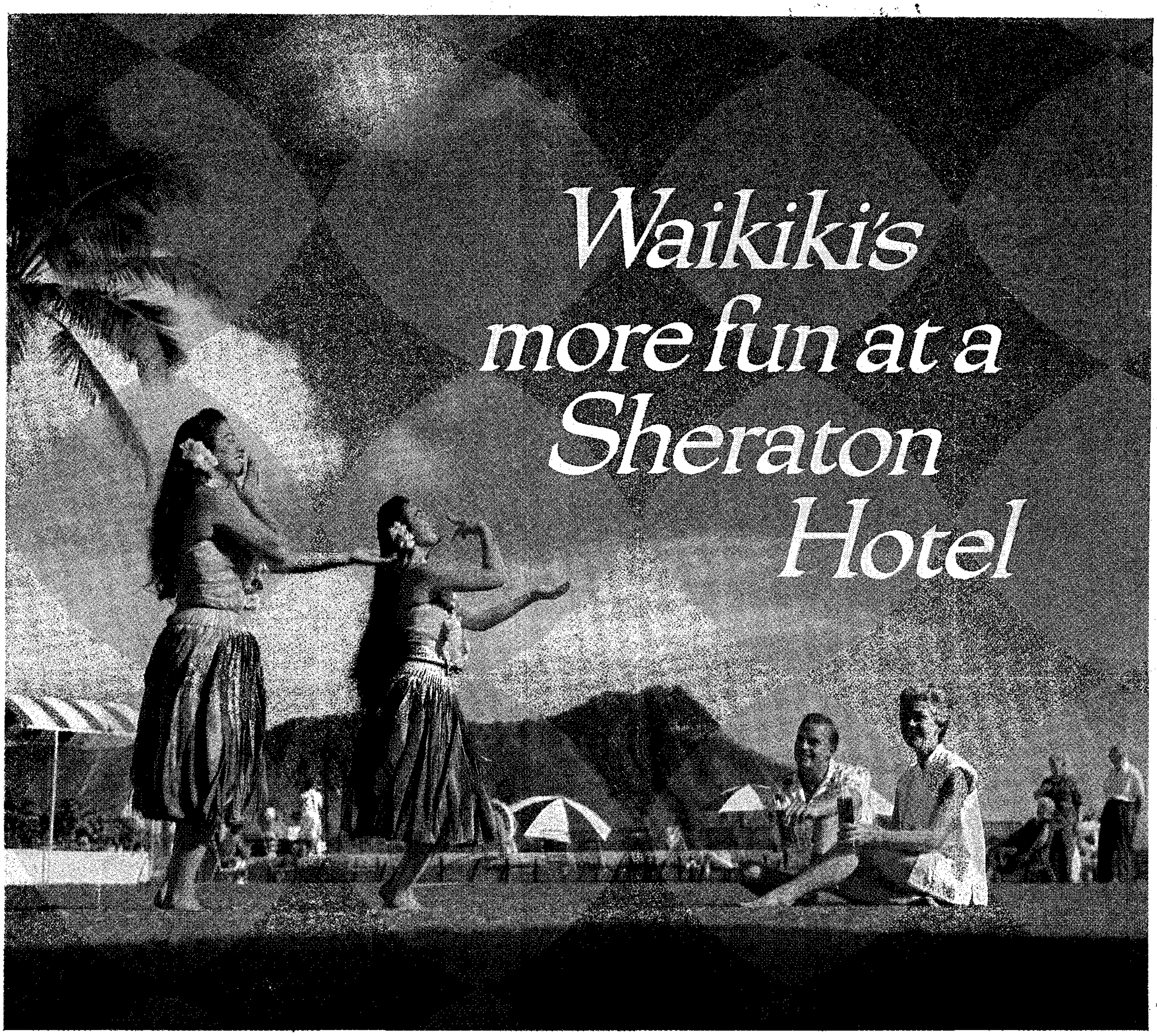
Get the most complete, up-to-date, handy guide to Europe. Pocket size, 1,006 pp. $5.95 at your bookstore or from J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., 227 S. 6th St., Phila. 5, Pa.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

"If Vodka has no taste, how come I can tell which one is WOLFSCHMIDT?"

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK 22. MADE FROM GRAIN. 80 OR 100 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

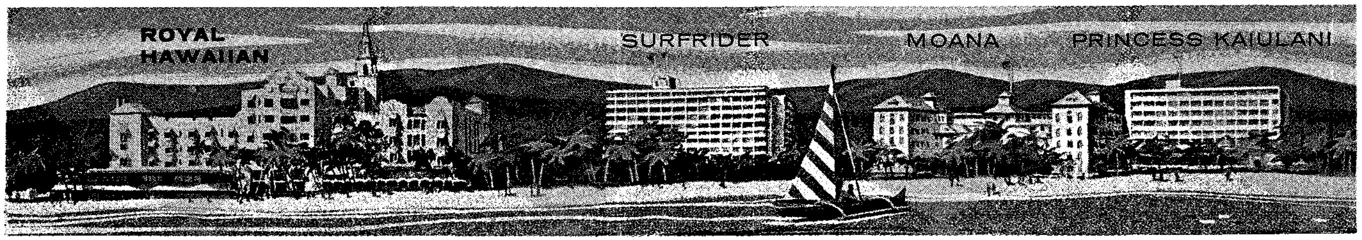
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Waikiki's more fun at a Sheraton Hotel

The Royal Hawaiian's beachside lawn, with Diamond Head presiding, is the perfect spot to learn the hula.

Picture yourself at Waikiki at any of the four Sheraton Hotels with this world-famous beach just outside the door. Guest rooms are deluxe. Service is bountiful. Swimming and sailing are great in surf that's a balmy 70° all year 'round. What's more, every night Sheraton celebrates a holiday festival: Polynesian luaus, Japanese Tea House parties, Hawaiian buffets. And all this fun is just 4½ jet hours from the mainland. Call your travel agent now, or phone your nearest Sheraton Hotel — they're coast to coast in the U.S.A., and Canada, you know. Diners' Club card honored for all hotel services.

Sheraton's Family Plan: children under 14 free in same room with adult.



SHERATON HOTELS IN HAWAII

Sheraton Corporation shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange